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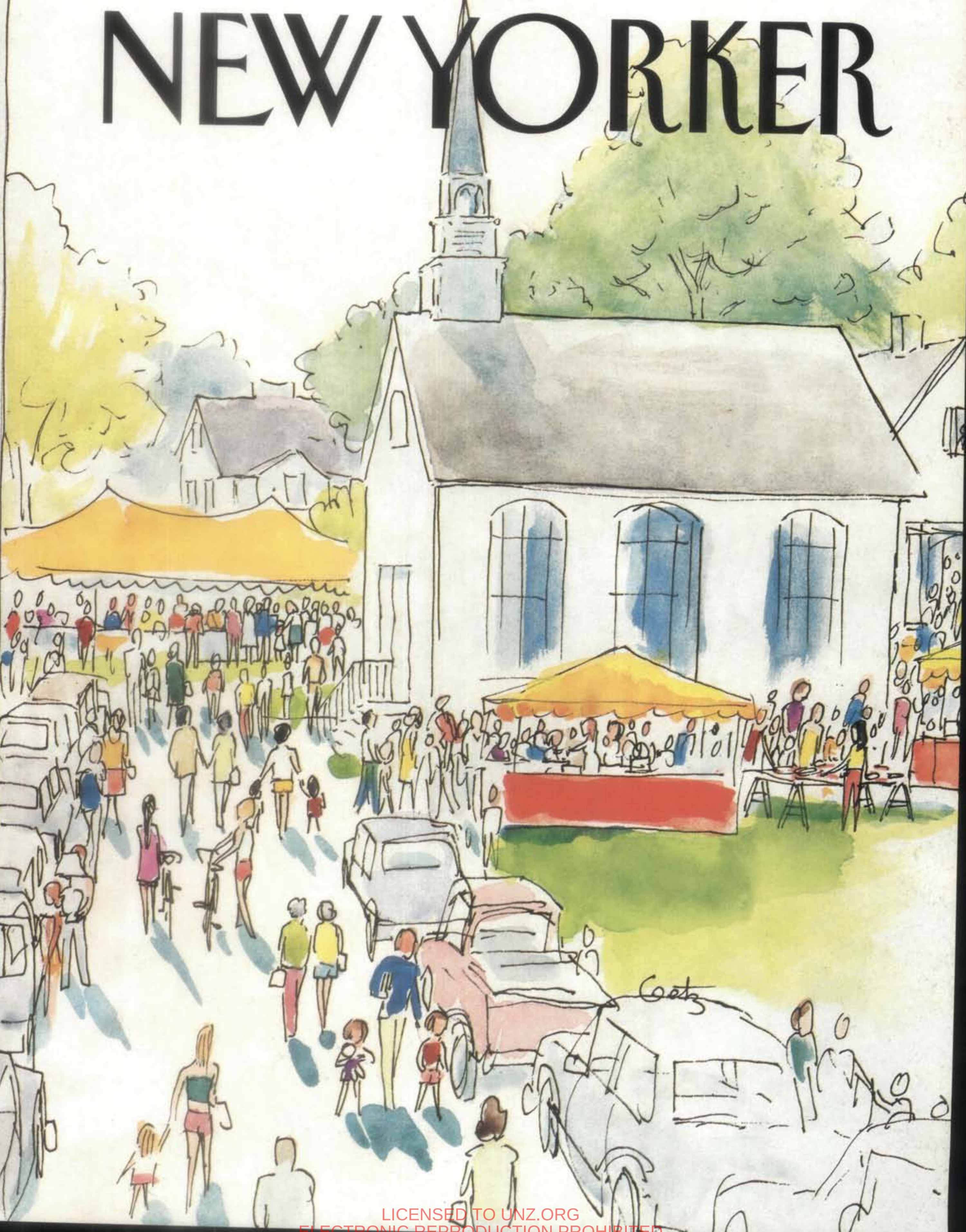

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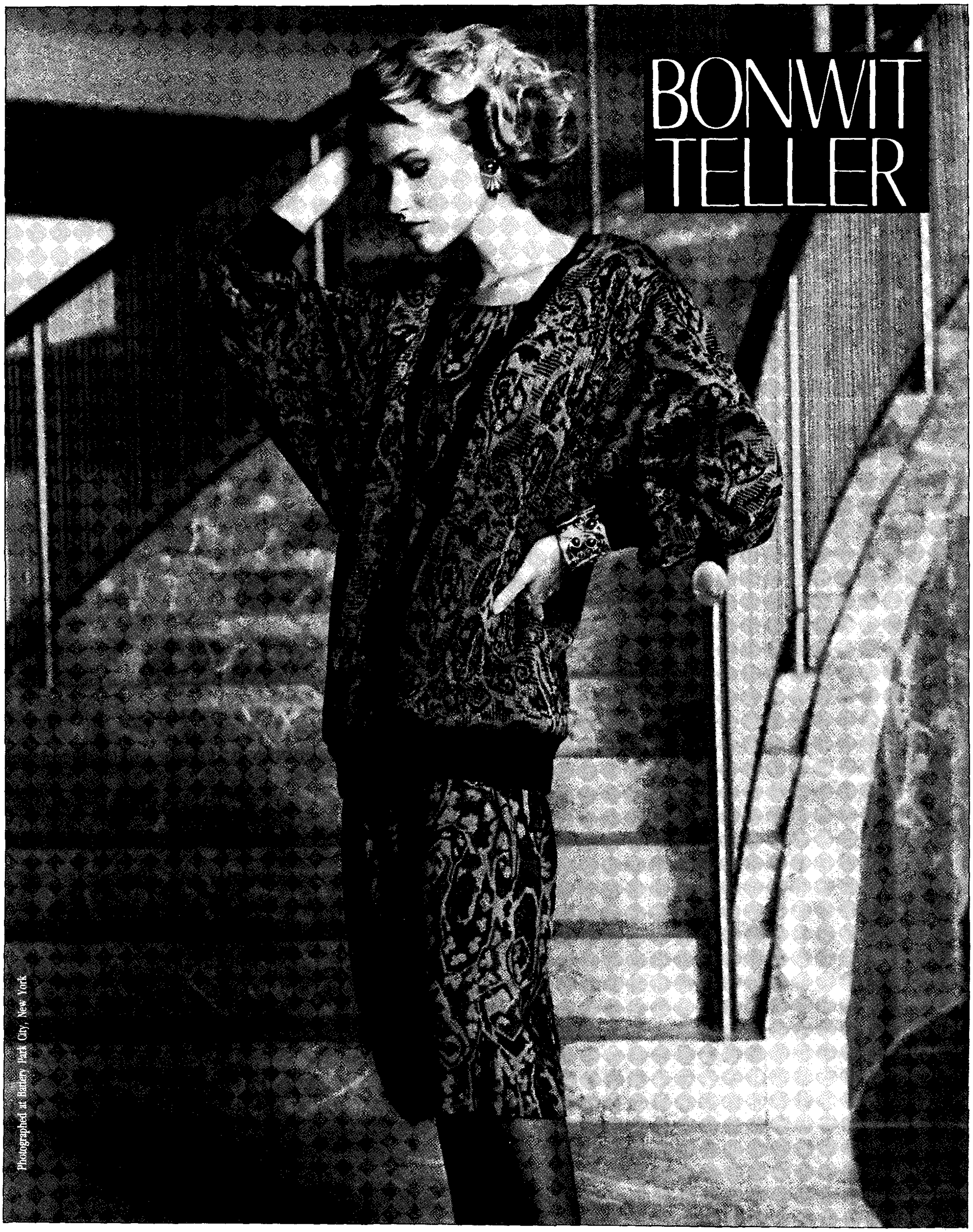

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A revival of the play by Samuel Beckett, directed by the author and starring Rick Cluchey. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 4. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—This second production of the Royal Shakespeare Company's portmanteau version of the Dickens novel is as joyous an occasion as the first, which reached us back in 1981. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (9/1/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 7: Gilbert and Sullivan's **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 10: Victor Herbert's **the fortune teller.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Loretta Swit, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. Reopens Friday, Sept. 5. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's passionate and often funny play about the attempts of a black family in Chicago to leave their slum apartment and move on is somewhat lacking in urgency and fire in this revival. Even so, much of the acting is good, especially that of Vondie Curtis-Hall, Starletta DuPois, James Pickens, Jr., and Kim Yancey. Harold Scott directed. (8/25/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, and Olympia Dukakis. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Owen J. Hochreiter, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 29, September 8, 1986. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates:
In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today, I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman *has somehow managed to put the Mississippi* River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has lit*tle wit and a lot of phony sentimentality* about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,968 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and John Meehan, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

DANCE

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred and fifty-five dancers and musicians from Moscow. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that features Buffalo chicken wings, Bud, and the blues. Veteran Chicago guitarist **JIMMY ROGERS** will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6. Other bluespersons can be heard every night but Sunday. Music from nine.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The sly, elusive bop pianist **BARRY HARRIS** plays with his trio on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, and on the following weekend, Sept. 12-13, **LODI CARR** sings, with expert accompaniment from pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN.** Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and a little bundle of standards by Rodgers and Hart and others; at nine Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 3-6, and at eleven Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, Helen Schneider performs "A Flapper's Folly;" and starting Tuesday, Sept. 9, at nine, Rita Gardner sings songs from the twenties with accompaniment from pianist Buddy Barnes.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** quintet shares the bandstand with pianist **MAKOTO OZONE'S** trio through Sunday, Sept. 7; Don Sickler's All-Stars (**HAROLD VICK, RICHARD WYANDS, SANTI DEBRIANO,** and **BEN RILEY**) drop in on Monday, Sept. 8; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 9, three jazz violinists—**JOHN BLAKE, DIDIER LOCKWOOD,** and **MICHAL URBANIAK**—cut loose. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup, in part: Friday, Sept. 5, Urban Blight and Joy Askew; Saturday, Sept. 6, upper-atmosphere trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his band, High Voltage, and Henry Butler; Tuesday, Sept. 9, the Nails; and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 11-12, Texas rockabilly singer **JOE ELY** and K. D. Lang. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **STANLEY COWELL** will be the pianist and **RED MITCHELL** the bassist through Saturday, Sept. 6. **MR. MITCHELL** returns on Sunday, Sept. 7, with John Campbell, and on Monday, Sept. 8, with **KIRK LIGHTSEY.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **CARRIE SMITH** sings ballads and red-hot blues through Sunday, Sept. 7, and on Tuesday, Sept. 9, *tenor saxophonist* **CHICO FREEMAN** moves in with his quintet. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The *whimsical paintings* on the walls of the Bemelmans Bar are by Ludwig Bemelmans, and the jazz (from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays) is by pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL.**

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room with a zigzag bar. Violinist **NOEL POINTER** leads a combo through Sunday, Sept. 7, and on Tuesday, Sept. 9, drummer **BILLY COBHAM** will settle in behind his hardware. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, Chuck Fowler; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, **DOM SALVADOR** and a bassist; Sunday, Sept. 7, **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** Monday, Sept. 8, Bryan Wells; and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 9-13, **JACK WILSON,** with bassist **BOOTS MALESON** on Friday and Saturday. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings, with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Rick Crane; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to ex-Swing Street guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **JOHN EATON** will be at the keyboard through Saturday, Sept. 6, and stride specialist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** swings into action on Tuesday, Sept. 9. Jim Badzik is the Sunday-night

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soloist, and the encyclopedic **DICK HYMAN** holds forth on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Ray Gallon and **RON CARTER** are working together Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some people think the very large iguana on the roof of this establishment is excessive, and some people think it is excessive as well as site-specific. Wednesday, Sept. 3, the Byrds; Thursday, Sept. 4, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO** and Raunch Hands; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, the **FLESHTONES;** Monday, Sept. 8, Willy DeVille & the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Thursday, Sept. 11, Dan Hicks & the Acoustic Warriors; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, La Bamba and Tommie Joe White. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—You can't get a meat pie or play darts in here, the beer is served in wineglasses, and the music tends to be traditional American: this is a mid-Manhattan pub, after all. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** who are singing a salute to the late lyricist Alan Jay Lerner, will be onstage through Saturday, Sept. 6. Their shows are at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. **MEL TORMÉ** fans will find him here beginning Tuesday, Sept. 9. He sings at eight-forty-five and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. Your table comes equipped with a jelly glass full of crayons; you can use them to sketch singer **CHAKA KHAN** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6; the Pete Yellin quintet on Monday, Sept. 8; Justin Page on Tuesday, Sept. 9; Full Circle on Wednesday, Sept. 10; and pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 11-13. Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, Sept. 5, Weather Update and oceanic guitarist **JOHN MC LAUGHLIN** & the **MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA;** Saturday, Sept. 6, the Mosquitos, Sussman Lawrence, and the **CUCUMBERS;** Thursday, Sept. 11, computer-generated hilarity with Max Headroom and friends; and Friday, Sept. 12, Tom Cochrane & Red Rider. Shows begin after nine Sundays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday, Sept. 3, at nine-thirty, **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and **DUDUCA FONSECA** & the Brazilian All-Stars; Thursday, Sept. 4, at nine-thirty, King David Rudder and Charlie's Roots Orchestra; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at eleven, and Sunday, Sept. 7, at nine-thirty, Paralamas Do Sucesso; Tuesday, Sept. 9, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** & the 360° Experience; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, **MUTABARUKA;** and Saturday, Sept. 13, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The knotty-pine and brick walls are full of photographs of musicians (Paul Motian hiding under his hat, Miles Davis in meditation) and the bandstand is occupied by the incantatory pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his trio (bassist Avery Sharpe and drummer **LOUIS HAYES**) through Sunday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** arrives with his quintet. Mondays belong to the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, Sept. 3, **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and his band; Thursday, Sept. 4, the Silos; Friday, Sept. 5, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Saturday, Sept. 6, Loup Gurou; Tuesday, Sept. 9, the Greg Trooper band and Band of Outsiders; Wednesday, Sept. 10, the Lookalikes; and Thursday, Sept. 11, the Heartfixers and Beth Winstead. Shows after nine-thirty.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the gym-size downstairs room at nine on Mondays; on Sept. 8, percussionist **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin Jazz Ensemble, drummer **ROLAND VAZQUEZ** and his band, and a trumpeter from Cheraw, South Carolina, named **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will all be on hand. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, you can listen to pianists **WARREN CHIASSON** and Benny Green through Sunday, Sept. 7, and to **MR. CHIASSON** and **DON FRIEDMAN** starting Tuesday, Sept. 9. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." The splendid guitarist **JIM HALL** and his trio (bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** and drummer **AKIRA TANA**) are in residence through Sunday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, the Monk-inspired quartet **SPHERE**—tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—commences a six-night stand. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

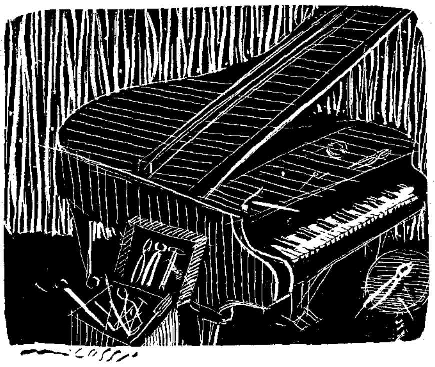
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Tenor saxophonist Percy France and his group, Rhythm & Jazz, will be on the bandstand through Sunday, Sept. 7; on Wednesday, Sept. 10, tenor man **HAROLD OUSLEY** and his crew take over. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—An elaborately done-up downstairs club that in its first few months has presented many top-notch musicians. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is one of them, and his mates, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER,** are two others. They will be present through Sunday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, horn men **DONALD BYRD** and **JIMMY OWENS** bring in their quintet. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's band. Music from ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** is in charge of the dining-room grand through Sunday, Sept. 7. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** works with bassist **MICKEY BASS** starting Tuesday, Sept. 9, and **MULGREW MILLER** owns the keyboard on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The good piano-bass team of **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** performs nightly, except Sundays, when the good guitar-bass duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** plays Bach, Ellington and Strayhorn, and Lennon and McCartney. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ken Kesey & the Thunder Machine Band—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8.



Anita Baker—With the Controllers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 8.)

Pepeu Gomes & Baby Consuelo—Town Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, at 8.

John MacNally—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8.

Elton John—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 11-13, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Thursdays at 9: Pierson Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 9 and 10:30: Sheila Jordan, Steve Kuhn, Buster Williams, and Al Foster. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Chamberlain—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Friday, Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William L. Haney—Recent figurative paintings. Through Sept. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Abstract ink drawings and two welded-steel sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Nov. 9. (Open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele. Through Friday, Sept. 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Photographs of the capitol building in Albany (its façade, stairways, anterooms, columns, marble carvings) by William Clift, Stephen Shore, Judith Turner, and Dan Weaks. Through Sept. 26. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

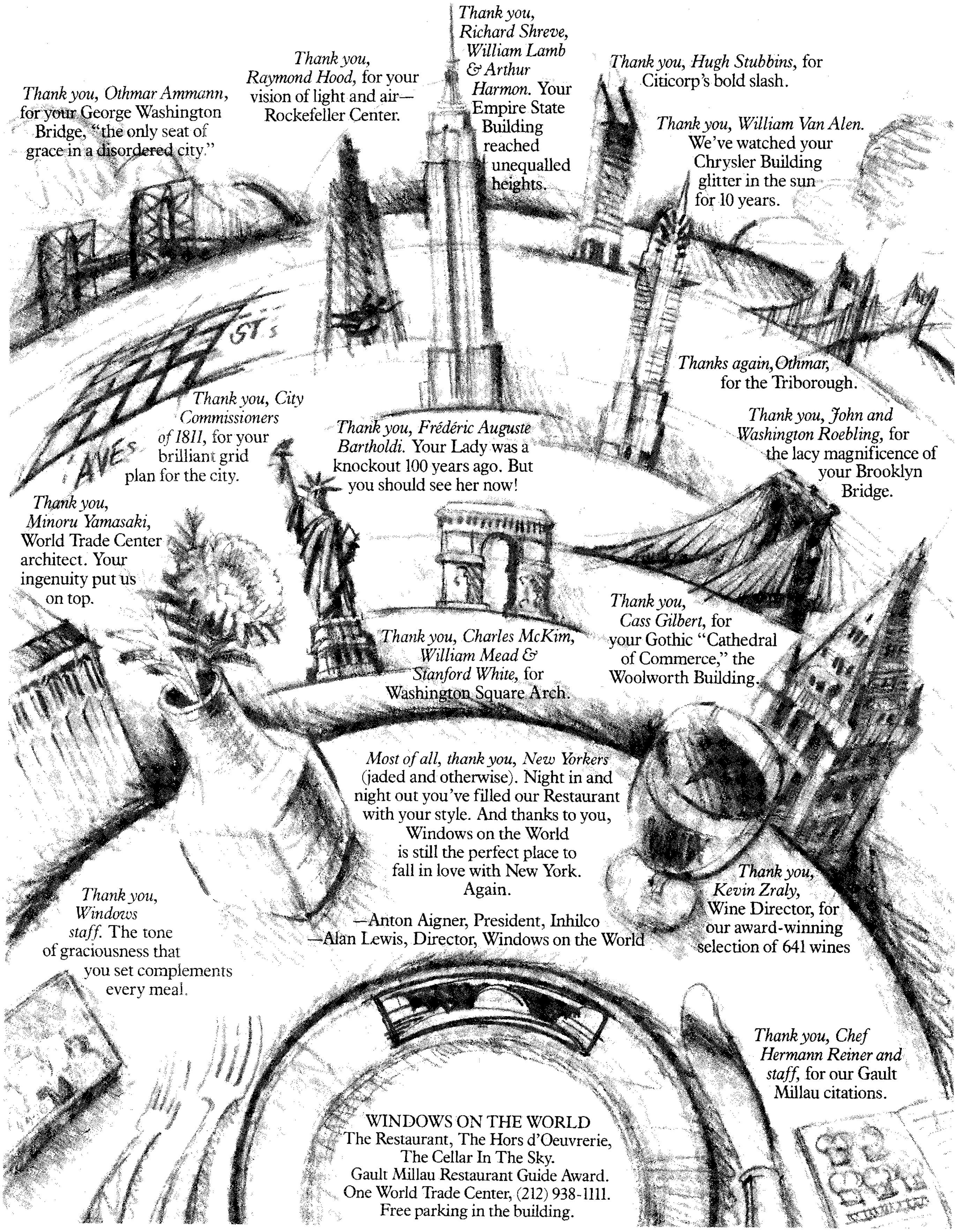
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures, primarily, which examines the depiction of the human figure in the West African Bamana culture. Among the forty-seven works are large wood and terra-cotta sculptures of mother and child and of male hunters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivot-

ON THE OCCASION OF OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY WINDOWS ON THE WORLD HAS A FEW WORDS FOR THE ARCHITECTS OF OUR VIEW.

Thank you, Warren Platner. Your design for our Restaurant gave it style and elegance and a view that makes you feel like personally thanking every architect who ever dreamed of a building that would touch the sky.



Thank you, Othmar Ammann, for your George Washington Bridge, "the only seat of grace in a disordered city."

Thank you, Raymond Hood, for your vision of light and air—Rockefeller Center.

Thank you, Richard Shreve, William Lamb & Arthur Harmon. Your Empire State Building reached unequalled heights.

Thank you, Hugh Stubbins, for Citicorp's bold slash.

Thank you, William Van Alen. We've watched your Chrysler Building glitter in the sun for 10 years.

Thanks again, Othmar, for the Triborough.

Thank you, City Commissioners of 1811, for your brilliant grid plan for the city.

Thank you, Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi. Your Lady was a knockout 100 years ago. But you should see her now!

Thank you, John and Washington Roebling, for the lacy magnificence of your Brooklyn Bridge.

Thank you, Minoru Yamasaki, World Trade Center architect. Your ingenuity put us on top.

Thank you, Charles McKim, William Mead & Stanford White, for Washington Square Arch.

Thank you, Cass Gilbert, for your Gothic "Cathedral of Commerce," the Woolworth Building.

Most of all, thank you, New Yorkers (jaded and otherwise). Night in and night out you've filled our Restaurant with your style. And thanks to you, Windows on the World is still the perfect place to fall in love with New York. Again.

—Anton Aigner, President, Inhilco
—Alan Lewis, Director, Windows on the World

Thank you, Windows staff. The tone of graciousness that you set complements every meal.

Thank you, Kevin Zraly, Wine Director, for our award-winning selection of 641 wines

Thank you, Chef Hermann Reiner and staff, for our Gault Millau citations.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

al period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of forty prints by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, whose work is characterized by erotic and fantastic imagery. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** A jazz concert will be given in the museum's sculpture garden by the Barry Harris and Clifford Jordan quartet on Sunday, Sept. 7, at 4.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs (a matte painting by Albert Whitlock for "The Birds"), costume sketches and costumes (the matador suit Rudolph Valentino wore in "Blood and Sand," the barbecue dress Vivien Leigh wore in "Gone with the Wind"), set models (the miniature Gozer temple for "Ghostbusters"), posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred of Mary Granville Delany's paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil and a pencil study for Cézanne's "The Card Players." Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A display of a hundred and fifty prints by five photojournalists—Peter Magubane, Valeria Ferrill, Ozier Muhammad, Gordon Parks, and Robert Sengstacke. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—New performances by Frank Conversano and Michael Galasso, Frey Faust, Cynthia Fraley-P, and Tamara Jenkins, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 5-7, at 9. . . . ¶ Doug Varone (dance), Friday through Sunday, Sept. 12-14, at 9.

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 3; Friday, Sept. 5; and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 7: "The New Moon," with Leigh Munro, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, and Gerald Isaac; conducted by Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1: "The New Moon," with Maryanne Telese, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, and Gerald Isaac; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Cynthia Rose, Jerry Hadley, and Harry Dworchak; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Shaulis, Richard Burke, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Jane Bunnell, Kurt Link, and William Parcher; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Gail Dobish, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Craig Heath Nim; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Cynthia Rose, Jerry Hadley, and Harry Dworchak; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

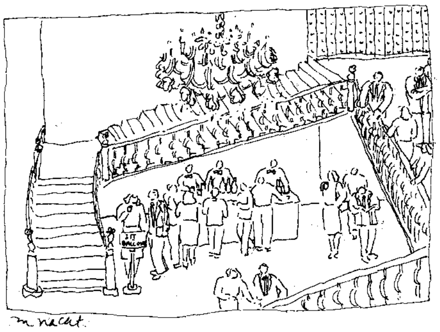
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Bernstein, Michael Stern, Michael Morgan, and Michael Barrett variously conducting a program of music by Beethoven, Strauss, Ravel, and Shostakovich. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 8.)

SOLISTI NEW YORK—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Dvořák program, with John Ostendorf, bass, and Caroline Stoessinger, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

DORA SCHWARZBERG AND GERALD RANCK—Violin and harpsichord, in a Bach-Handel program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Sunday, Sept. 7, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

VIENNA 1900: A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—The first two in a series of eight concerts—Sunday, Sept. 7: Felix Galimir and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Michael Webster, clarinet; and Carol Wincenc, flute. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 10: Arleen Augér, soprano; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Samuel Rhodes and Michael Tree, viola; and others. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—At Avery Fisher Hall—Monday, Sept. 8, at 8: Zubin Mehta directing, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and the Women's Chorus from the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Sheri Greenawald, soprano.



ROBERTA RUST—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE—Two concerts in tribute to the flute—Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: Carol Wincenc, flute; John Van Buskirk, harpsichord; the Muir String Quartet; the Y Chamber Symphony; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: Miss Wincenc; Samuel Baron, flute; Lucas Foss, piano; Stephen Kujala, jazz flute; Tim Liu, Chinese bamboo flute; the Y Chamber Symphony; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

CONCERT ROYAL AND THE NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY—James Richman conducting Rameau's opera-ballet "Les Fêtes d'Hébé." The first of two eighteenth-century works to be presented this month. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Sept. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—Works by John Luther Adams, John Hilliard, Mark Taggart, and Rovanna Martin, performed by the Juilliard Percussion Ensemble; Yvonne Hatchett, soprano; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, Sept. 5, at 7:35; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:20; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 8-10, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 12, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 13, at 3.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 6; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 7; and the Flower Bowl Handicap, the Futurity, and the Marlboro Cup Invitational, Saturday, Sept. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13. The Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Friday, Sept. 5, and the Pegasus, Friday, Sept. 12.

RUNNING—The Mercedes Mile (formerly the Fifth Avenue Mile) will start at 2 on Saturday, Sept. 13, at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of Euripides' **MEDEA** (in Japanese), by the Toho Company, Ltd., a twenty-five-member all-male troupe from Japan, making its first appearance here. Mikijiro Hira has the title role and Yukio Ninagawa is the director. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Monday, Sept. 3-8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—Final concerts of the Miller beer people's summer series. Saturday, Sept. 6: Steel Pulse and Adja. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9: The Eurythmics and Jean Beauvoir. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13: Steve Winwood and Jimmy Cliff. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

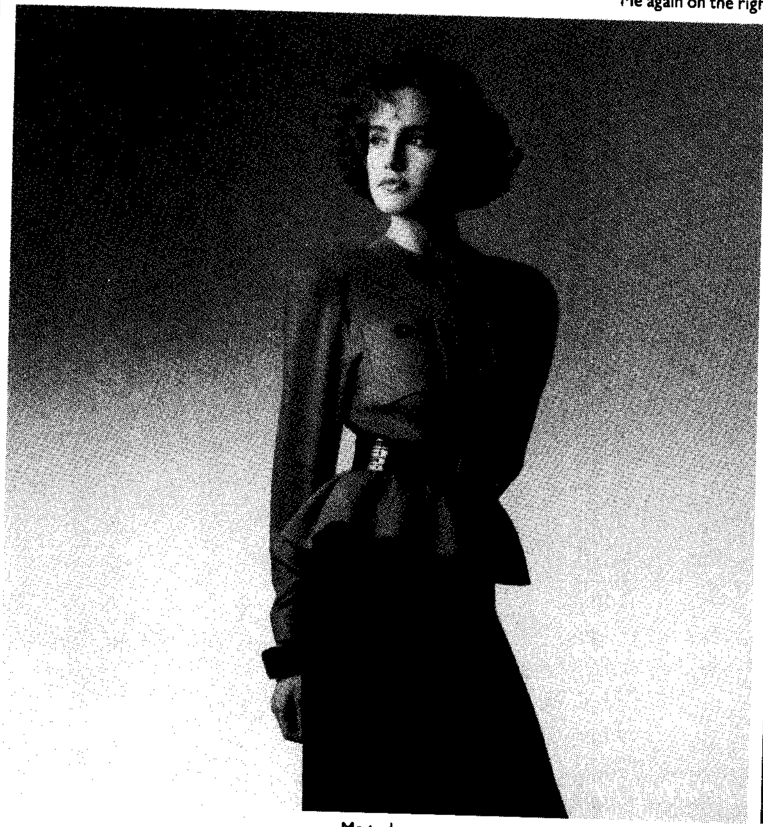
That's me on the left

Me again on the right

Vicky pushing me around

My family

First Grade

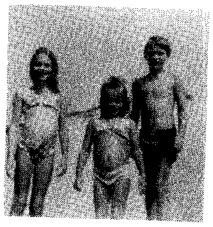


Me today

Granny and me

Mom and me

A rose between thorns



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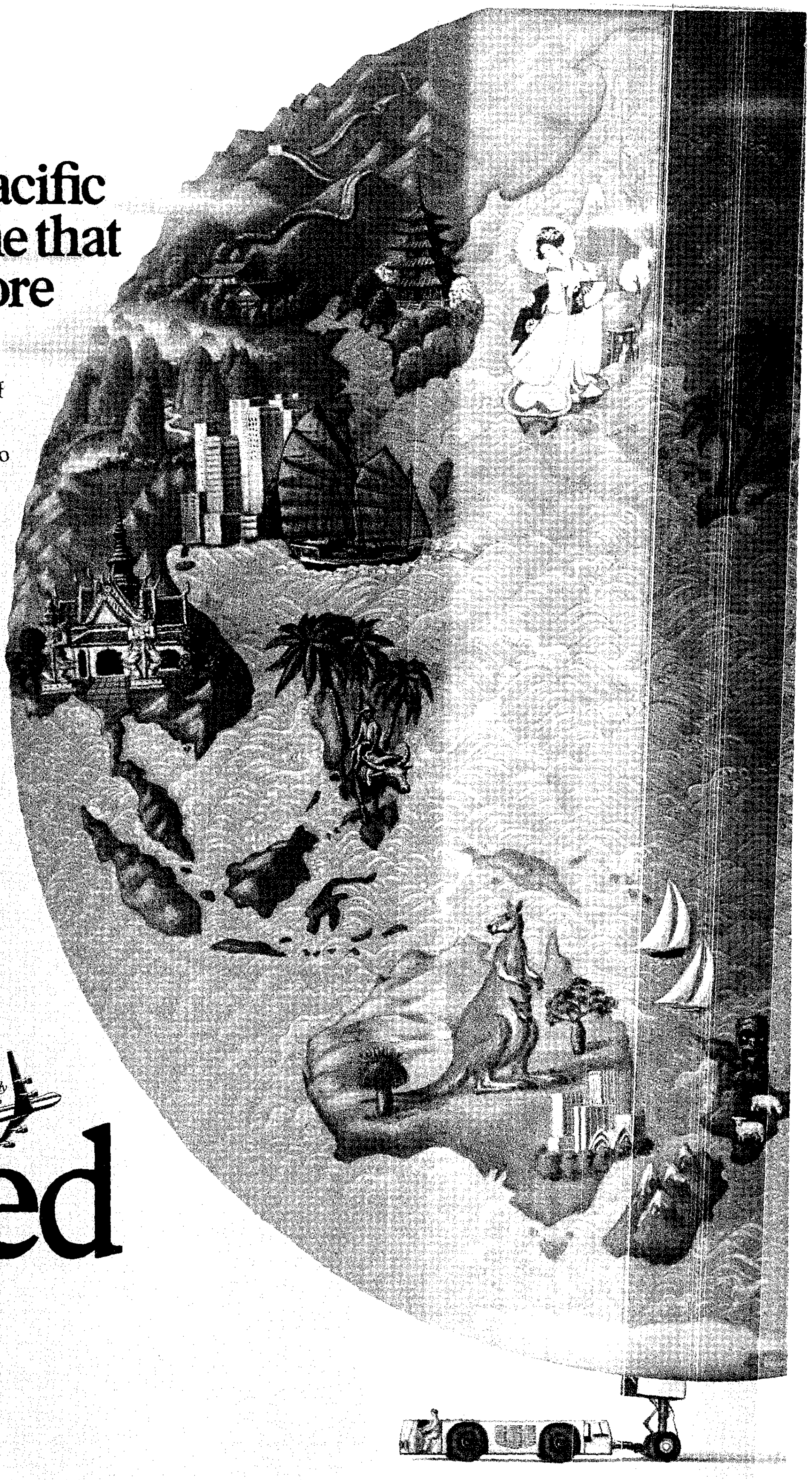

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United

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

ALL THIS WEEK

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Molière" (1978; directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; in French). The film, more than four hours long, will be shown at 7:30 only.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Sept. 5: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 4: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Sept. 5: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Steaming" (Joseph Losey), with Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, and Diana Dors.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†). No performances on Monday, Sept. 8.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. From Sept. 12: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
Theatre 2: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 4: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
From Sept. 5: "90 Days" (Giles Walker).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heartburn" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 4: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
From Sept. 5: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "We Were So Beloved" (directed by Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary. From Sept. 10: "Static" (1985; Mark Romanek), with Keith Gordon and Amanda Plummer.
Theatre 2: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 4: "Vagabond" (†). From Sept. 5: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: A festival of jazz films. From Sept. 5: "Vagabond" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 4: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Sept. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 4: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard). From Sept. 5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept. 11: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
From Sept. 12: "Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Stand By Me" (†). No performances on Tuesday, Sept. 9.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ." (†).
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hard Traveling" (Dan Bessie), with Ellen Geer.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 3: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 4: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Men . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper; and "Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker). From Sept. 5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 11: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone). From Sept. 12: "Avenging Force."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 4: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish). From Sept. 5: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick; and "Pretty in Pink" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: "The Transformers—The Movie."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 3: "Black Joy" (Anthony Simmons). Theatre 4: Through Sept. 4: "Top Gun" (†). From Sept. 5: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.

Movieland, *B'way at 47th. (757-8320)*
"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Sept. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 4: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper. From Sept. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone). From Sept. 5: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, *22 E. 12th. (924–3363)*
Through Sept. 4: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; directed by Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears.
Sept. 5-6: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Sept. 7-9: "The Official Story" (1985; Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro; and "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand.
Sept. 10-11: "Iphigenia" (1977; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas; and "Padre Padrone" (†).
Sept. 12-13: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977 †) and "Stolen Kisses" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 3: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, and Charles Durning.
Sept. 4: "Beverly Hills Cop" (1984; Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy; and "All of Me" (1984; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin.
Sept. 5-13: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 3: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "I Love Melvin" (1953; Don Weis), with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel.
Sept. 4: "Cutter's Way" (1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "Hearts of the West" (1975; Howard Zieff), with Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, Blythe Danner, and Alan Arkin.
Sept. 5-6: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Sept. 7-8: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Sept. 9: "Smooth Talk" (1985; Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (†).
Sept. 10: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "My Best Friend's Girl" (1984; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Sept. 11: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (†) and "A Safe Place" (†).
Sept. 12-13: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 3: "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn; and "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn.
Sept. 4: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.
Sept. 5-6: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.
Sept. 7-8: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Love in the City" (1953; in Italian), five episodes by various directors.
Sept. 9: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Jamaica Inn" (†).
Sept. 10: "Lady Sings the Blues" (†) and "Sparkle" (†).
Sept. 11: "The Curse of the Fly" (1966; Don Sharp), with Brian Donlevy; and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956 †).
From Sept. 12: "The Children Are Watching Us" (†) and "A Brief Vacation" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 3: "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott; and "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene.
Sept. 4: "Secrets of Women" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk and Eva Dahlbeck; and "A Lesson in Love" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 5-6: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
Sept. 7: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Chimes at Midnight" (†).
Sept. 8: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Sept. 9: "The Scarlet Empress" (†) and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935 †).
Sept. 10: "Union Station" (1950; Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Lyle Bettger, Nancy Olson, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Forbidden Street" (1949; Jean Negulesco), with Dana Andrews and Maureen O'Hara.
Sept. 11: "She Done Him Wrong" (†) and "I'm No Angel" (†).
Sept. 12-13: "East of Eden" (†) and "Rebel Without a Cause" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Sept. 4 at 2:30 and 6: "Lost Horizon" (1937; directed by Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Garden of Allah" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: "Wings" (1927; directed by William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Richard Arlen, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, and Clara Bow. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2: "Duel in the Sun" (1946; King Vidor), with Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 5: "Since You Went Away" (1944; John Cromwell), with Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, and Robert Walker. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1945; William Dieterle), with Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotton, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "Duel in the Sun." . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Une Partie de Campagne" (1946; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Sylvia Bataille; and "Il Miracolo" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "The Big Trail" (1930; Raoul Walsh), with John Wayne. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30; "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6 and Sept. 13 at 2: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, Clifton Webb, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5: "Anatomy of a Murder."

THEATRE 2: Sept. 7 at 2: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1945; William Dieterle), with Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 5: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931; Edmund Goulding), with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels.

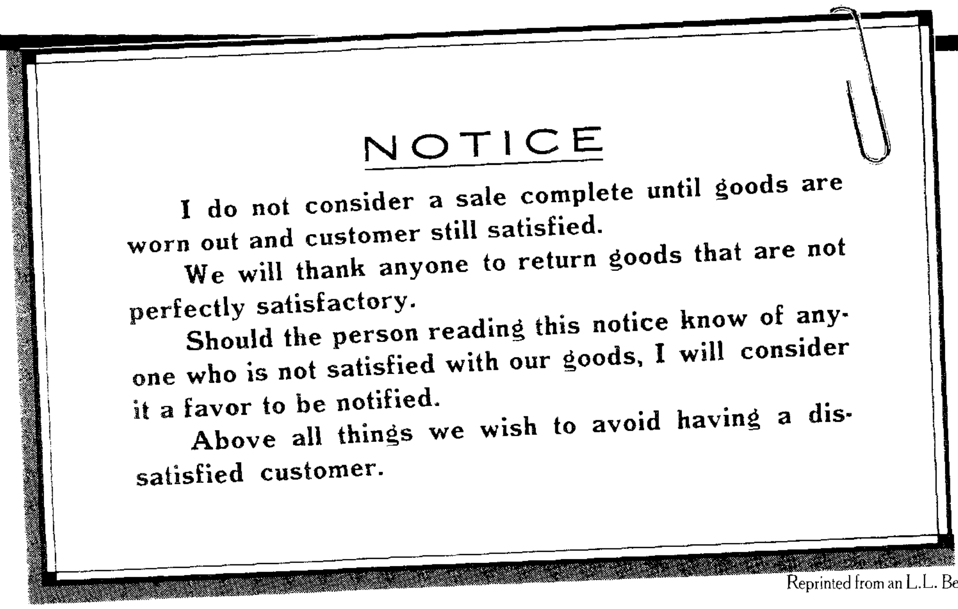
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, and Criterion Theatres.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as



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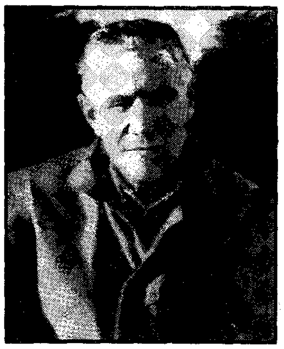

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a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres.)

A Brief Vacation (1973)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; she's oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in Northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; starting Sept. 12.)

The Children Are Watching Us (1942)—In this film, Vittorio De Sica found his writer, Cesare Zavattini, and his theme—the destruction of innocence. As in his later works, the enemy is human injustice—not intentional injustice, but what people are driven to do to each other. This is one of those rare movies that are so finely felt that they're too painful and too intransigent ever to reach a large audience. Like De Sica's "Umberto D.," it is a picture of loneliness, but at the other end of the life-span. Umberto has little time left; Prico, the four-year-old, has his whole ruined life ahead. His mother, sensually drawn to her lover, hasn't the strength to cling to the child; his ego-shattered father kills himself. Prico is left, agonized and inarticulate, walking the corridors of a boarding school. Except for "Forbidden Games" there has probably never been such a clear view of the antagonism and desolation that separate adult and child life. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; starting Sept. 12.)

Chimes at Midnight (1967; also known as "Falstaff")—One of Orson Welles' best and least seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes one may want to walk out, but then the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with cuttings from "Henry V" and "Richard II," and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Though Welles' performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. With Margaret Rutherford and Jeanne Moreau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directed her in this clever, perversely dehumanized picture, which was said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

East of Eden (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without much coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, hurting. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to. When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the soundtrack amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. With Julie Harris, Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, and Albert Dekker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12-13.)

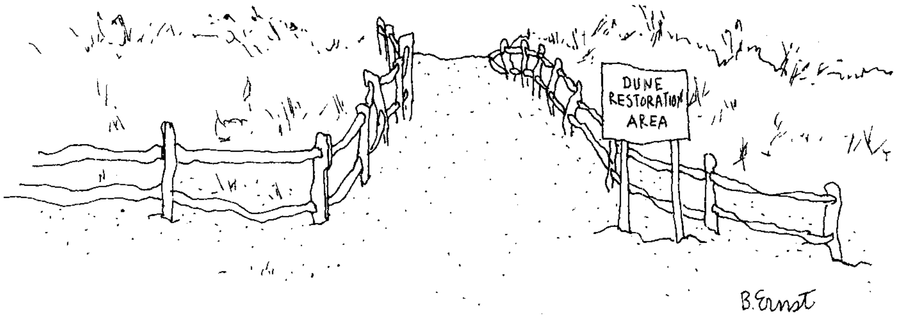
Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs. Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Gertrude Howard, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, and Kent Taylor. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

The Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. Directed by Don Siegel. With Carolyn Jones and Larry Gates. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 11.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging is almost shockingly uninspired. With Maureen O'Hara, Emlyn Williams, Leslie Banks, Robert Newton, and Marie Ney. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 9.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience



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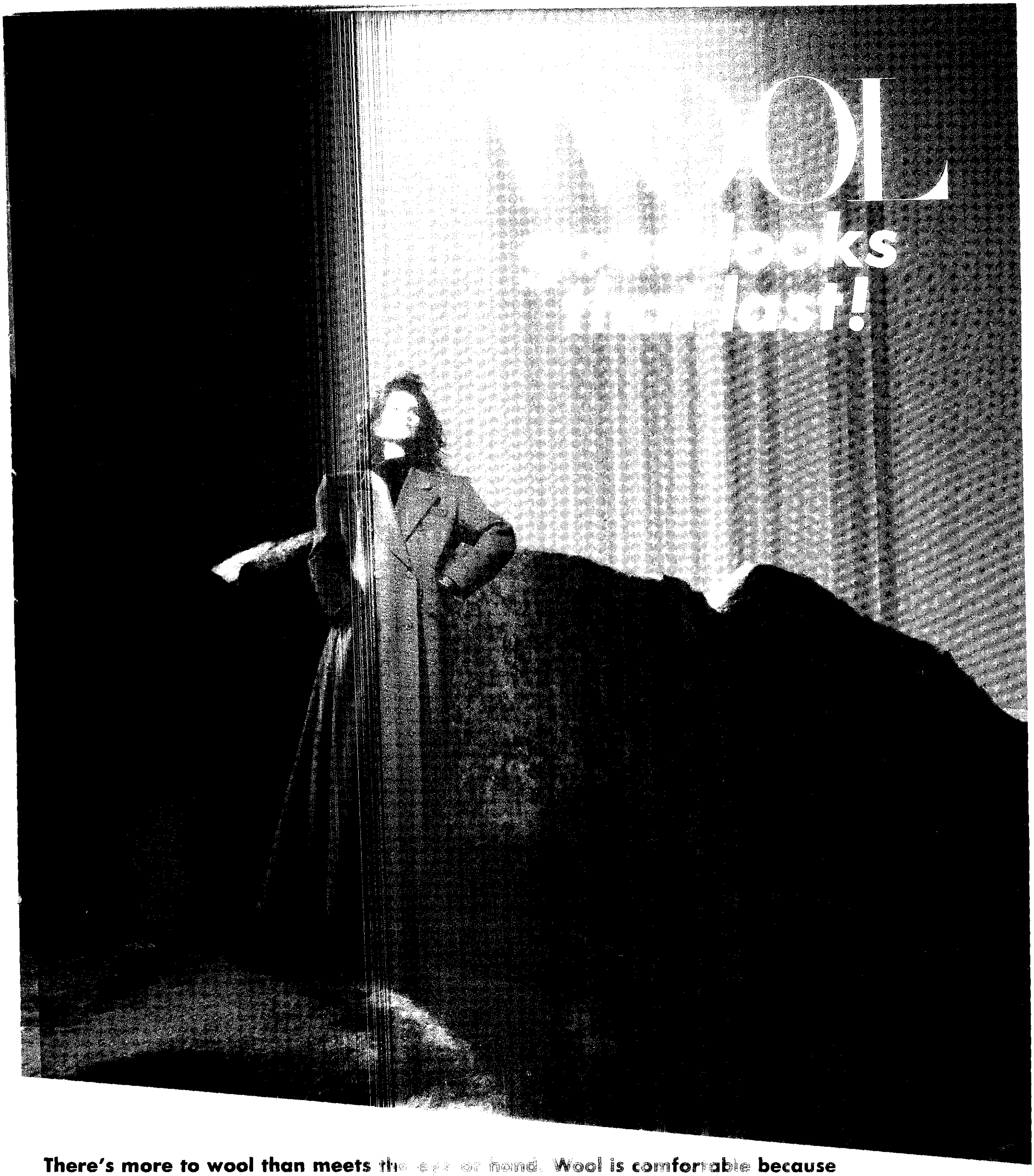

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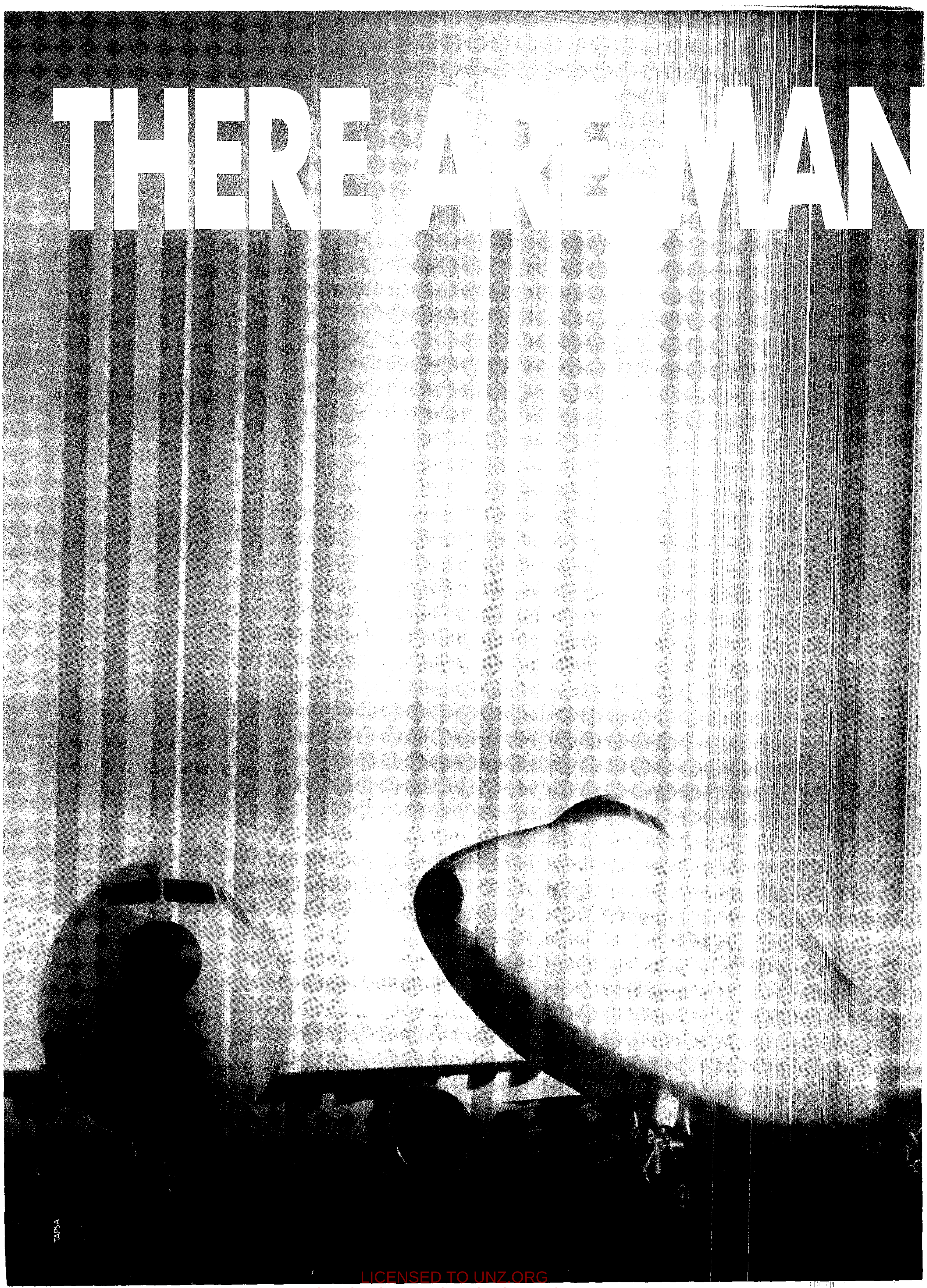

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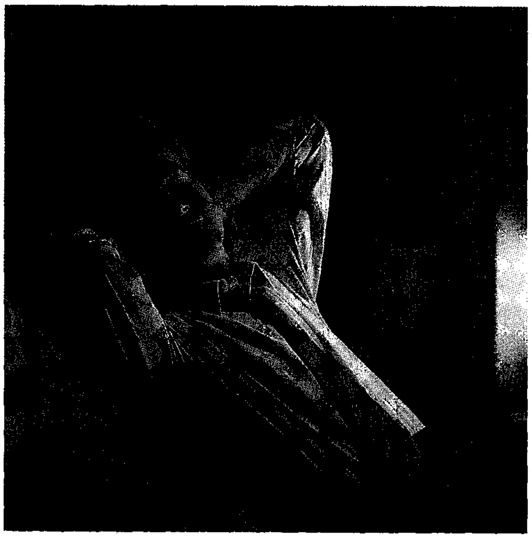

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over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor and Billy Dee Williams. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 10.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "Spotted Horses" (which is part of his novel "The Hamlet") turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Newman and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a crackerjack popular screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife, Harriet Frank, Jr. With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Thalia; Sept. 9.)

The Man Who Loved Women (1977)—The dedicated skirt-chaser of François Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; music by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 12-13.)

Men . . .—Directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza, and Metro Cinema.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema Studio.)

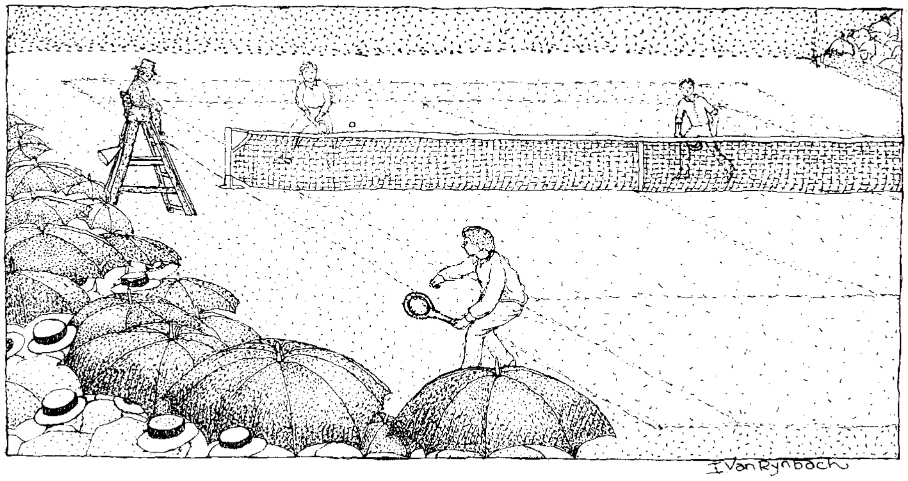
My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Nothing in Common—Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason, directed by Garry Marshall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 5.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast, McMurphy (Jack Nicholson), who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Published in 1962, the book contained the prophetic essence of the whole Vietnam period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic. Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, must have understood how crude the poetic-paranoid vision of the book would look on the screen after the sixties paranoia had lost its nightmarish buoyancy. Set in 1963, the movie retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them the way the book does. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance as Nurse Ratched. And Will Sampson, a towering full-blooded Creek, is very impressive as Chief Broom, the resurrected catatonic. Nicholson, looking punchy, tired, and baffled—and not on top of his character (as he often is)—lets you see into him, rather than controlling what he lets you see. With William Redfield, Brad Dourif, Scatman Crothers, Danny De Vito, Vincent Schiavelli, Sydney Lassick, Louisa Moritz, Marya Small, and Christopher Lloyd. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

Padre Padrone (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic, it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological, almost rhapsodic. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Sept. 10-11.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it



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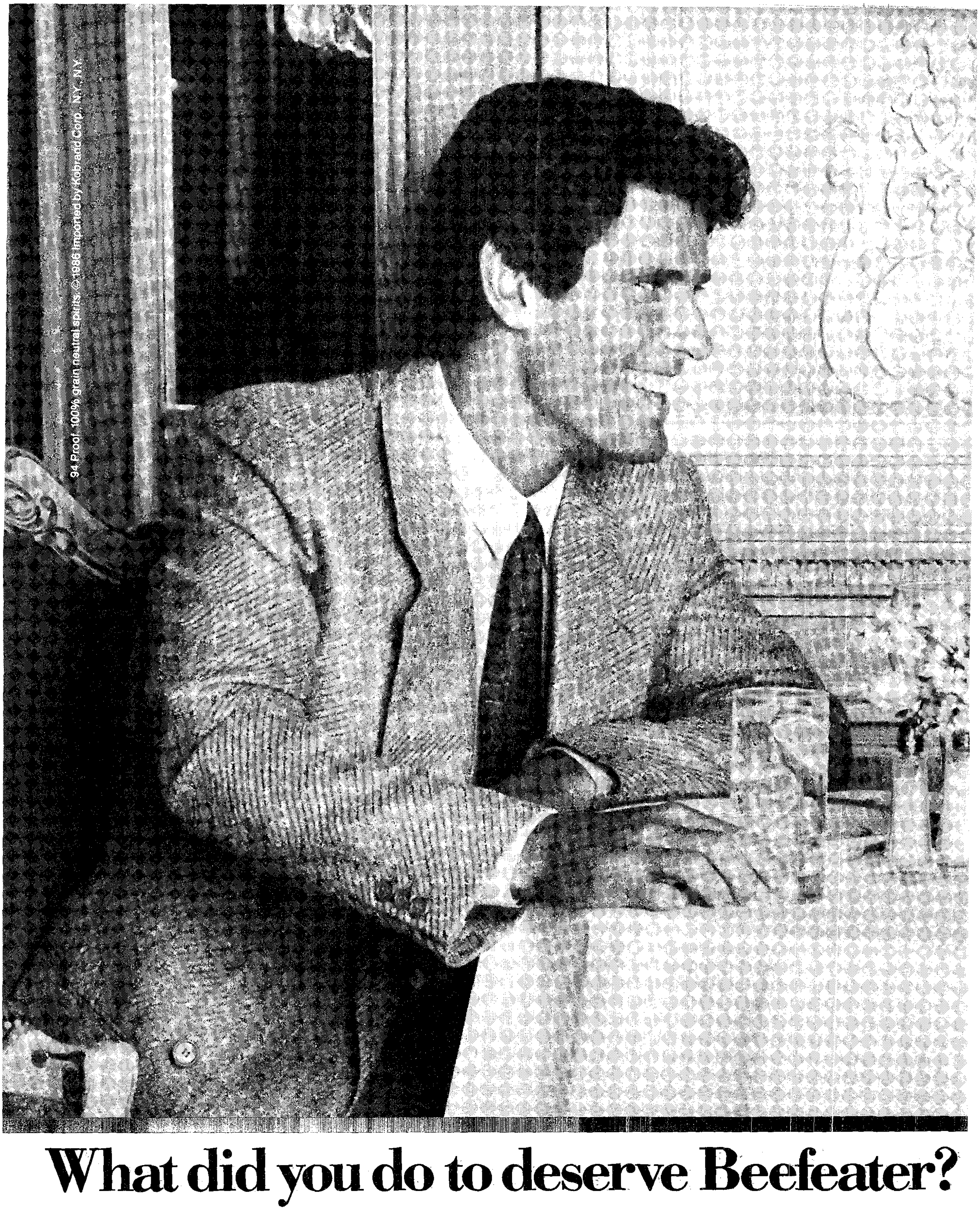
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might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 5.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, Nick Adams, Dennis Hopper, Jim Backus, and Ann Doran. Directed by Nicholas Ray. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12-13.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich is photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter. With Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, and John Lodge, Louise Dresser, Jane Darwell, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. Written by the star, from her play "Diamond Lil," with some help on the script by Harry Thew and John Bright; directed by Lowell Sherman. With Rafaela Ottiano, Gilbert Roland, and Noah Beery. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

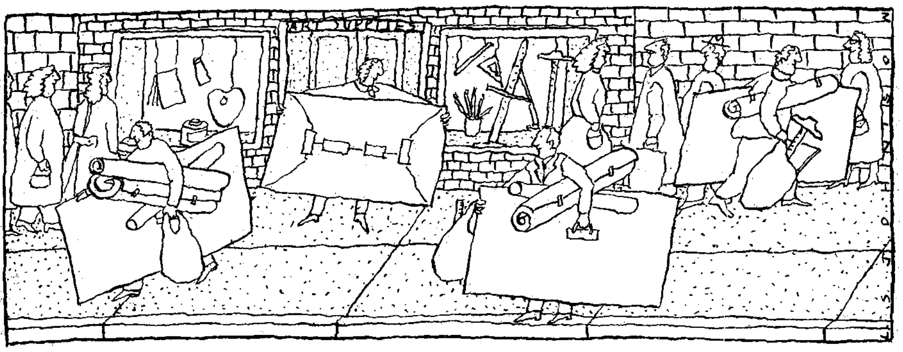
Sparkle (1976)—As Sister, the hell-bent lead singer of a trio (made up of the three daughters of a domestic servant), the young singer-actress Lonette McKee has the sexual brazenness that stars such as Susan Hayward and Ava Gardner had in their youth. She's terrific, but she has barely had a taste of singing in public when she falls for a sadistic pusher who degrades her. She goes downhill unbelievably fast, and the picture loses its zing when the action shifts to the rise of her docile and dewy-eyed little sister Sparkle (Irene Cara), who is guided by a hardworking, dimply manager (Philip M. Thomas). His almost canine devotion defeats the attempts of gangsters to muscle in on her career. The director, Sam O'Steen, may have got a little carried away by the smoky theatrical milieu, but he keeps the movie full of atmospheric detail, and the tawdry black-vaudeville scenes have the teeming, bodies-spilling-out-the-edges quality of Toulouse-Lautrec. With Dorian Harewood. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 10.)

Stand By Me—With Wil Wheaton, directed by Rob Reiner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Coronet. No performances on Monday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ New Carnegie. No performances on Tuesday, Sept. 9.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 12-13.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy; through Sept. 4.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)



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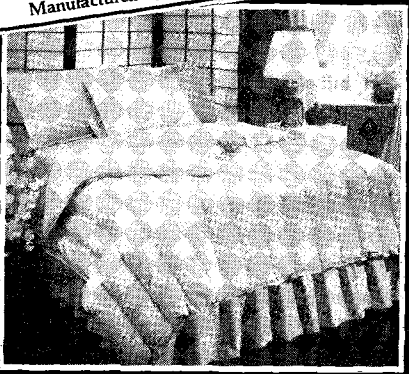

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE happened to have the radio on, one evening not long ago, while we were reading a new report by the New York-based Lawyers Committee for Human Rights. The report, entitled "The War Against Children: South Africa's Youngest Victims," is a copiously documented account of the often brutal treatment suffered by black children during the apartheid regime's recent states of emergency. Actually, we were reading the foreword, by Bishop Desmond Tutu, the Nobel laureate. "I have seen the Johnny referred to in this book," Bishop Tutu began. "He spoke with great difficulty as if his tongue was swollen and filled his mouth. He had a kind of lisp as well. His eyes were dull as of someone who seemed to be dead to the world for much of the time. When he walked it was with a slow painful shuffle like a punchdrunk ex-boxer." Bishop Tutu continued, "Johnny is real. He used to be a lively youngster, full of life and fun until he fell into the clutches of the security system of the apartheid regime. It is not quite clear what the police did to Johnny. Perhaps it does not matter any longer. What is certain is that he went in a lively, healthy and normal youngster and he came out a walking human vegetable. The police did something to him." Actually, we'd stopped reading. We were looking at the photograph, on the facing page, of "Johnny Mashiane, fifteen years old."

In the silence we became aware of the voices wafting in over the radio. It was tuned to National Public Radio's evening news program "All Things Considered," which was broadcasting an uncannily congruent report from South Africa, by Beatrice Hollyer, one of NPR's correspondents there. Hollyer, too, seemed to be inventorying the condition of the thousands of people—children and adults—who are currently being detained in South Africa's prisons. She related some fairly grisly stories, and then she interviewed a psychologist, who assured her that detained children were not treated differently from adults, and that for them the effects of detention seemed to be especially damaging and long-lasting. Hollyer's report now appeared to move to some new location, and she continued, "The damaging effects of detention without trial were the last thing on the minds of delegates to a congress of the ruling National Party in Durban last week. They welcomed the Law and Order Minister, Louis Le Grange, with a standing ovation. The day before, the Supreme Court had ruled that all arrests and detentions under the state of emergency were unlawful. I caught up with Louis Le Grange outside the tea tent to ask him how his department was planning to respond to the Court's ruling."

The interview that followed struck us as so remarkable that we called NPR the next morning and asked for a copy of the tape. Here's a transcript:

LOUIS LE GRANGE: We respect the Court's decisions.

BEATRICE HOLLYER: So if the courts uphold large numbers of applications for the release of detainees, you're prepared to release as many detainees as the courts rule.

L.L.G.: No. What I'm saying is that we respect the Court's decisions, although some of the decisions that go against us may not be quite acceptable to the government. That does not mean that we don't respect the Court's decisions and that we won't abide by those decisions in terms of the law of the country.

B.H.: So you will release as many detainees as the courts rule you should.

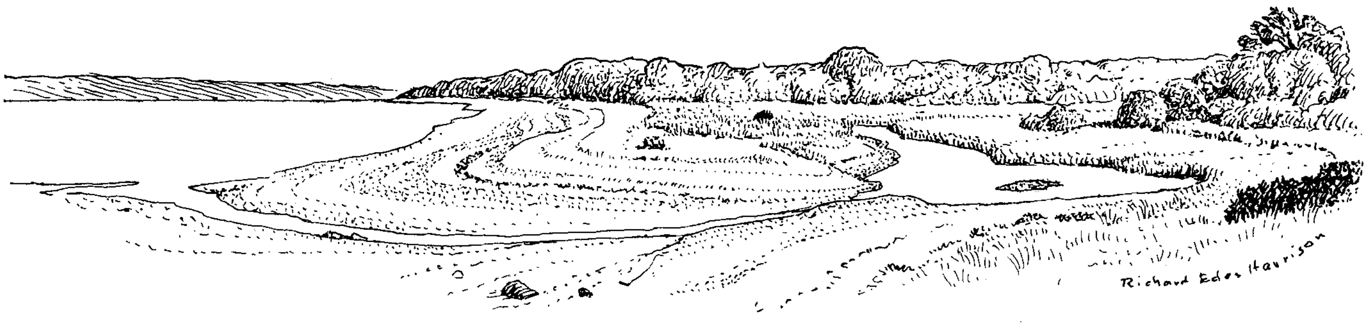
L.L.G.: No, I'm only going as far as I've said already. That does not mean we're not going to release. I said that we will respect the Court's decisions and we will abide by it as far as the laws of the country provide for us.

B.H.: Sir, we're just trying to understand whether or not the detainees will be released.

L.L.G.: No, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, no, I'm very sorry, I'm not to be put under cross-examination, I'm not going any further than that. You must please excuse me, but I'm not prepared to go into any further particulars or detail.

B.H.: You indicated yesterday that detainees would not be released until the outcome of the state's—

L.L.G.: I'm not to be cross-examined, I've said as far as I'm prepared to go, I'm



very sorry. Let's call it a day, but I'm not going into particulars at all about these decisions.

B.H.: Well, I merely wanted to get the position clear, Mr. Le Grange, so that you can't be misunderstood.

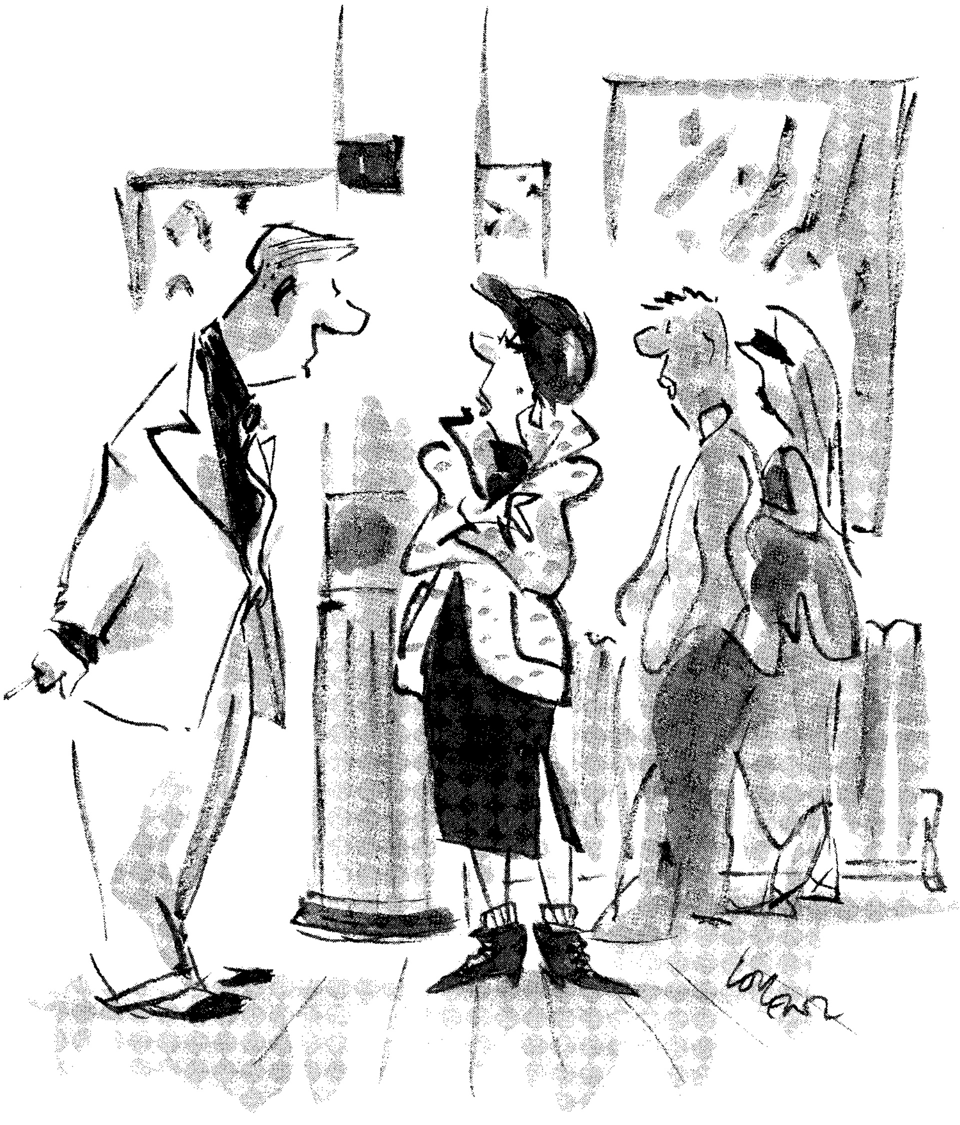
L.L.G.: That may be so, I'm not prepared to be on record, either, now, and I'm not to be cross-examined on this issue, thank you.

B.H.: Thank you very much.

L.L.G.: O.K. Pleasure.

Maybe it was the "Pleasure," there at the end, that was the real kicker for us—the unrelenting insistence on maintaining a surface of civility, a charade of decorum. Then again, there was Le Grange's plaintive insistence that he, the Law and Order Minister, was "not to be put under cross-examination." The use of that particular term in this context seemed a particularly telling, if inadvertent, metaphor—as if the polite (though firm) questioning that the reporter was pursuing could in any way be likened to the sort of cross-examination which the detainees under this minister's charge were being subjected to every day. (Incidentally, in South Africa the Ministry of Law and Order and the Ministry of Justice are two separate institutional entities.) But, finally, what disturbed us most was the pattern of avoidance, the way this exchange revealed the very structure of the double bind that passes for law and order in the Republic of South Africa.

We're familiar to the point of saturation with the everyday "Catch-22"s that characterize the countless garden-variety tyrannies in the world today. The term, of course, comes from Joseph Heller's 1961 novel, in which he details a number of these mind-boggling, spirit-sapping conundrums. Thus, for example, in the book's paradigmatic exchange, it's explained to the novel's protagonist, the gun-shy, battle-weary bombardier Yossarian, that while, yes, the Air Force wouldn't want to entrust a dangerous mission to an insane crew member, one couldn't go about attempting to have oneself declared insane, because the very attempt, given the circumstances, would prove one's underlying sanity. That was the catch—Catch-22. Most totalitarian bureaucratic entrapments follow a version of this elaborate triangulation: A, but A requires B, and B requires C, and C precludes A, hence not-A after all. Minister Le Grange and the regime he so ably represents, however, have dispensed with all the subterfuge. Theirs is a more direct route: If A, then not-A, period. (Particularly when the first A is some lofty abstract proposition and the second A any attempt at the concrete application of that proposition in the real world.) No three-dimensional subtleties, just a two-edged blade: We will absolutely respect the Court's order *and* absolutely not follow it. What is your problem? And stop cross-examining us.



"Mary Boone was not avoiding me. I was avoiding her."

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A FRIEND writes:

My son went off to college last week, leaving behind the expected shambles in his bedroom and the equally expected feeling of emptiness in the nest. His mother said goodbye at the door, and he and I wedged ourselves into the front seats of the car, which was packed to the roof with the impedimenta that any normal American teen-ager cannot live without. As it was, we left the two largest speakers behind, but we managed the turntable, the ghetto blaster (with *its* speakers), the electronic keyboard, three large boxes of records, and one box of tapes. Plus, to be sure, the inessentials like clothes and bedding.

We had a long drive ahead of us—four hundred and twenty-five miles—and, in anticipation, I had tried to prepare a few uplifting and inspiring remarks. Not a lecture, but an attempt to convey that I was proud of his being accepted at such a good school, that I hoped he would take full advantage of it, that a tendency to laziness can be conquered . . . On the whole, it was a sermon best left undelivered. He and I understand each other most of the time, and we can usually enjoy each other's conversation, but when it doesn't come it doesn't come, and the first hour on the road went by in silence. Companionable enough, but he was (he had admitted) apprehensive, and I found myself catching his mood.

Just to have some noise in the car, we switched on the citizens-band radio that we carry on long trips, and tuned it to Channel 19, a frequency used mostly by long-haul truck drivers. They were on the air in force, polishing their hillbilly accents and feeling sorry for themselves, and listening to them passed the time nicely. So nicely, in fact, that we were feeling moderately restored, if still a bit tense, when we rolled onto the campus. It was a scene that took me back instantly—the earnest upper-class counsellors, the bewildered freshmen, the endless lines, the ever-mounting stacks of information. Even my son's tiny room, when at last we tracked it down, might have been my own, thirty-three years ago: two desks, two chairs, two bureaus, a bunk bed—all functional, battered, anonymous. My son's roommate was, fortunately, off on an errand; three would have been a crowd, in more ways than one. The two of us stood awkwardly in the midst of his heaped possessions. We both knew that a few days would produce a comfortable, familiar squalor, a new crop of friends, consuming activity to carry him forward. Right then, though, was not the time to say that aloud. In fact, there was not much of anything to say. I was facing a nine-hour drive; he was facing an unfamiliar place with several thousand inhabitants, every one of them a stranger. In moments like that, a hug has to convey a lot. Again and again, on the way home, I found myself hoping that it had.

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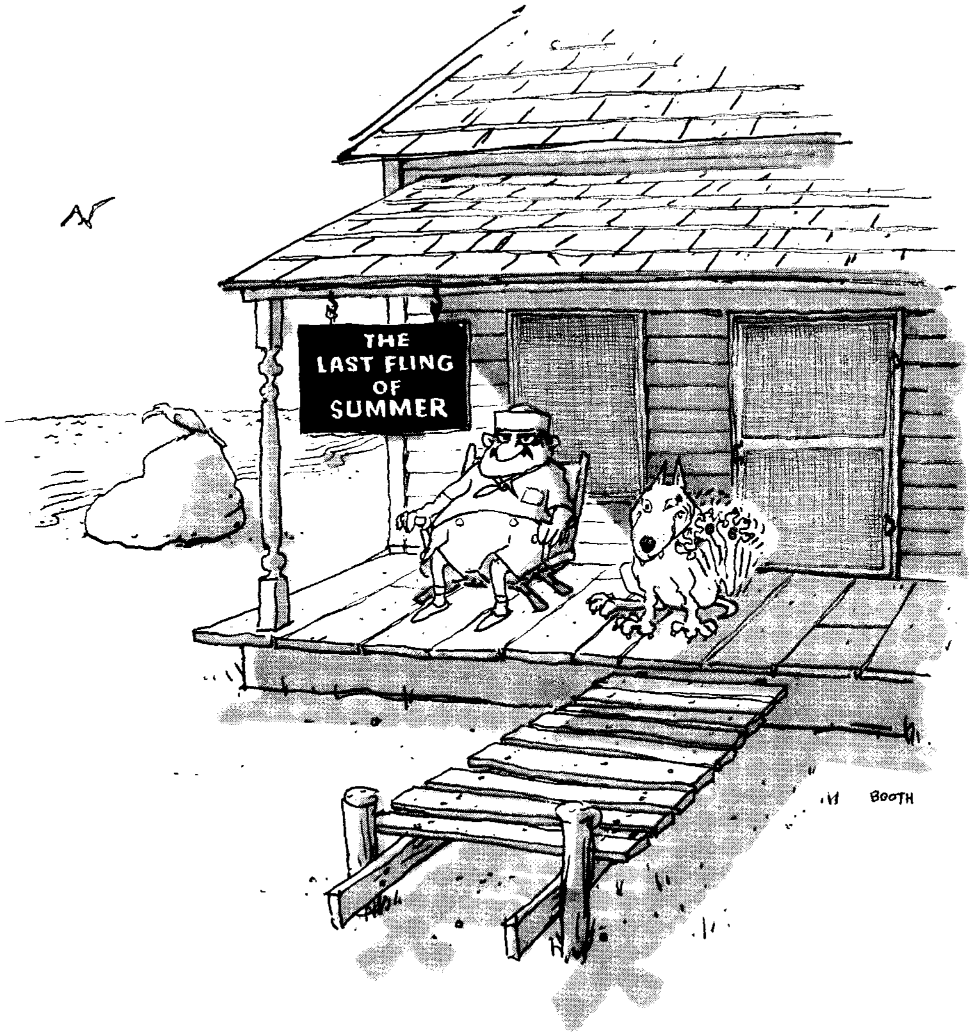
THE LAST FLING OF SUMMER
BOOTH

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Panel of Experts

THE country is travelling down a rocky road. Will it keep going fifty-five miles per hour, or will it accelerate? Will tax reform help or hurt the nation's economy? That is one key question. Will it hurt the prospects for home ownership? The dollar has declined in value against the yen, but exports remain weak. Why? Is the Washington culture, with its newfound reverence for money, undermining the integrity of our elected officials? Why are so many couples deciding they don't want children? Does loyalty to the corporation mean anything to the new breed of young executives? Were the gains of the women's movement more illusory than real? What about pornography—does it belong in convenience stores? Over the past few weeks, we have interviewed a variety of experts from a number of different disciplines. After reviewing our authorities and selecting the best, we assembled them all in one place: our mind. Some of their comments follow. Weigh them carefully—experts are capable of error and folly. But don't disregard them entirely, for experts have made a number of people with the sense to listen big winners in the current bull market.

JONATHAN GREEN (*who knows more about Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy dolls than anyone else. He was appraising rag dolls at F.A.O. Schwartz last month*): Technically, the process of Ann's hair-color change has been quite slow. Originally, it was brown, and it turned a reddish brown through the thirties and the forties. It got even rustier during the Second World War years, when they had to switch to cotton yarn from wool, and the cotton dyed to a different shade. In recent years, crackpot child psychologists have come up with the idea that children like bright red, so now they use this Day-Glo yarn, which, if you ask me, is rather alarming.

DICK AULD (*professor of plant science at the University of Idaho's Department of Plant, Soil, and Entomological Sciences, in Moscow, Idaho. He spoke at a recent luncheon held in the Trustees Room of the Public Library to announce that Puritan Oil would from now on be made with canola, a derivative of the rapeseed plant*): Rapeseed is from the Latin *rapa*, for "turnip." Twenty-five hundred years ago, in some Roman garden, broccoli and turnips were growing side by side. They hybridized, and rapeseed was the result. Even the early Romans knew the value of the oil—they used it for lamps. It's the oil of choice in much of Europe and the Orient.

MR. GREEN: Raggedy Ann was introduced in 1918. She came out simultaneously with a book about her adventures—a packaging concept that predated the Care Bears by some seventy years. She was created by Johnny Gruelle. The early stories all take place in the nursery when the Real-Forsure-People are asleep, so kids would want to go to sleep so their dolls could have fun. The later stories take place in the Deep-Deep Woods.

Anthony Santella (*first mate aboard Friendship II, a party fishing boat docked in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, that heads out each evening from June through December at six o'clock to fish for blues. Sandwiches and beer are available on the boat, or you can bring your own. Friendship II features heated rails for winter fishing*): O.K., if I say I want you to fish at forty feet I mean forty feet. I don't mean thirty-eight feet or forty-two feet. If the fish are at forty feet, the hooks should be at forty feet.

Mr. Green: The dolls are very sort of Goody Two-shoes. They're always being helpful.

Stuart Denning (*a Buick salesman in Summit, New Jersey, who has won more radio phone-in contests than anyone else in the area. He once won five mornings in a row on WHTZ, and the station immediately imposed a rule limiting individual contestants to one victory a month. He is currently teaching others his techniques at the Learning Annex adult-education school*): I have nine tips. Tip No. 4 is find out how the station's telephone lines are arranged. Take a tour. Does a station have ten contest lines? Twenty-two lines? Call up the radio station and ask if you can come up for a visit.

Professor Auld: It's a very neat crop—it fits right into crop rotations. Six to seven million acres of it are planted annually in Canada, but less than forty thousand acres here in the United States. Why? Because of a scientific lobby imposed by the American Soybean Association. Maybe I shouldn't be so blunt, but that's the truth of it, in my opinion.

Dorothy Frooks (*who, after being admitted to the bar, in 1920, represented Harry K. Thaw and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; founded the* Murray Hill News; *and invented the idea of Small Claims Court. She has also written a number of books, including, with her late brother, Richard, "Are You a Happy American?"*): The idea I'm pushing right now is labor courts, instead of strikes. You'd outlaw strikes and let workers go to court instead, where their case could be heard by a judge or a jury. A strike upsets everybody.

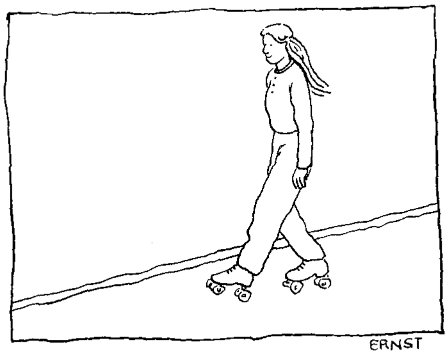
Mr. Denning: WPLJ has its contests at thirty-six minutes past the hour. WHTZ, which they call Z-100, has its contests at thirty-four minutes past the hour. WNSR has them at 7:10 and 9:10 in the morning. You don't even really have to listen.

Mr. Green: Raggedy Ann was an immediate success. In 1921, three years after she came out, Jerome Kern wrote a Broadway musical about her. It ran for a year, which was great for those days, when there were, like, seven shows opening every week. This summer, a new Raggedy Ann musical opened at the Kennedy Center.

Reuben Silverbird (*who launched Silverbird, New York City's first Native American restaurant, eleven weeks ago. The restaurant, at Columbus Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street, serves awesome food. We would recommend starting with the blue-corn soup, and then having either the buffalo steak or the rabbit. Definitely*): I get my buffalo from South Dakota, straight from the N.B.A.—National Buffalo Association. They're two-to-two-and-a-half-year-olds, and they're raised on ranches, just like cows.

Mr. Santella: O.K., you double up the line and then wrap it around itself five, six, seven times, and then slip the end through the loop, and now pull hard, with your fingernails. Like this.

Emanuel Levy (*who teaches a course on the Sociology of Film at Columbia University. He delivered a paper last week on "Popular Taste in the American Cinema" to the annual meeting of the American Sociological Association*): As far as narrative motif goes, the five most common themes for American films from 1940 to 1986, according to my content analysis of four hundred and sixty movies, are: first, individualism; second, competition and winning; third, task or action orientation; fourth, romantic love; and, fifth, optimism, usually in the form of a happy ending. American movies are almost always upbeat, in contrast with European films, which can be more ambiguous.



Miss Frooks: Law firms should not, in my opinion, be able to use the names of dead partners. I've worked on this issue for a long time, and even had a resolution before the American Bar Association. If a person dies, what good is he to you? He is no longer capable of handling your business. Doctors don't perpetuate their names.

Professor Auld: Don't confuse it with just plain rapeseed. This is low-erucic-acid rapeseed. Regular rapeseed is used in plastics and lubricants. We're considering making stealth bombers out of it, but that's another story.

Mr. Denning: There are basically three types of contests. The trivia type is the first. The second is the random-number type. WHTZ runs a hundredth-caller contest. They give a prize to the hundredth caller. Now, it takes them about ninety seconds to get to the hundredth caller. The average person calls right away. I wait forty seconds before I even start, so they're clearing out when my connection is trying to zoom through. And the phone I use can dial faster than any human being. I'm a paid spokesperson for G.T.E., but I'm not being commercial here. Let's just say the average person can dial ten times in forty seconds. I can dial thirty times with my auto-dialler. That's three times the connection chances.

Professor Levy: When I say films with task or action orientation, I refer to films where there is something to be accomplished. This goes back to the Second World War movies, but it also includes the Eddie Murphy films—"Beverly Hills Cop," say. It could be a crime-fighting task, or a rescue task, like the one Sigourney Weaver faces in "Aliens."

Mr. Silverbird: We are not talking here about beefalo. I was approached about having beefalo, but we wanted buffalo. Lots of people think it's an endangered species, but it's not. It's raised on ranches all over America. There are at least four in New York State.

Miss Frooks: Horses, if more people rode them, would eliminate every idea of poverty. They require care, equipment; they need shoes, blankets. It would all put people to work.

Mr. Green: My favorite Raggedy

Ann story is "Marcella." It was one of the last books in the nursery series. Raggedy Ann's family moved to the beach, and she got lost on a big boat and had to be rescued. Everything was geared to real life, not some magical kingdom. The stories actually deal with death.

Professor Levy: In the past two decades, the average age of the most frequent American moviegoer has declined considerably, to between seventeen and twenty-five, so movies are made to appeal to late adolescents. But that does not mean they have to be about coming of age. Coming-of-age films and initiation-into-sexuality films are not doing that well in the American market today. It means they have to have certain production values.

Mr. Santella: God, I don't know how you got this so tangled. Actually, I do know. You weren't keeping your thumb on the spool. Keep your thumb on the spool.

Mr. Denning: The third type is the Mystery Oldie. They play one or two notes of a song that was a hit on the charts in the sixties or seventies, and you have to have the title and the artist. I use a speakerphone and a tape-recording system. By the time the average person has begun to dial, I have listened to the playback of the notes. The most recent one I hit was "Big Shot," by Billy Joel.

Professor Auld: One hundred pounds of soybeans will yield about twenty pounds of oil. One hundred pounds of rapeseed will give you about forty-five pounds of oil. And it produces very high-quality honey.

Mr. Silverbird: How would I describe the taste of buffalo? Healthy! If I eat a hamburger—a beefburger—I feel stuffed. A buffaloburger doesn't leave me with that feeling, perhaps because its cholesterol content is twenty-five per cent lower than that of beef.

Miss Frooks: I think we should have a national President and an international President. It would be an arrangement that wouldn't put too much burden on any one man. The domestic President would never leave the country. And we should have a Senior Vice-President, in the eventuality of the President's death—someone who is more thoroughly trained than the current Vice-President.

Professor Levy: Competition and winning are strong themes throughout American cinema. The best examples are the "Rocky" movies and the "Karate Kid" series, but it doesn't have to be fighting. It can be running, it can be jumping.

Mr. Denning: I've won cash, gift certificates, a radar detector, coupons for local restaurants. I've won all sorts of shirts and clothes that say "Z-100" on them.

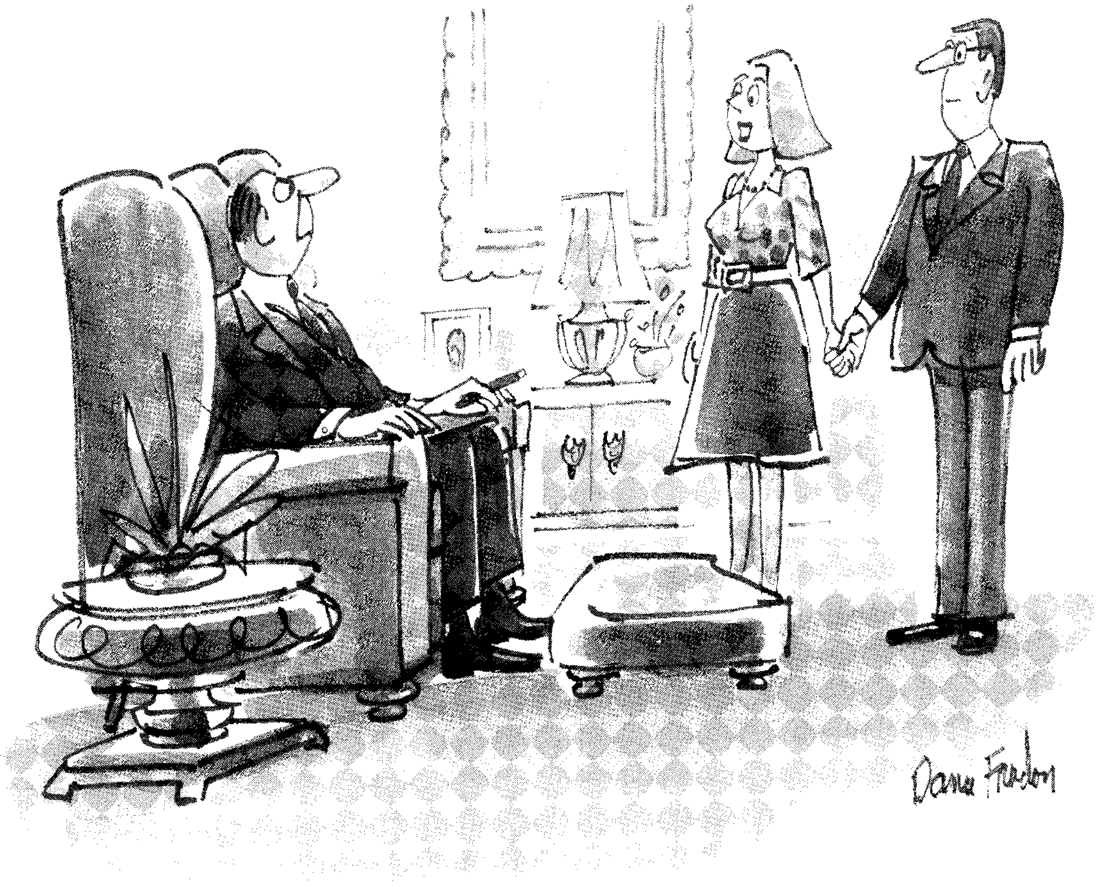
Mr. Silverbird: We get our rattlesnake from the West. We contact certain outfitters in Colorado this time of year, and next month, in the fall, we'll be switching to Texas and New Mexico, until February or March. The snakes come coiled. Some weigh twelve pounds. They're four or five feet long.

Mr. Green: The dolls are notoriously unpopular in the rest of the world. Most European countries don't have a rag-doll tradition—they have a wooden-doll tradition. And Ann and Andy's values are really American, especially Midwestern American—that whole "use-it-up, wear-it-out" Midwest thing. However, everyone in Holland loves Raggedy Ann. Don't ask me why.

Miss Frooks: Two weeks' vacation is not enough time to travel. You get there and it's time to go home. I think there should be two months. And in one of my books I explain how this will not hurt business. And more vacation will make people feel better.

Mr. Santella: O.K., we're in the dead-bluefish business here. I want to see more dead blues on this deck. How many have you caught? Six? That's not enough. More dead blues.

Professor Levy: American films always have at least one strong individual character, such as Tom Cruise in "Top Gun." This is unlike the Soviet cinema, where the collective is so important.



"I know you don't like Democrats, Father, but Willis is a me-too Democrat."

• •

KINGDOM COME

AFTER having spent twenty-four years in the Republic of Saltnatek, where he established the first modern university, recorded the vocabulary and structure of the Saltnatek tongue, and discovered in a remote village an allophylian language unknown except to its speakers, Dr. Dominic Missierna returned to Europe to find that nobody cared. Saltnatek was neither lush nor rich nor seductive, nor poor enough to arouse international pity. The university survived on grants left over from the defense budget, and even Missierna had to admit he had not attracted teachers of the first order. He had wasted his vitality chasing money for salaries and equipment, up to the day when an ungrateful administration dismissed him and the latest revolutionary council, thanking him for nothing, put him on a plane.

He was still in mourning for his Saltnatek years. It grieved him to hear, at a linguistic congress in Helsinki, younger colleagues in the most offhand way confusing Saltnatek with Malta and Madagascar. Saltnatek consisted of an archipelago of naked islands, one of which had been a port of call for cruise ships early in the century. Most tourists had not even bothered to go ashore: there was nothing to admire except straight rows of undecorated houses, and nothing to buy except shells of giant sea snails, on which the nation's artists had carved in a spiral pattern "WHEN THIS YOU SEE, REMEMBER ME." The motto was thought to have been copied from the lid of a snuffbox found in the pocket of a drowned naval officer during the Napoleonic wars. (Missierna supposed the box was probably a lucky piece, even though it had not turned out to be providential. He kept this to himself; he was not in the business of offering speculations.) Even that trifling commerce had come to a stop when, just after the First World War, a society for the protection of sea snails urged a boycott of mutilated shells—a prohibition that caused Saltnatek great bewilderment and economic distress.

In Helsinki, his heart galloping, his voice trembling sometimes, Missierna disclosed the existence of a complex and living language, spoken by an inbred population that produced children of much thievishness, cunning, and blank beauty. He stood on a stage too large for him, fuzzily lighted, in an auditorium the size of a concert hall. Nine men and three women sat, singly, in the first fifteen rows. They were still and unresponsive, and as soon as he had finished reading they got up in the same quiet way and filed out. There were no questions: he had brought back to Europe one more system, and no one knew how to make the old ones work.

If he was disappointed, it was in part because he was no longer young, and it was almost too late for his competence, perhaps his genius, to receive the rewards it deserved. Although he was far less vain than any of the substandard teachers he had interviewed and hired for Saltnatek, he still hoped that at least one conclusion might be named for him, so that his grandchildren, coming across his name in a textbook, could say, "So this is what he was like—modest, creative." But all that anyone said at the Helsinki congress was "You have demonstrated nothing that cannot be shown through Hungarian."

During the years when he was so obsessively occupied, Europe had grown small, become depleted, as bald in spirit as Saltnatek's sandy and stony islands. The doubting voices were thin and metallic. No one was listening. His colleagues said, "One step after the other," and "One at a time." They trod upon discarded rules of address, raked the ground to find shreds of sense and reason. Salvation was in the dust or it was nowhere. Even if he were to reveal twenty new and orderly and poetic methods of creating order by means of words, he would be told, "We had better deal with matters underfoot, closer to home."

He was a divorced parent, which meant he had children and grandchildren but no place in particular to go. Saltnatek had been like a child, and he had stayed with it longer than with any other, had seen it into maturity, and it had used and rejected him, as children do, as it is their right. It was not in his nature to put out emotional ultimatums. In the past, it could have been his business—he *should* have made it his business—to observe the patterns of exchange among his real children, even if the information, tabulated, had left him depressed and frightened. He could have taken them as an independent republic and applied for entry. Even now, he considered inviting himself for next Christmas.

"Have you ever considered, Slim, that there may be more to life than just drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds?"

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He would surely obtain the limited visa no one dares refuse a homeless old man, a distinguished relative, not poor, needing only consideration—notice taken of his deafness, his stiff shoulder, his need to get up and eat breakfast at five o'clock, his allergies to butter and white wine.

What to take on the Christmas exploration? The first rule of excursions into uncankered societies is: Don't bring presents. Not unless one wants to face charges of corruption. But then, like any scholar fending off a critic, he could justify the gifts, telling himself that another visitor might taint the society in a manner deadlier still, whereas he, Missierna, sat lightly. He had been a featherweight on his children; he had scarcely gone near them. A present from parent to child surely reinforces a natural tie. When they were young, he used to bring home one wristwatch and make them draw lots. For professional trips he had packed radio batteries; his travels had taught him that new republics run out of them soon. He had taken ski boots wherever there were snowy mountains, except in places where snow was sacred. He had always shown a sense of patience, a good-tempered approach to time, as he cut through the thorn patch of transit visas, six-month-residence permits, five-year research grants. To enter one's own family, he supposed, one needed to fill out forms. All he would have to understand was the slant of the questions.

FROM his hotel room in Helsinki, Missierna saw the Baltic and gulls skimming over the whitecaps. At night ghosts floated along the horizon. He took it for granted they were ghosts—having lived among people who saw a great many—and not simply the white shadows of summer.

An insurance actuarial study gave him six more years to live if he went on as he was, eight if he gave up smoking, nine and a half if he adopted an optimistic outlook. What about white magic? What about trying to add a few more summer nights by means of poems and incantations? Why not appeal to a saint—a saint so obscure that the direct line from Missierna's mind to the saint's memory of a mind would be clean, without the clutter of other, alien voices? He could begin by repeating his own name, before deciding what conjury should come next.

His grandchildren surely lived on magic. There was fresh daylight every morning. Clothes dropped on the floor were found clean and folded. A gray-haired man at the congress, who said he had once been Missierna's student, had told him that very soon, by law, children were going to be asked to acknowledge their parents, instead of the other way. There would be some cold refusals, Missierna supposed, and some selfish ones, and some inspired by embarrassment. There might be cases of simple antipathy, too. Most children would probably accept their parents, out of pity, or to keep a strong thread of filiation, or to claim an inheritance, or to conform to an astral pattern. Some, to avoid the sight of adult tears. A few might show the blind trust that parents pray for. The new insecurity, the terror of being cast off, was already causing adults to adopt the extreme conservatism that is usually characteristic of the very young. A mistrust of novelty and change surely accounted for Missierna's sparse audience, the silence in the auditorium, the unwillingness to know something more.

In Saltnatek, toward the end, he had heard some of the cool remarks that said, plainly, he was not a father; heard them from students he had taught, reared, nurtured, and who now were ready to send him packing: "You can't say we didn't warn you." "I tried to tell you that someday you'd be sorry." "I'm sorry if you're sorry. But that's all I have to be sorry about." From his own children there had been monitory signals, too, which he had mistaken for pertness: "Can't you ask a waitress for a cup of coffee without telling your life story?" "Other parents don't take the wrong bus." "Please don't get up and dance. It makes you look so silly." Their eyes were clean, pure, but bedevilled by unease and mortification. The eyes of children are the eyes of petit bourgeois, he decided. They can't help it; they are born wondering if their parents are worth what the bus driver thinks.

For twenty-four years the eyes of Saltnatek had appraised him, and had then turned away. He had become to himself large and awkward—a parent without authority, dispossessed, left to stumble around in an airport, as if he were sick or drunk.

He could still recite by rote the first test sentences he had used for his research:

"Now that you mention it, I see what you mean."

"There is no law against it, is there?"

"I am not comfortable, but I hope to be comfortable soon."

"Anyone may write to him. He answers all letters."

"Look it up. You will see that I was right all along."

At the outset, in Saltnatek, he had asked for a governmental ruling to put a clamp on the language: the vocabulary must not grow during the period of his field work. Expansion would confuse the word count. They had not been sure what to call him. Some had said "Father," which was close in sound to his name, as they pronounced it. His own children had for a while avoided saying even "you," dropping from their greetings such sentences as "What did you bring us?" and "Are you staying long?" They were like long-term patients in a hospital, or rebels interned. Their expression, at once careful and distant, seemed to be telling him, "If you intend to keep coming and going, then at least bring us something we need."

His children were not proud of him. It was his own fault; he had not told them enough. Perhaps he seemed old, but he appeared young to himself. In the shaving mirror he saw the young man he had been at university. In his dreams, even his bad dreams, he was never more than twenty-one.

Saltnatek was his last adventure. He would turn to his true children, whether they welcomed the old explorer or not. Or he could find something else to do—something tranquil; he could watch Europe as it declined and sank, with its pettiness and faded cruelty, its crabbed richness and sentimentality. Something might be discovered out of shabbiness—some measure taken of the past and the present, now that they were ground and trampled to the same shape and size. But what if he had lost his mixture of duty and curiosity, his professional humility, his ruthlessness? In that case, he could start but he would never finish.

At Helsinki he heard young colleagues describing republics they had barely seen. They seemed to have been drawn here and there for casual, private reasons. He did not like the reasons, and he regretted having mentioned, in his lecture, sibling incest in that village in Saltnatek. He had been careful to admit he had relied on folklore and legends, and would never know what went on when the children tore all their clothes off. Repeated actions are religious, but with children one can never decide if they are heathen, atheistic, agnostic, pantheistic, animist; if there remains a vestige of a ritual, a rattled-off prayer.

Say that he used his grandchildren as a little-known country: he would need to scour their language for information. What did they say when they

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AFTER THE WAR

Over the field the poison curled
like a tongue, the edges whorled
as the sun caught the gold, ephemeral
blanket wafting downward; dying
detritus, all the busy bugs that would
eat our dinner died writhing, too.

Crop dusting in Texas, 1956. I liked
the light, the morning as the biplane
(as frail as the models I made)
descended from the light and skipped
like stones across the watery field.

It is possible the mimosa in our yard
was in bloom; it is possible some
butterfly, immune to DDT, survived.
It is possible the same sun raised
an exotic mist that same morning
in Prague, where yellow dominates
the architecture, beneath the gray,
and heat defines the limits
of summer survival.

—Bin Ramke

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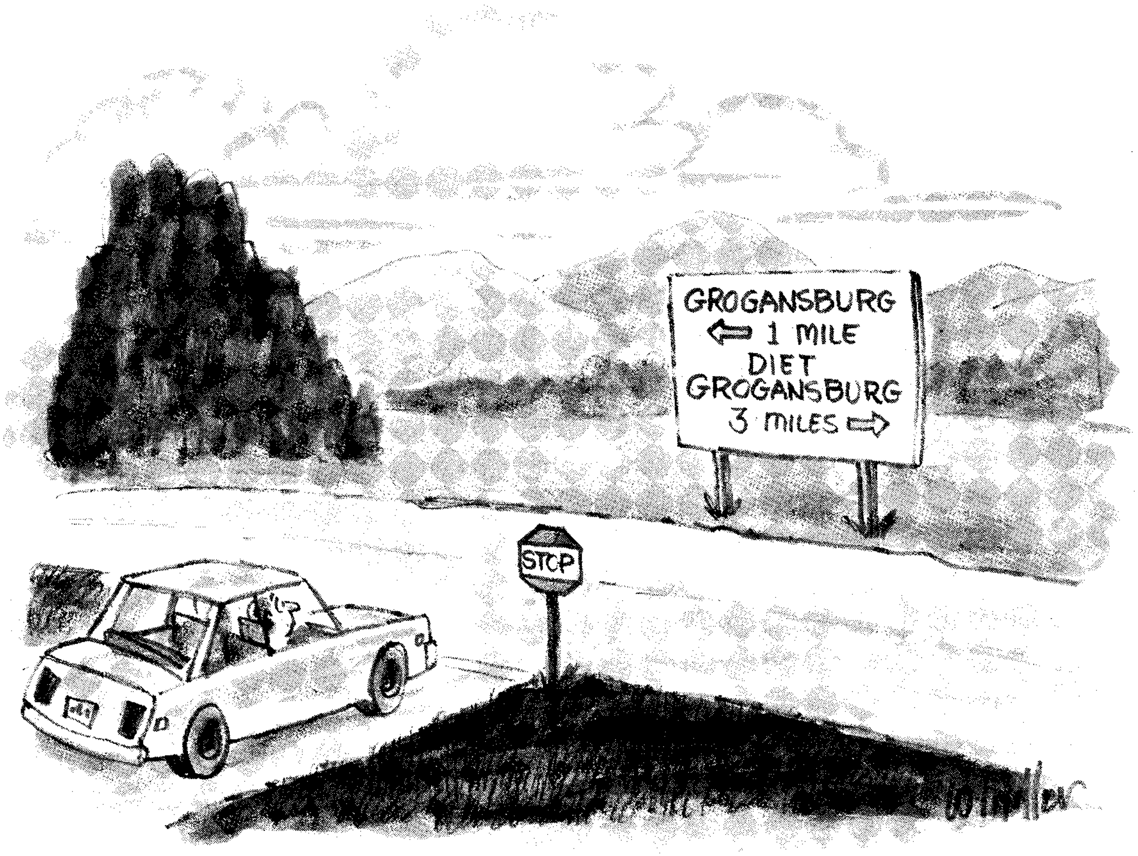

thought "infinity"? In Saltnatek, in the village, they had offered him simple images—a light flickering, a fire that could not be doused, a sun that rose and set in long cycles, a bright night. Everything and nothing.

Perhaps they were right, and only the present moment exists, he thought. How they view endlessness is their own business. But if I start minding my own business, he said to himself, I have no more reason to be.

Was there any cause to feel uneasy about the present moment in Europe? What was wrong with it? There was no quarrel between Wales and Turkey. Italy and Schleswig-Holstein were not at war. It was years since some part of the population, running away, had dug up and carried off its dead. It seemed to him now that his life's labor—the digging out, the coaxing and bribing to arrive at secret meanings—amounted to exhumation and flight.

The village children had wanted white crash helmets and motorcycles. He had given them helmets but said he could not bring in the bikes, which were dangerous, which would make the ancient windows rattle and the babies cry. Besides, there were no roads. Some of the village women turned the helmets into flowerpots, but the helmets were airtight, there was no drainage, the plants died. The helmets would never rot. Only the maimed giant snails, thrown back into the ocean, could decay. Missierna, the day he resolved that helmets do not die, and so have no hope of resurrection, wondered whether the time had come to stop thinking.

He should not have mentioned in his lecture that the village children were of blank but unusual beauty, that they wanted steep new roads and motorcycles. It might induce plodding, leaden, salacious scholars to travel there and seduce them, and to start one more dull and clumsy race.

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All this he thought late at night in his hotel room and in the daytime as he walked the streets of Helsinki. He visited the Saltnatek consulate, because he was curiously forlorn, like a parent prevented by court order from having any more say in his children's fate and education. He entered a bookstore said to be the largest in Europe, and a department store that seemed to be its most expensive. On a street corner he bought chocolate ice cream in a plastic cone. He did not return the cone, as he was supposed to. He believed he had paid for it. He crossed a busy road, saying to himself, "The cone is mine. I'm not giving it up."

So—he had become grasping. This slight, new, interesting evaluation occupied his mind for some minutes. Why keep the cone? It would be thrown away even in Saltnatek, even in the poorest, meanest dwelling. Children in their collective vision now wanted buses without drivers, planes without pilots, lessons without teachers. Wanted to come into the world knowing how to write and count, or never to know—it was all the same conundrum. Or to know only a little about everything. He saw helmets on a window ledge, ferns growing out of them. By now, the women had been taught to use pebbles for drainage. Saw children tearing uphill on the motorcycles other visitors had brought. Imagining this, or believing he could see it—the two were identical—he understood that he would never go back, even if they would have him. He would live out his six actuarial years on his own half-continent. He would imagine, or think he could see, its pillars rotting, seaweed swirling round the foundations. He would breathe the used-up air that stank of dead sea life. He might have existed a few days past his six more years in the clearer air of Saltnatek. Then? Have fallen dead at the feet of the vacant, thievish children, heard for a second longer than life allows the cadence of their laughter when they mocked him—the decaying, inquisitive old stranger, still trying to trick them into giving away their word for Kingdom Come. —MAVIS GALLANT

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE STATISTICAL SCENE

[*Headline in the Atlanta Journal & Constitution*]

STUDY SHOWS GAP BETWEEN
RICH, POOR

TRYING

FRIDAY night, Bridie's rock group were into their second set at the K. of C. dance. They were an all-girl band that went by the name "Irish Coffee." They did popular songs and a handful of simple electrified versions of Celtic songs they'd been able to learn.

Some boys in St. Augustine's School jackets crashed the makeshift ticket gate, which was two girls at a card table with a spool of purple tickets and a glass jar of dollar bills. A couple of the boys had beer—bottles of Killian's Red. "You don't want to drink that," Bridie O'Donnell said into the microphone during a break between numbers. "It's made by Coors."

Three of the St. Augustine's School boys moved up front and stood there, facing the stage. They did a prepared jig during the group's next song—a three-chord, just-the-chorus rendition of "The Lads of Bofftae Bay." On the last note—a dominant chord from Karen Jorry's bass guitar—the boys whirled and let their trousers drop.

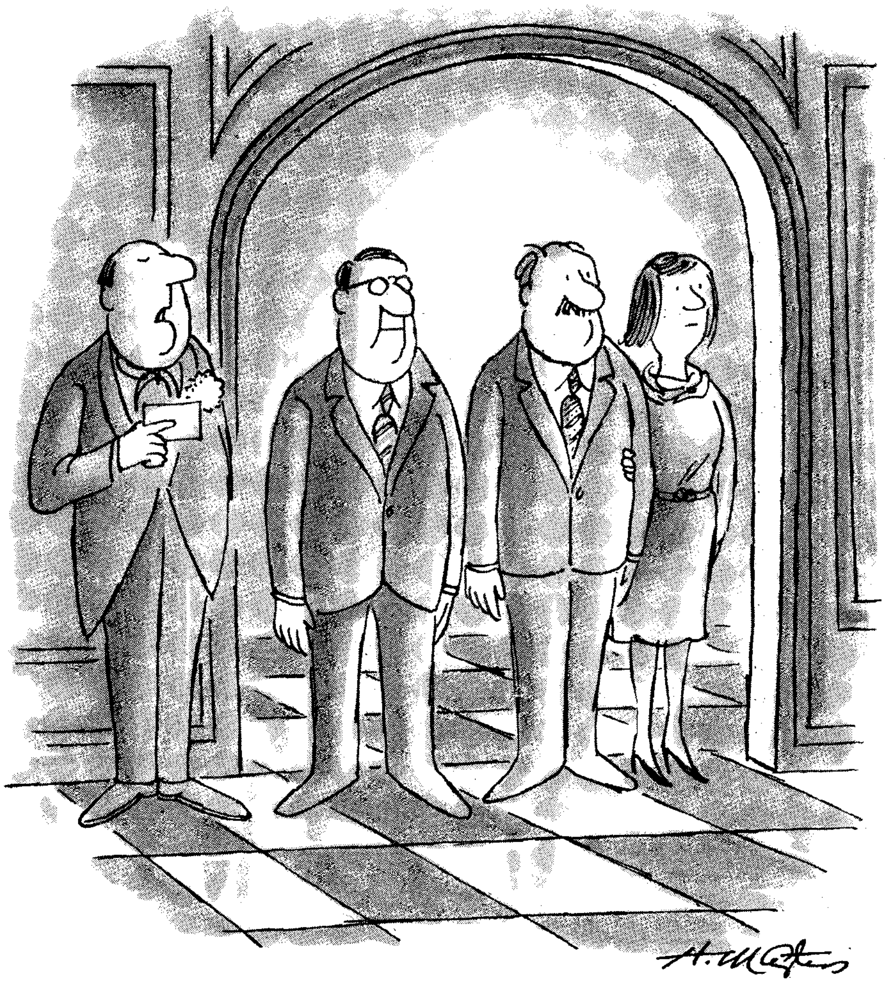
Some pushing and pulling ensued. Karen Jorry and the group's drummer, Ellen Gautier, left their equipment and stomped off the stage.

At the microphone, Bridie said, "Come on, please. No kicking. You don't need to kill them, just get them to leave. Guys? Take your teensy imaginations out of here." But the shoving went on some more.

"Save my amp from getting knocked over—*that* one, not this one!" Bridie shouted now to Proudbird.

He jumped onto the stage, spun, and crouched. The big amplifier was still attached to its wires, but Proudbird got it up and onto his back.

LIFE IN THE LITIGIOUS SOCIETY



"Mr. Larry Carruthers and two witnesses."

"What *was* all that stuff—mirth?" Bridie said.

"Yah. I guess mirth, man," Proudbird said. He shrugged under the amplifier.

The two watched as the annoyed dance crowd began to flow out of the K. of C. hall, observed by a brown-uniformed security guard.

BRIDIE was sitting tilted back on a folding chair, reading a basement-press newspaper she'd smuggled into the convent in a leg of her jeans. It was the day after the K. of C. thing, and she was serving detention for class truancy or some other infraction—she wasn't even sure.

The convent, an ordinary two-story wooden house on the St. Benedict's grounds, was home for a dozen Benedictine nuns. Also on the grounds, in a kind of cluster around the Romanesque cathedral, were the two school buildings, a rectory, and a gymnasium. St. Benedict's was in northern Virginia, not far from D.C.

Today, Bridie was supposed to tidy the convent's kitchen and straighten the contents of cabinets and drawers. She'd been told to box up some canned goods that were in grocery sacks dumped in a corner—donations from parishioners for the Afghanistan Alliance.

Proudbird appeared at the kitchen's screen door. He was carrying a thin branch with a couple of apple blossoms on it. "Hallo," he said to Bridie.

Proudbird was a St. Benedict's senior, an exchange student from Lagos. He lived with the fathers on another part of the grounds. Bridie—she was a day student, who commuted to St. Benedict's on the Metro from Washington—had got to know him gradually, from serving detentions here on Saturdays and after school.

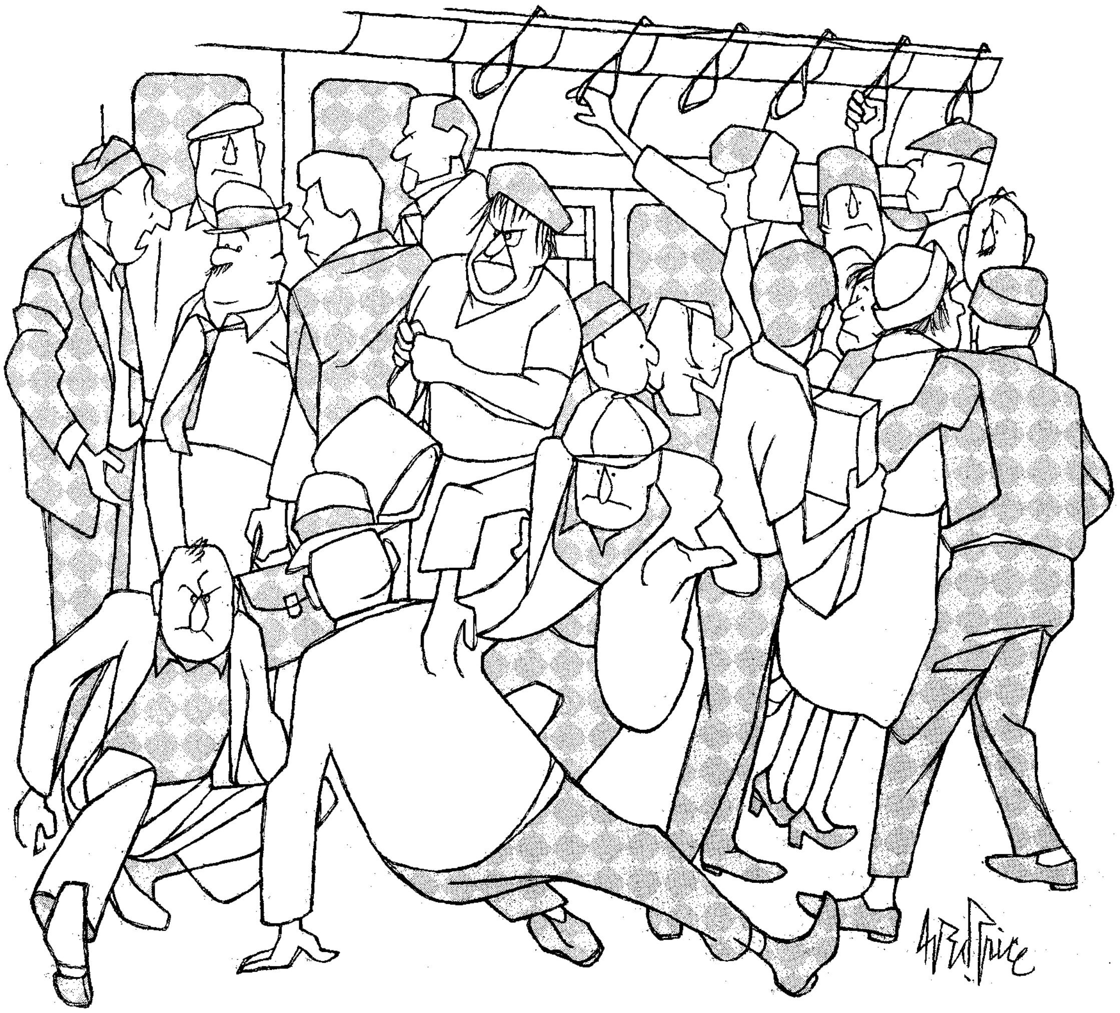
"You driving me home? Will Father Tournier lend you a car?" she asked him. She ground open a can of apricots as she talked. The other cans she'd unbagged were arranged on the long table so they spelled out "X NUKE."

"Oh, sure, I guess," Proudbird said. He brought another young man into view behind the screen. "A surprise for you, man. My brother."

"What do you say?" Bridie said.

"Johnson," said the brother. The three of them beamed.

Bridie was seventeen and still freckle-faced. Her reddish curls were



"Why anyone should look forward to a subway series is beyond me."

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brushed into no specific shape or style. She had a wholesome look she often tried to sabotage. Above her jeans today she wore a T-shirt with a tiny stencilled reproduction of the Bill of Rights on it.

"I'll be damned," Sister Elspeth had said that morning, seeing the shirt. Bridie always reported to her to begin her detentions. Sometimes she automatically turned up at Sister Elspeth's room on Saturday even if she had managed to stay out of trouble for a whole week.

"Killer, huh?" Bridie said. "I can't take full credit, though. My mom ordered this from someplace."

Sister Elspeth had Bridie's homeroom and also her American History class. The nun suffered from giantism. She was six feet eight inches tall. Her hands and feet were absurdly large, and her face was oversized as well. Her expression—from carrying around such a large mouth and nose and brow, it seemed—was amused as well as tired.

"You want temperance or fortitude? We're still on the cardinal virtues, right?" the nun asked. She always gave Bridie something to contemplate while serving detention.

"Either," Bridie said.

"We'll hold off on fortitude," Sister Elspeth said. "That leaves temperance. That's finding the middle ground—the trick against going to extremes, you know?"

"Not sure I do," said Bridie.

The nun thought a minute. She said, "You've maybe seen a man being very rash and he seems brave. A general, let's say. A boss. Maybe somebody's father. Instead, with temperance, he goes along steadily but doesn't omit anything that needs to be done."

"Cool. I can get that," Bridie said.

"Can you? It's sort of Aristotelian. But morals have to come before faith or the other theologicals. You could be moral but still not believe in anything, see?"

Bridie said, "Yeah, I learned all that with justice. Remember, I said in class a guy might be cheating his workers, then suddenly give them a Christmas bonus? Before he's charitable, he's got to be just."

"Right," Sister Elspeth said. "Not bad at all." And with a gesture she sent Bridie off to her detention.

Now, a couple of hours later, Sister Elspeth was in the dining room. "Who've you got in there?" she called to Bridie in the kitchen.

Bridie swallowed an apricot half. She said, "There's nobody else, Sister." This was true. Proudbird and his brother had just wandered off over the back lawns. The whole area behind St. Benedict's steep-roofed church—the rectory, the elementary school, Bridie's high-school building—looked snowy, it was so littered with apple blossoms.

"Then to whom were you giving that speech a second ago?" the nun asked.

"To me," Bridie said. "I mean, no one. That's how I always talk to myself."

"Yipes," said Sister Elspeth.

IN front of the line of mirrors in the third-floor green-tiled girls' room, two sophomores were exchanging space-shuttle jokes. Bridie shoved between them. She said, "Did you read how they're saying that explosion in Russia put plutonium into the atmosphere? And it could give cancer to like five billion people?"

"Don't tell people that, O'Donnell. They might believe you," said Tasha.

Bridie said, "That could actually happen sometime—the plutonium?"

"You're always trying to scare us," said one of the sophomores.

"Yeah, who are *you?*" the other girl said. "We'd have heard of something

MARGARET FULLER, 1847

In this her thirty-seventh year, the Italy
she'd discerned already smoldering,
through some queer geological contortion,
beneath a New World crust, abruptly ceased
to be a metaphor. She was in Rome,
and from her lodgings on the Corso
she watched as things began to happen:
the torchlit procession to the Quirinal,
the flung-out embrace of Pio Nono
from his balcony seeming (at least)
to give the upheaval in the streets his blessing.

By September, in Florence, in Milan,
more demonstrations: that second spring
she'd once despaired of, the kernel
lying dormant in the husk no longer,
the shattered chrysalis, the tidal
concourse in the streets and through the bloodstream
one and the same. Angelo Ossoli, whom
she'd met by chance—the faintly scandalous,
perennial adventure that awaits a woman,
of whatever age or status, in such a place—
was now her lover. Without the cause he'd drawn

her into—a mutilated Italy made whole,
at peace within, left to itself at last,
the hated foreign uniforms gone home—
she'd once again have kept her head,
perhaps, remained unconscionably chaste,
seen the admirer she'd somehow led on
pull back bewildered as, her self-esteem
gone numb, she worked at being noble.
Not now. Not in this place. The furnace
that had scathed her solitude burned with the torches,
glowed in the votive banks lit by the faithful.

The two of them went frequently to Mass;
on long excursions into the countryside
inhaled the reek of grapes still on the vine,
observed the harvest. The violets and roses
that still bloomed made her bedroom sweet
all through November. "I have not been so well,"
she wrote her mother, "since I was a child, nor
so happy ever." *Nor so happy ever.* Short of money,
she lived now in one room, on fruit, bread,
a little wine; saw few acquaintances—
dissembled, as she'd so often done, even with those.

The mild days shrank. A season ended.
Nor so happy ever. In mid-December
a cold, steady rain began. Increasingly
the high-walled towers along the Corso
shut out the daylight. *Since I was a child:*
then there had been terror
in the night, as now: she'd wake
alone to find herself back in Nantasket,
where she'd dreamed her mother dead,
re-dreamed her best friend's body lying
on hard sand, until the waves reclaimed it,

drowned. Brave metaphor of tides became,
lodged in that sullen dark, a heaving
succubus of mud. The street-corner
flower venders disappeared.
Lamplit all day, the stale cul-de-sac
she could not leave now stank of charcoal
and the chamber pot. Migraine, a vengeful
ever-since-childhood doppelgänger,
returned, with a new kind of nausea:
the body so little of her life had ever
found sweetness in, life for its own inexorable

purposes took over. "A strange lilting lean
old maid," Carlyle had called her—though
not nearly such a bore as he'd expected.
What would Carlyle, what would straitlaced
Horace Greeley, what would fastidious
Nathaniel Hawthorne, what would all Concord,
all New England, and her own mother
say now? An actuality more fraught
than any nightmare: terrors of the sea,
of childbirth, the massive, slow,
unending heave of human trouble.

Injustice. Ridicule. What did she *do*,
it would be asked (as though that mattered).
Gave birth. Lived through a revolution.
Nursed its wounded. Saw it run aground.
Published a book or two.
And drowned.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

giving people cancer if it was true."

"You go right on believing that," Bridie said. "Sure, they'd have heard," she murmured to herself.

"You slave to style," Bridie said, and touched the single tiger-tooth earring Tasha wore.

Tasha picked up Bridie's handbag and plopped it down again. "Thought you never wore leather," she said.

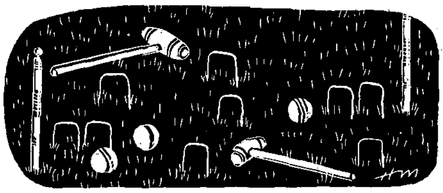
"I don't. That's from a rubber tree."

"And what's *this*? Where do you get such stuff?" Tasha said. With a fingernail, she ticked the button stuck to the lapel of Bridie's cardigan. The button read "Work Better—Go Union!"

"My parents," Bridie said.

"Who are?" asked Tasha.

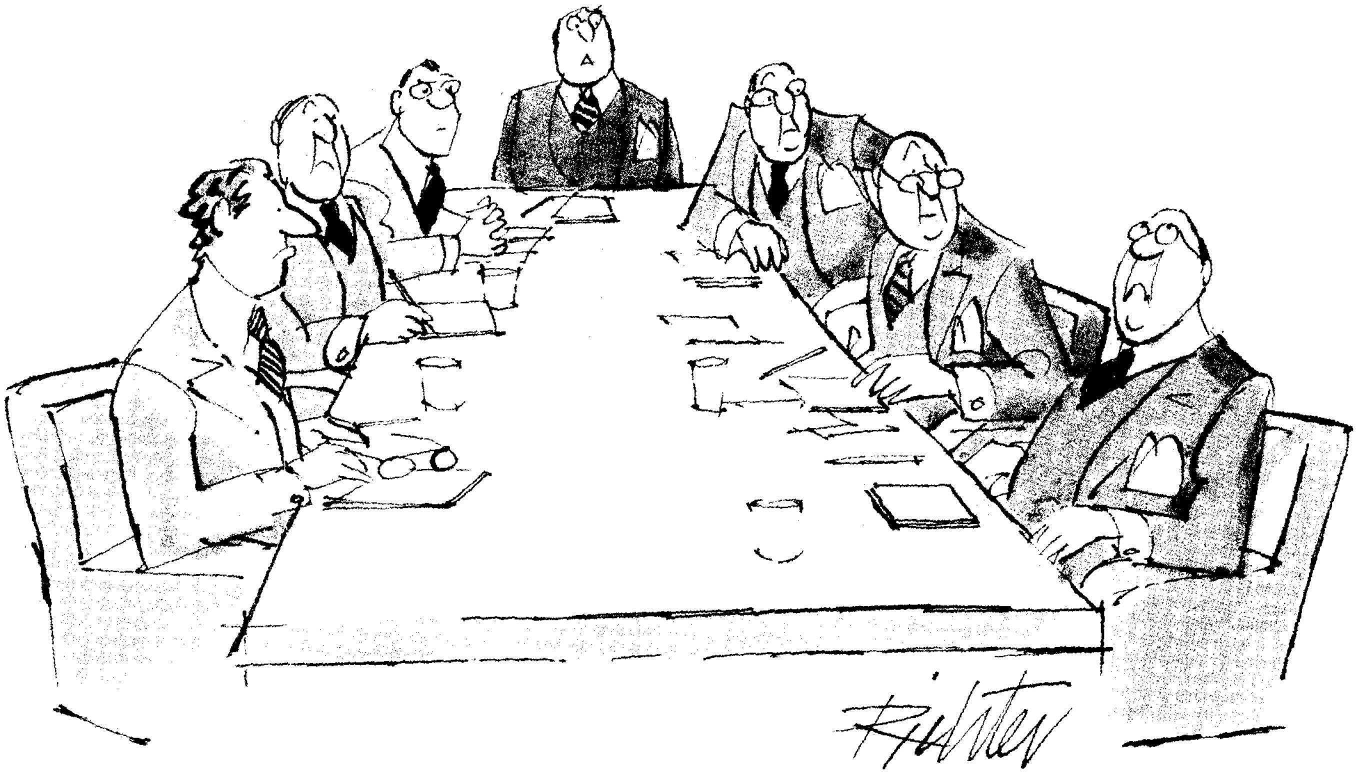
"Saints. I'm being raised by saints.



Honestly. I screw up totally on my own, and they punish themselves."

Bridie's hand had been raised a full sixty seconds. Her Latin teacher, Mr. Lefan, shook his head at her: no.

He had his chair turned around and he was straddling it, facing the class. He leaned his arms on the back of the chair and addressed the students in confidential tones. "You've seen art renderings of the Seven Hills—the architecture and the rest. The Roman baths. But what went on behind that



"Well, we're waiting. See any patterns emerging?"

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spectacular surface, you ask. *Don't* you ask?"

Bridie's hand again went into the air.

"I'm not calling on you, O'Donnell, 'cause you'd filibuster until the bell," Mr. Lefan said.

"*Please* don't," moaned a boy in the front row.

Mr. Lefan said, "Romans were like present-day bulimics, in that they'd overindulge unbelievably. They'd get drunk, stuff themselves. Then they'd deliberately throw up and go right on back to eating."

Bridie stopped hearing him. She laid her head on her oak desk top. She was in the last seat, next to the rear door. She listened instead as the rough-voiced boy in front of her and the girl to his left quietly traded insults.

"Looks excellent," the boy murmured. "Nice to know you can walk into a pharmacy and buy yourself a tan."

"Shut up, troll. Lizard. You tick," the girl said.

Mr. Lefan was printing declensions on the green chalkboard.

Bridie scooted her desk, by inches, toward the open door. She did this most days, and most days she got caught. One time, she'd made it into the hallway unobserved. She had walked around out there in the empty corridor and taken a drink at the water fountain, waiting the time away.

DURING lunch recess, Bridie skipped the cafeteria and walked over to the rectory, looking for Proudbird. Sister Hilma opened the door. She wouldn't let Bridie past the foyer without knowing why she was there. Instead of a habit, Sister Hilma wore a blue-flowered homemade dress and a homemade apron. Her glasses had such thick lenses that Bridie couldn't find the woman's eyes, to make eye contact.

"I do have a genuine reason," Bridie said. "He promised to tune my guitar."

"Which is where?" asked Sister Hilma.

"Well, I forgot to bring it today. I meant, some other time he'd tune it for me. But I am doing this paper right now, and I have to get information about agricultural practices in Lagos," Bridie said, lying.

Sister Hilma rolled her eyes but gestured Bridie to the kitchen.

Proudbird was broiling hamburgers. Bridie watched while he stacked a platter with the cooked burgers on buns and doused them with sweet-pickle relish and ketchup.

Carrying the platter, he led Bridie up many stairs to a white-walled suite. Johnson was inside, lounging on the overpolished floor before a color Zenith. He was watching "Victory Garden." "Hallo," he said to Bridie.

There were only a few pieces of furniture. There was a bed with boards instead of springs and a mattress. "You cannot be serious," Bridie said as she sat down beside Proudbird on the boards.

"Oh, all serious," he said, handing out the burgers.

He and Johnson talked back and forth in their complicated language.

Proudbird said, "My brother tells you it's what we like. The beds like this."

"So I guess I believe you," Bridie said. She put her spine against the powdery wall, trying to get her bottom comfortable on the board seat. "No, I don't. You'd have to be cracked to prefer this. It's cement. It's the same as choosing to sleep on the road."

Johnson looked back from the TV and smiled with Proudbird.

Bridie took a little bite of her hamburger. "Food's at least normal," she said. "What other stuff do you like?"

"Good arms. I like a girl with good arms," Proudbird said. He held back a smile. The action made a parenthesis of dimples around his mouth.

Bridie massaged her right elbow. She had removed her cardigan and tied it at her waist, and now she bunched it up behind her to form a pillow against the wall.

"We've been joking you about," Proudbird said.

"This isn't your bed, then? You sleep in a regular bed?"

"That's right."

Bridie asked, "Johnson, is it O.K. being in this country so far? What do you think?"

"Oh, yah, truly," Proudbird said, answering for his brother. "There's no place else."

"Pleased to hear it, I guess," Bridie said. "*Since it's my country.*"

BACK at the high-school building, Bridie went to the ground-floor washroom. There were a dozen or more girls lined up at the mirror, with more waiting in a second row. Bridie used a sink and punched up at the pink-soap dispenser. A couple of girls next to her were sharing the hot-air hand-dryer. Another girl peered around at the back sides of her legs, looking to see if her patterned panty hose had a runner. While looking, she noticed her friend's shoes. "Tell me, Jan, why do you wear clogs so much?"

she said. "They're heavy, they're noisy, they're nerdy."

"For the heels," Jan said. "I'm all of five foot one, and we can't wear—you know, heels."

"I want a sheegarette!" said a girl with hairpins clasped between her lips.

Bridie finally got to use the hand-dryer. Over the roar of its blower, she heard someone behind a stall door shouting, "Holland—and then London. No Paris. Only we'll probably end up not going now. Say, you know what's written in here? 'Today is tops.' Now, that person thinks small."

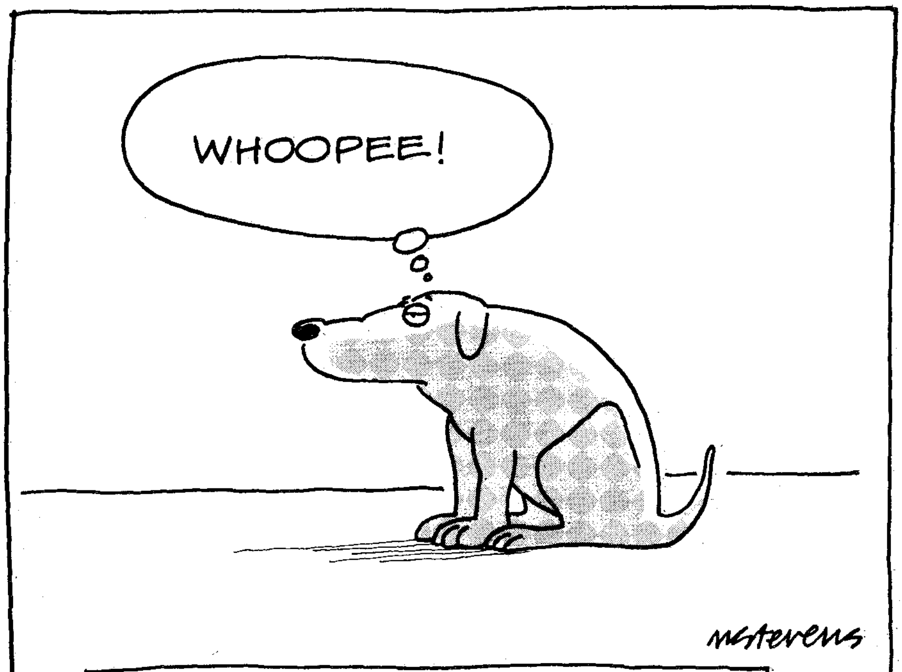
Reminded, several girls produced felt pens and began to write on the stall doors and the green wall tiles. At the mirror, girls took turns writing with a wand of mauve-colored lipstick.

Bridie got out her own black marker from her purse. On the face of the hand-dryer she wrote the telephone number of Nukewatch, copying it from a page in her trig notebook. "Copy this down, or memorize it," she announced. "Especially if you're going on a car trip, anyone. Call them if you catch any trucks carrying bombs."

"Litzinger!" said a voice. "You're dead if you stole my chem homework."

"I *borrowed* it to copy. I *told* you. I'm giving it right back," answered another voice.

There was a huddle forming around a girl who was holding a small gold-plated drinking flask. "You each get one little sip and that's all," the girl said. "Pure Chivas Regal. I took it off my gramps. It was in a drawer in this little table, right next to his bed?"



DOG HAVING ITS DAY

"O'Donnell, where're you from?" a girl with seven or eight hair braids said to Bridie.

"D.C., but I can take the subway, which really isn't bad," Bridie said. "My mom went here, so it's—you know. It's like I had to come."

The braided girl said, "If mine sent me this far, just to go to St. Ben's, I'd be like 'Get out of my face.' Are you going with anybody?"

"Uh, not really. No time. I sort of date this black guy who's around."

"Your parents know? They let you?" asked the braided girl.

"My parents wish *I* were black, actually," Bridie said.

"HERE, take these. They're making me mean," Bridie said. She gave her box of Junior Mints to Tasha, who sat just to her right. It was last period—American History, with Sister Elspeth.

Bridie felt in her purse for her pack of sugarless gum and found instead a toy whirligig she saved for times when she babysat the kids of some of her parents' clients. Her mother and father worked for a storefront firm that practiced poverty law. She found her chewing gum, sneaked a stick to Tasha, and popped a couple into her own mouth. She reached again into her purse and clenched the spring shaft of the toy. The wheel went around, harmless colored sparks flew there inside her purse, and there was a sharp whirring noise.

"A siren? Say a Hail Mary," Sister Elspeth said, glancing up from her lecture page. She went back to reading.

Bridie chomped her gum to softness. She blew a spearmint bubble, breathed it in, and snapped it with her teeth. Immediately she said, "Pardon, Sister."

"You're pardoned. Forgiveness is a duty, not an option for Christians, by the way."

"Rules for everything," Bridie said.

"What say?" asked the nun.

"Agreeing with you, Sister."

The nun returned to President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev.

Bridie waved her hand, and Tasha gave a low groan.

"What?" Sister Elspeth said.

Bridie said, "The 'We will bury you' line. If you'd read Khrushchev's memoirs, you'll find out that was a faulty translation, not what he meant at all."

A boy named Chadwick raised his hand, and when Sister Elspeth nodded at him he said, "It's in a Sting song, Sister. Sting has lyrics about it."

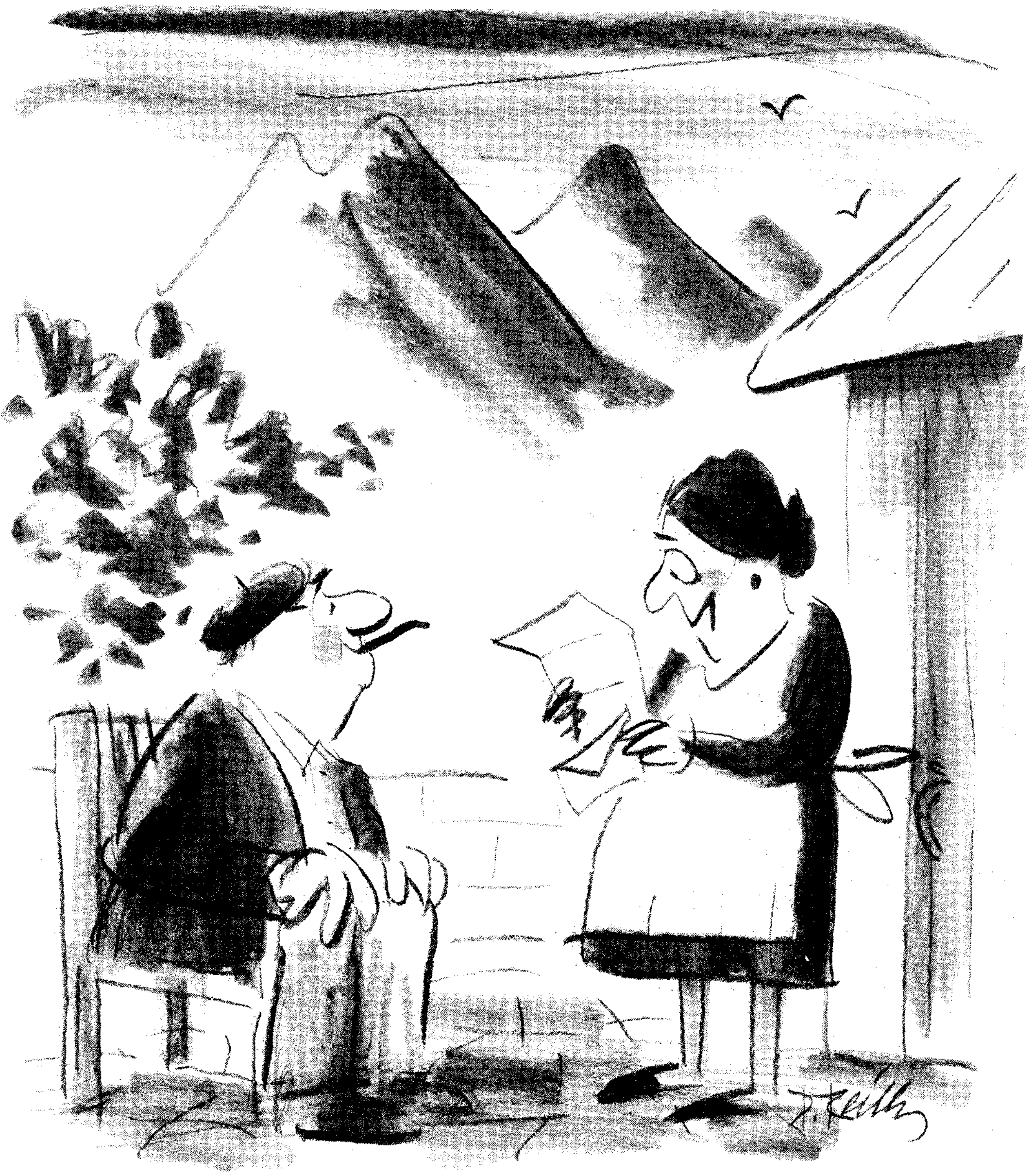
"I don't *care*. It was still a misinterpretation," Bridie said. "Anyone who can read would know that." She snapped her gum again, for emphasis. Some of her classmates tittered.

Sister Elspeth said, "Bridie, I warned you. And the rest of you can stay after school and laugh along with Bridie for ten or fifteen minutes while she does stunts with her gum."

"Aw, don't make them do that," Bridie said.

"Then stand in the corner, O'Donnell. I'm sick of dealing with you. While you're over there, you can count the holes on the cinder block at eye level. The fifth down. Block E-5. I know how many holes it has, so don't try to pull anything."

"Got it," Bridie said. In the corner, she sneaked a look at her wristwatch. The class would go on for another eighteen minutes. There was no hurry yet about counting.



"Enzo writes that he's getting eighteen thousand lire for a plate of tagliatelle al formaggio on the lower East Side—and that's at lunch!"

• •

"I'm opening a civics club," Sister Elspeth was saying when Bridie next paid attention. "You're my charter members."

"You're kidding—a *civics* club?" Bridie said to the wall.

"I didn't see your paw in the air to be called on," Sister Elspeth said.

"I'm not being in a civics club," Bridie said, turning around. "That's for the little kids in 'Ding Dong School.' You can erase my name—I resign."

"I don't believe it—you're still chewing gum! Take that out of your mouth and stick it to your chin," Sister Elspeth said, getting out of her chair.

There was some laughter, and Bridie grinned.

Sister Elspeth came for the corner, and Bridie gulped and swallowed her gum. She started laughing.

"Stop!" the nun said. "What's the matter?"

"Can't," Bridie said, from behind her openmouthed smile. She stared up into the enormous face of Sister Elspeth.

"You *have* to," whispered the nun.

"I can't!" Bridie said, and her voiced squeaked a little. Her laughter was high and unnatural. Her chest and shoulders shook.

"Please," the nun said. "None of this matters—don't you see? You're acting weird, Bridie. You're scaring me. What's the matter with you?"

Bridie shrugged, still laughing.

Sister Elspeth opened her arms and held them out for Bridie.

Later, when Proudbird was driving her home, Bridie told him that if she could take some things back in her life she thought that that would probably be one—the moment she had suddenly stopped laughing and the look of horror on her face that she must have shown as the nun, in huge concern, reached forward to embrace her.

—Mary Robison

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Colorado Springs* (*Colo.*) *Black Forest News*]

Although bats are much more useful to man than they are harmful, the opposite is not always true.

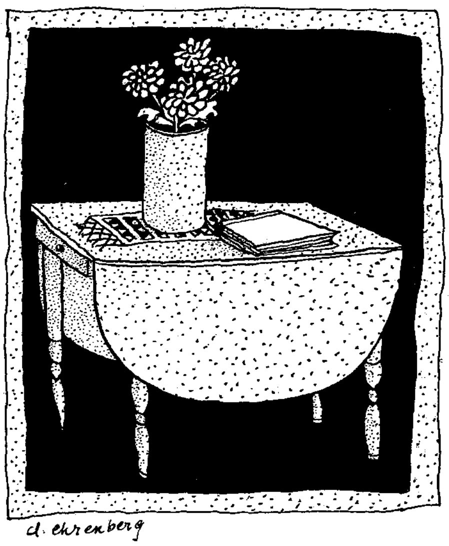
THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

SUMMITEERING

NO one knew what to expect from the meeting in Geneva last November between Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev; it was Reagan's first encounter with a Soviet Party leader. His entourage worried that he would be eclipsed by the younger and dynamic Russian, who has impressed one and all with his remarkable grasp of complex issues; Reagan creates quite the opposite impression. Yet he held his own in the conversations with Gorbachev, which restored amenities and ended with agreement to have a second such meeting—one, it seemed, that just might go beyond "a free and frank exchange of views in a cordial atmosphere," as the spokesmen say, and produce an agreement of some kind on nuclear arms. Various European capitals concluded, perhaps rashly, that things had turned sharply for the better. "The November summit created high expectations here," a senior Whitehall figure told me in June. "Only six months ago, there was a glow of optimism. Now the general view is pessimistic."

Summit meetings, as often as not, do create high expectations; and, as often as not, the spirit of Geneva or Camp David fades quickly, and the harsher, quarrelsome relationship is restored. Post-summit expectations do not take into account what matters most to a summiteer: being seen by the gallery to get on with the other fellow without being taken in or giving anything away. For the principals, a summit meeting is an event, or obstacle, to be got around—with full marks, if possible—but not necessarily a curtain-raiser for major happenings, whatever the communiqué may say. Diplomats are wary of these meetings. They see the downside—not just the inflated expectations but the misunderstandings that can and do arise from talks between men who, besides being strangers and talking through interpreters, may be shaky on the issues. Still, there are times when nothing less than a meeting at the summit can overcome resistance within governments to taking steps that ought to be taken. And a second Reagan-Gorbachev meeting, if there is one, is likely to be seen as the most essential summit since May, 1972, when Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev met during a bad patch in superpower relations and managed to sign the first SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) agreements. Arranging a meeting this year was sure to be very difficult. Even though Gorbachev had agreed to have one—and on American turf—he wasn't likely to set a date until he had assurance that a deal on arms control could be signed. Last year, the Soviets insisted that the first summit would have to do more than allow the two leaders to acquire first-hand impressions of each other. A condition, they said, for the meeting that Reagan was pressing them to accept would be some progress on limiting nuclear arms. And they placed special emphasis on steps to head off weapons designed for use in outer space. But Reagan, whose commitment to S.D.I. (the Strategic Defense Initiative, more widely known as Star Wars) is unshakable, refused to give ground. Thus, he was the winner on points of his first summit, because it was held on his terms. Gorbachev, who hasn't been at the helm for very long and is the first of his generation to be there, clearly has no interest in another otiose pageant at the summit; politically, he probably couldn't risk it, if only because in Soviet eyes he would then be vindicating those Reagan people who argue that as long as America builds up its forces the Soviets will be willing to talk.

The ascent toward a second summit has been at least as difficult and episodic as the skeptics predicted. Gorbachev's need for results is neatly matched by an aversion to achieving them among people in the Reagan camp who are openly hostile to nuclear-arms control and all its recorded works. Left to himself, they say, their leader would take the same line, and, after all, as they also say, he did win the election. By and large, they have had the upper hand in the Reagan era, partly because it is usually easier to prevent something from happening in the national-security arena than to make it happen. Perhaps more important, the utter chaos of this Administration's foreign-policy process makes the blocking role even easier. Foreign diplomats cannot recall any remotely comparable degree of chaos in the foreign-policy apparatus of any other major government at any time. On most security issues, including arms control, the key departments—State and Defense—are rarely within range of each other. Moreover, a series of extraordinary events—otherwise unconnected—have added to the confusion about whether or not a second summit will be held. These events have affected summit calculations not only in Washington and Moscow but also in the major capitals of Western Europe, which feel that what becomes of arms control is at least as important to them as it is to the superpowers. In some of them, notably Bonn and London, the political need for a superpower agreement is probably greater than in Washington or Moscow.



The first of the events was actually a sequence of events—three successive failures of American space vehicles, starting with the disaster that befell the Challenger last January. In mid-April, a Titan 34-D rocket and its ultra-secret payload exploded just after lift-off. Two weeks later, a Delta rocket carrying a weather satellite swerved out of control after seventy seconds of flight, began to disintegrate, and was blown up by command from the ground. Each of the failed launches was a major setback of one kind or another; their combined effect has been devastating. The shuttle, the Delta, and the Titan were described in the Washington *Post* as "the workhorses of the American space fleet, accounting for the vast majority of major orbital payloads, both commercial and military." All three programs were suspended.

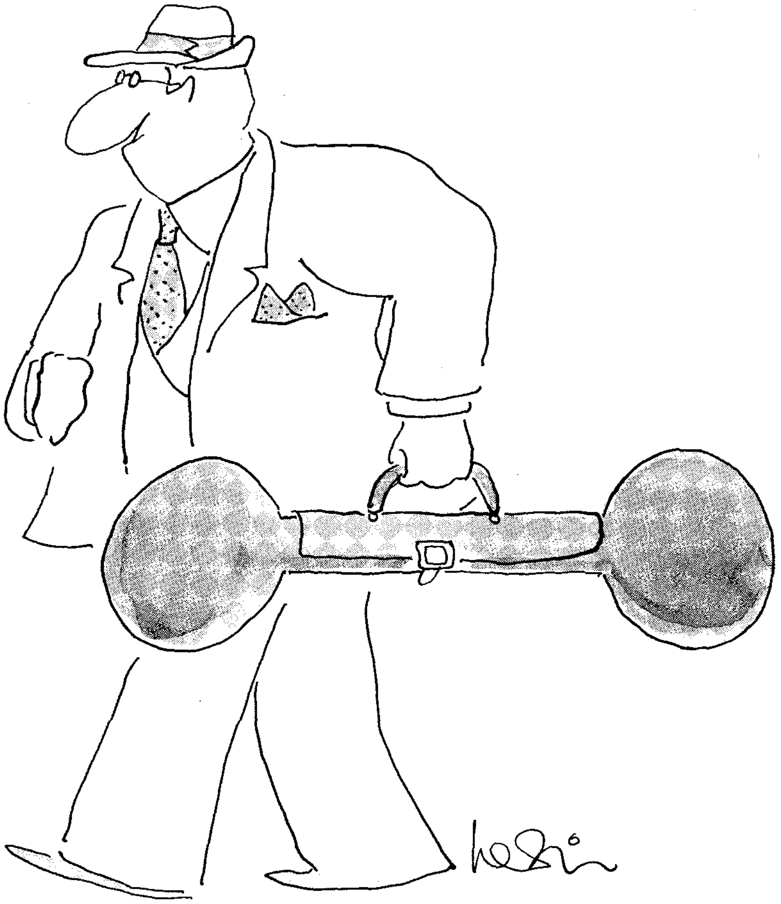
The loss of the shuttle and the Titan instantly aroused concern that arms-control agreements with the Soviets would become more difficult to verify, since the launching of reconnaissance satellites of the kind used to monitor Soviet missile launchers depended on these programs. That concern seems now to have been exaggerated; the launch failures have penalized the capability of monitoring Soviet compliance, but not gravely and not permanently. A more serious casualty of the failures may have been the Star Wars project. Its credibility—never high within most of the scientific and foreign-policy communities—has been damaged by the obvious decline in America's "lift" capability. Actually, the means for launching the innumerable devices of which Star Wars is supposed to be made up wouldn't exist even if the current launch vehicles all worked perfectly, since Star Wars will require new launch vehicles; nevertheless, people have wondered aloud whether something as fanciful as Star Wars could ever be made operational if the workhorses of the space program couldn't be relied upon. "If you cannot debug the shuttle, how can you debug S.D.I.?" James Schlesinger, a former Republican Secretary of Defense, asks. "You are dealing with a system ten thousand times as complex as a shuttle launch, and a system that would have to work perfectly the first time it was ever used. There are a hundred thousand lines of instruction for a shuttle launch, at least ten million for an S.D.I. system. I hesitate to use the word 'preposterous,' but it does seem unavoidable." There arose a collateral concern: declining political prospects for Star Wars could affect chances for a second summit, since the strength of Soviet hostility to the project may offer Reagan his best bargaining chip. But why, some have asked, would the Soviets "pay" anything to sidetrack a program that was already in serious trouble?

"You appear to be a likable young man, but, frankly, we're looking for someone lovable."

• •

The explosion of a Soviet nuclear reactor at Chernobyl on April 26th was a disaster of a far more destructive and disturbing kind. It naturally strengthened the newly fashionable doubts about advanced technology. (The term "technological hubris" crept into vogue.) Chernobyl, too, was immediately linked to the summit, with opponents of arms control saying that it pointed up the folly of making agreements with so deceptive and aggressively closed a political regime. Others argued that ordinary people everywhere would react to Chernobyl by insisting more strongly on arms-control agreements; their feeling would be that if such an accident could be so destructive, a nuclear bomb, not to mention a nuclear war, would be vastly more so. Chernobyl was Gorbachev's first hard test. To have mishandled it would have been to play into the hands of the naysayers on arms control. The consensus in Western foreign-policy circles is that he turned in a virtuoso performance. Within a month or so of the accident and the initial Soviet failure to disclose it, Gorbachev had neutralized Chernobyl as an East-West political issue; in Europe, he has actually turned it to his advantage.

The last of the major events was a political gesture, not a failure of technology—although most European governments could not have been more shocked by a major accident. The issue was the SALT II treaty, which has never been ratified by the Senate. The Reagan people don't like the treaty, but they have observed its limits—partly because these have mainly affected the Soviets and not, in any serious way, the Americans, and partly because allied governments, strongly backed by the State Department, have argued that the consequences of a break with SALT II would be deplorable. The Soviets would probably build many more strategic weapons, whereas the United States would continue to be held back by budgetary and political restraints. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have also usually taken that line. And European and American diplomats worry that a breach of SALT II would cause the entire arms-control structure, including the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile treaty, to begin to disintegrate. The issue was posed in June, 1985, and Reagan then overruled the Defense Department and the other naysayers by opting for continued compliance with SALT II. He was expected to do so again last spring, when the issue reappeared. Instead, on May 27th, he announced his intention to ditch the treaty, in effect by refusing to cease equipping heavy bombers with cruise missiles when the allowable limit of vehicles so equipped had been reached, probably toward the end of the year. Soviet cheating was cited as the justification for Reagan's decision, as it had been when the issue arose before. The Soviets have apparently exploited some loopholes and operated, as they sometimes do, in a gray area between the permissible and the impermissible. But whether they are engaged in outright violations of either the A.B.M. or the SALT II treaty isn't clear—not, at least, to some other governments, which have examined the American data and feel that, at most, questions do arise which the Soviets need to answer. Also, Europeans argue that the degree of Soviet cheating, if it is cheating, isn't yet significant, and that the issue is not one that ought to be settled in Geneva; in any case, they add, Washington shouldn't throw the baby—SALT II—out with the bathwater. At home and abroad, the reaction to Reagan's May pronouncement was larger and sharper than the White House had expected. The House of Representatives has voted to ban funds for weapons that would put America beyond the limits of SALT II. A Washington *Post*–ABC News poll taken in June showed the country opposed to Reagan's position by a two-to-one margin. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was appalled and sent Reagan what was described to me in Whitehall as "the toughest message she has ever sent to him or any other allied leader." There arose a question of whether Gorbachev would, or could, attend a summit meeting late this year—when the Reagan decision to break with SALT II is expected to take effect.

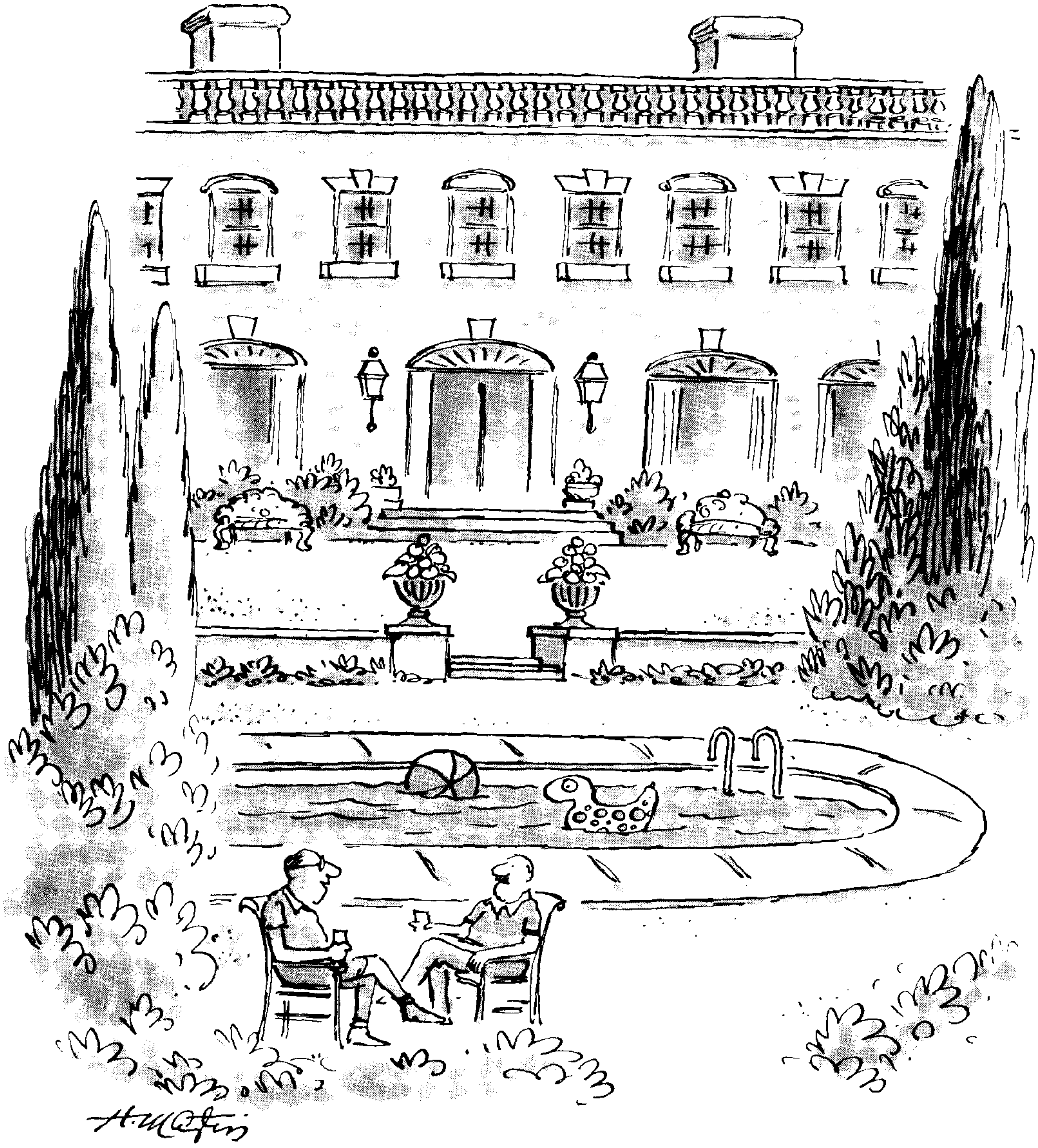


The question persists—as does the exceptional tension between Washington and allied capitals, to which the question contributes. The sole beneficiary is Gorbachev, who in recent months has strewn the arena with all kinds of arms-control proposals, most (though not all) of which have been obvious ploys aimed at the gallery. Governments have treated them with the respect they deserve, but, with Washington seemingly indifferent to progress on the arms-control front, the Gorbachev proposals have at least captured the gallery's attention. "He is playing his cards not just well but brilliantly," one closely involved American diplomat says. Other governments worry. They see the habit of serious, methodical negotiation which the Americans and the Soviets developed in the nineteen-seventies as being a major casualty of the eighties.

FROM Reagan's point of view, his meeting with Gorbachev last November was a huge success, and most of the credit went to its impresario, Secretary of State George Shultz. Shultz's rival, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, didn't even go, but a letter from him to Reagan (bearing no security classification) was leaked to the *Times* and the Washington *Post* on the eve of the summit. It urged Reagan to take none of the steps that might, for the first time in his Presidency, lead to a serious negotiation. The incident was very *mal vu* and did nothing to advance the Defense Department's position, especially with the Administration basking in the summit's afterglow, and with Shultz, the chief advocate of summitry and arms control, seemingly on the verge of becoming the strongest Secretary of State since Henry Kissinger held the job. Reagan had emerged intact from five hours of what the Russians call "eye to eye" talks with the intimidating Gorbachev. Their first meeting, on Tuesday, November 19th, had been scheduled for fifteen minutes and lasted over an hour, with no one else present except the interpreters. And Reagan's people were startled to find that he had begun by departing from his talking points and saying, according to one official, who was quoting the record from memory, "We are both men from small farming towns. Nothing was expected of us. Now here we are, each of us capable of doing great good and great harm. We have our advisers with us, but in the final analysis it's up to us." Reagan "made Gorbachev feel like an equal," according to this official. "It was his human touch. Gorbachev was the one who asked to extend the session that morning."

Gorbachev, in a speech six days after the summit, hailed the meeting as positive and said that he had found a new American "realism." He also said that the two sides should begin to prepare for the next meeting, in 1986. And he called on Reagan to join him in a moratorium on nuclear testing which the Soviets had announced some months before. But Gorbachev's American interlocutors, aside from pressing him to set an early date for the next meeting, did nothing. Although the arms-control talks in Geneva were due to resume on January 16th, the Administration made no real effort to prepare for them. Early in the new year, Mrs. Thatcher sent Reagan a long message in which she noted that time would soon run out on the possibility of doing something important about arms control on his watch. She never got an answer. "There was no [American] follow-up to the summit," a British diplomat said two days after the Geneva talks resumed. "Everyone took off around the world briefing other governments and then left on their holiday breaks. They came back, and now they have been zapped by Gorbachev."

He was referring to the sensational proposal that Gorbachev made on January 15th, in which he called for the abolition, in stages, of all nuclear weapons by the year 2000. In the first stage (the next five to eight years), he called for a fifty-per-cent reduction in the number of American and Soviet nuclear weapons that can reach the other side's territory; a ban on nuclear tests; renunciation of what the Russians call space-strike weapons; a pledge by Britain and France not to increase their nuclear forces; and, most sensational, elimination of all the mid-range Soviet and American weapons deployed in the European theatre. This last bit amounted to tossing back at America and its allies a notion—the so-called "zero option"—from which they had once benefitted at Soviet expense. (Specifically, Reagan had proposed in 1981 to cancel deployment of American Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe if the Soviets would scrap their mid-range weapons, most notably the multi-warhead SS-20s, aimed at Western Europe. The Europeans had then supported Reagan's zero option, having judged it non-negotiable, as indeed it was at the time.) Finally, Gorbachev said that the reduction and dismantling of each side's missile launchers could be verified by inspectors from the other side.



"We have houses in Nantucket, Palm Beach, and Carmel, but this is our flagship."

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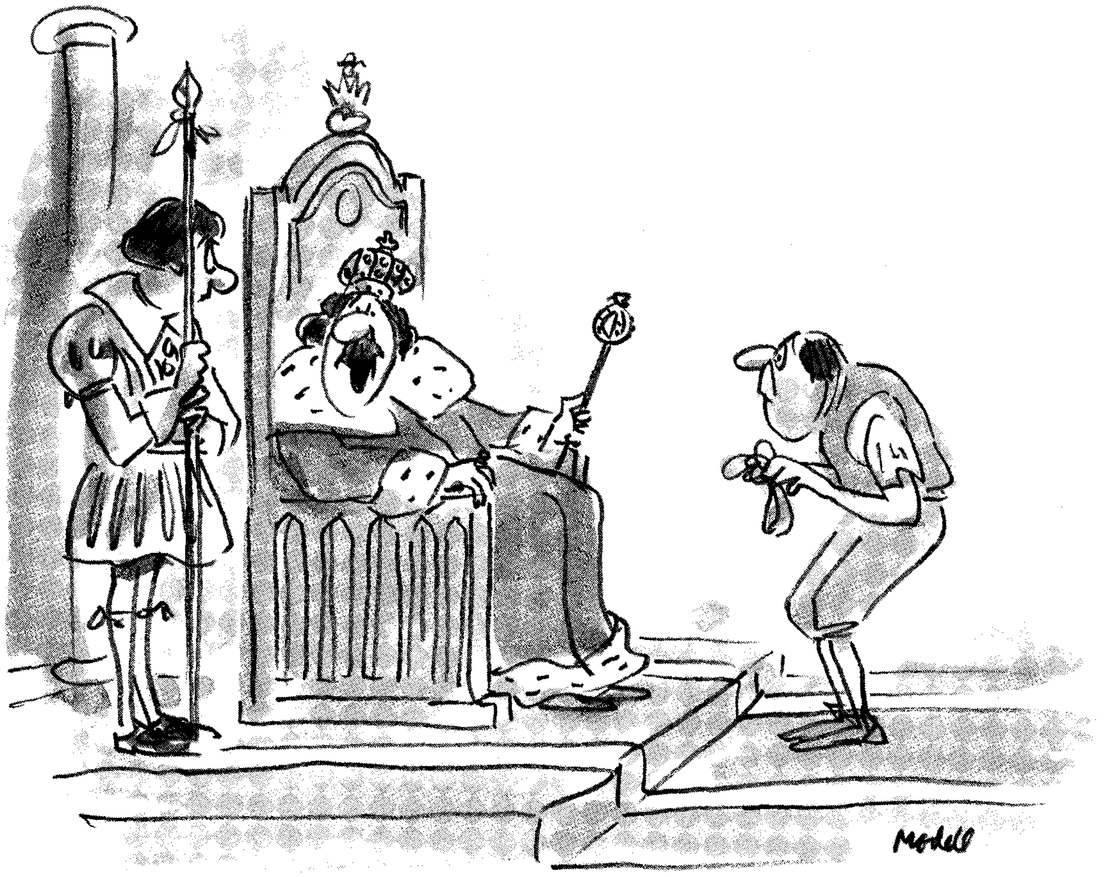
His package flustered the Administration. The classic disagreements among agencies boiled up instantly. The State Department favored talking about all or most of Gorbachev's proposal. The Defense people wanted to pluck the raisin of on-site inspection but were otherwise wholly negative. The Defense Department was frankly worried, perhaps for the first time. The resurrection of the zero option for European-based missiles might, they thought, appeal to Reagan. But more disturbing was Gorbachev's notion of abolishing all nuclear weapons. Here he was talking the language of a real abolitionist—Reagan, the man who has said that Star Wars would "give us the means of rendering . . . nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete." All or most of Reagan's people understand that Star Wars could do no such thing. In any case, no Soviet leader would consider entering the next millennium deprived of nuclear weapons, if only because his country will still confront more than a billion Chinese; also, having such weapons constitutes an important difference between the Russians and the Germans. That being the case, Gorbachev's proposal was widely regarded as a stunt, but a troublesome one. "Old Gorb is on to a game—this abolition business—that the President will play," a British diplomat predicted. Others agreed, feeling that Gorbachev, even if he had been outpointed at the summit, had taken the measure of Ronald Reagan. If nuclear weapons could be abolished, the need for Star Wars would go away, or so Reagan might begin to think. Also, the timing of Gorbachev's proposal could not have been worse from Washington's point of view. Vice Admiral John Poindexter, Reagan's national-security adviser, and one of his aides were actually briefing reporters on the gloomy prospects for another summit when the wires began humming with the news of Gorbachev's proposal, which also upstaged Administration briefings of foreign diplomats on Soviet stonewalling.

The Administration reacted cau-



"I hope you don't think I'm acting too high and mighty."

tiously. It, too, had proposed reducing by half the number of long-range nuclear weapons, although there were differences over just what to cut. And neither a ban on nuclear tests nor one on space-based weapons was remotely acceptable to the Reagan people. Among the reasons for their resistance to a ban on testing was the Star Wars program itself, part of which involves a nuclear weapon—a nuclear-charged X-ray laser—that would require testing. "The abolition of nukes"—the purpose of Star Wars—"requires new nukes," commented one diplomat acidly. Gorbachev had another talking point.

Reagan's people were concerned mainly with setting a date for the 1986 summit. At Geneva, Reagan had asked Gorbachev to come to Washington, and to come in June. His advisers were keen to have the meeting prior to the off-year congressional elections, in November. Gorbachev had said yes to coming to Washington but ignored the question of dates. The State Department pushed hard for talks between Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, hoping these would produce a date. An agreement to hold them in January didn't work out, probably because of Gorbachev's proposal. The Soviets then rejected having them in February, because the Twenty-seventh Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was being held toward the end of that month. "We want a June date, but the Soviets haven't agreed, or even said anything," a worried American diplomat told me at the time. "It's a chicken-and-egg thing. We can't get a date from them until they have some sense of the outcome of the meeting, but we can't set in motion a process—galvanize the bureaucracy—unless there is a real date. We have a dilemma."

Still, within a few weeks of Gorbachev's proposal it seemed that one element—ridding Europe of the mid-range missile systems of both superpowers—might actually lead to an agreement. Resisting the idea would be awkward, if only because, like Star Wars, it had originated with Reagan. The naysayers began to worry that Gorbachev might oblige Reagan by consenting to a summer summit at which an agreement to abolish an entire class of nuclear weapons would be signed. The effects of this scenario, a gloomy one to naysayers, would include a boost to Republican prospects in this year's congressional elections and an ensuing sense of obligation to Gorbachev within the White House, resulting in Reagan's agreeing to come to Moscow in the latter part of 1987—the start of the runup to the Presidential elections here a year later. Such a meeting would put Reagan under pressure to sign a broader arms-control agreement, which would cover all or most of the issues dealt with in Gorbachev's infamous proposal of January 15th—the Rubik's cube, as some critics described it.

Paradoxically, the path to agreement on the zero option was barred by European governments. Their support for the original decision to deploy the new American missiles in Europe had exposed many of them to serious political risks. Having in a sense climbed a difficult hill, they were reluctant to climb back down, whatever the logic of the situation. And the logic appeared to be that the decision of the alliance to deploy the American missiles had been aimed at securing Soviet agreement to do away with the SS-20s; Gorbachev's willingness to do just that seemed to create a simple, straightforward situation. But it wasn't simple and straightforward—not, at least, to America's allies. They worried that removal of the American missiles might produce the appearance of a lesser American commitment to Europe's defense. They had grown to think of the missiles as tightening the link between them and America's nuclear guarantees. They argued that Gorbachev was offering to do away only with the SS-20s aimed at Western Europe, not with those deployed farther east and aimed at targets in East Asia. These weapons could, of course, be redeployed—although no one believes they actually would be, since the Soviets feel that they have strategic requirements in the Far East, notably vis-à-vis China. In the end, however, Washington said it would play the zero game in Europe only if

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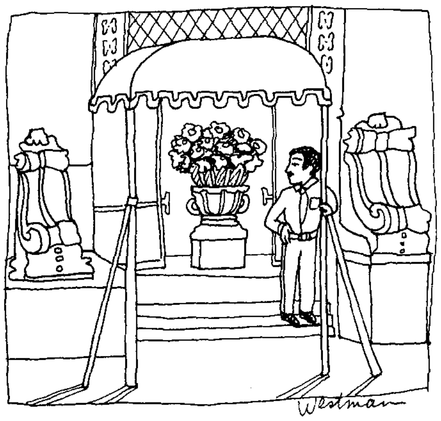
the Soviets got rid of half their SS-20s deployed in Asia (about a hundred and seventy) and dropped their demand for a freeze on French and British nuclear forces. The Soviets might well have been flexible on the latter point, but, given their view of their needs in the Far East, they were unlikely to dismantle missiles targeted against China. This little drama ended in February, shortly before the Soviet Party Congress, at which Gorbachev accused Washington of being unresponsive to his proposal and to arms control in general. "The Europeans were all to the right of us," an American diplomat complained. "We wanted the zero outcome, but even the Dutch were uncomfortable with that. They pulled the rug from under us."

IN March, hopes for a summer summit were fast fading, as was the November summit's afterglow. On the seventh, Washington demanded a sharp reduction of Soviet personnel assigned to the United Nations, on the ground that many of them were engaged in espionage. Three days later, some American naval ships entered Soviet territorial waters in the Black Sea, testing the right of warships to cross territorial waters in a direct line (the so-called right of innocent passage). American ships do not normally ply Soviet waters in the Black Sea. And, unbeknownst to any agency in Washington, Gorbachev's dacha, which he was visiting at the time, is situated not far from the area penetrated by the American ships; the Soviets are thought to have concluded, however wrongly, that the incident was a deliberate insult to their leader. Then, on March 22nd, the Administration rejected Gorbachev's call for an end to nuclear tests by proceeding to conduct one.

More important, Washington saw Moscow as flatly reneging on Gorbachev's commitment to come here in 1986; it had not been possible even to arrange talks between Shultz and Shevardnadze, let alone fix a date for the main event. The Soviets continued to press for progress on issues, and they continued to try to cut a *bella figura* on the world stage by launching one proposal after another, at a widening array of targets. Sorting out their real targets from the pasteboard figures wasn't—and isn't—easy, but no one doubts that the main target is Star Wars, a major concern for them and also, they know, for America's allies, each of whom worries about the program for a variety of reasons. The most important of these may be the jeopardy in which it places the A.B.M. treaty—the backbone of the arms-control structure. The treaty, as it was written and has always been interpreted (until now, that is), forbids not just deployment but also developmental testing of space-based directed-energy weapons—lasers and particle beams—that might be used against incoming missiles. Laboratory research is allowed under the treaty, if only because it cannot be monitored. Many of the Reagan people now argue that the treaty can and should be interpreted more broadly—as allowing Star Wars research and development to be moved out of the laboratory and into space. The Soviets insist on a narrow interpretation of the treaty, although they might agree to amended language that would allow research and development on a somewhat less restrictive scale. And, as a further hindrance to Star Wars, they want an American commitment to keep faith with the treaty for a period of several years; it now allows a party to withdraw on six months' notice.

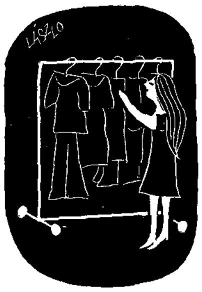
The problem for the Soviets is that Reagan's commitment to Star Wars matches their hostility to it. And a few American bureaucrats, aware that arms control could founder on what Reagan has called "my dream," review the past with some embarrassment, if not a sense of guilt. Well before March, 1983, when he sprang Star Wars on an astonished Administration, Reagan, it seems, asked the bureaucracy to show him how to do what Star Wars is intended to do. Two American diplomats have told me that on three separate occasions he asked agencies for a plan to rid the world of nuclear weapons and was wholly ignored. Senior people "either laughed or did nothing," one of these diplomats says. "So when Edward Teller and George Keyworth"—Reagan's former science adviser—"pushed S.D.I. his way, he was ready for it. He wanted something. He doesn't like the idea of people living under the threat of nuclear annihilation. It collides with his upbeat, sunny view of life. S.D.I. could probably have been avoided if the system had provided an alternative. But it didn't, so he went elsewhere." One is left wondering whether more responsive bureaucrats could have invented a less farfetched plan.



Last year, European capitals worried (as did many Americans) that Reagan's popularity and persistence would enable him to bring Star Wars, or some variant, quite far along, and possibly to the point at which a successor would have difficulty in restoring the work on directed-energy weapons to what it had been before—a modest, low-visibility, nameless research project. Now, however, James Schlesinger and others who follow the fortunes of Star Wars doubt whether it will survive the Reagan Presidency. "Reagan created an aura around it that caused the public and part of Congress to support it," Schlesinger says. "It sounded good to the average person. Now the average person will think of Christa McAuliffe. And there is the irony. NASA wanted to personalize the shuttle program, and that led to Christa McAuliffe's being on the flight. NASA succeeded in personalizing it, and the psychological blow of what happened is very serious. The psychology has now shifted even more. And people on Capitol Hill think the heat is off on supporting S.D.I." Trouble comes in bunches, as the managers of the program might say. Apart from the successive launch failures, there was the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings act and the consequent prospect of heavy cuts in military spending. Star Wars has never been popular with the individual services, and their current bias is running against new, nontraditional hardware. Also, with funds being cut for research and development on other projects, members of Congress ask, Why not S.D.I., too? The House of Representatives recently lopped more than two billion dollars off Reagan's 1987 request of five billion three hundred million dollars for Star Wars, and the Senate cut the program by one and a third billion.

The fading prospects for Star Wars have not devalued it as a bargaining chip in the arms-control talks. That, at least, is the view of European governments. And Reagan people, busily trying to protect the Star Wars option, seem to agree. The Soviets know as well as anyone that the program cannot work as it is envisaged, but they also know that technology cannot be contained. Like European governments, they worry about a technology gap that Star Wars could create here on earth. "All that money thrown at unattainable goals will hit some other, different targets," a prominent French business figure says. "And these will give America commercial advantages vis-à-vis everyone else." The main Soviet worry seems to be a technology gap in offensive weapons. At the November summit, Gorbachev put this concern to Reagan, who assured him that what he had in mind was something purely defensive—his anti-missile canopy. Later, I asked someone at the State Department if it would be possible to deny lasers and particle beams an offensive capability. "The President thinks so, but Gorbachev is genuinely worried about them" was the reply. After the summit, I was told, Reagan assured Gorbachev in a letter that the United States would undertake to constrain the offensive potential of the new weapons, and he asked the bureaucracy for a study to see if that was possible. However, he wrote the letter before ordering the study.

GORBACHEV'S attitude toward another meeting with Reagan is an uncertainty of the kind that preoccupies diplomats. They saw his failure to obtain something tangible from the last meeting as an experience, or non-event, that clearly doesn't bear repeating. Many who specialize in Soviet affairs have felt that he would decline a second meeting with Reagan, and await Reagan's successor, unless he could be confident of a satisfactory outcome. His current position is nearly as ambiguous as it is interesting. Gorbachev is the youngest full member of the Politburo since Stalin's day. He was born in 1931, around the time his Defense chief, Marshal Sergei Sokolov, was first commissioned. When he became heir apparent, in the summer of 1984, he knew all about the Party, the system, and the élite (the *nomenklatura*). And he knew about agriculture. But he knew nothing about foreign policy or defense. Even as a member of the Politburo, he wasn't eligible to sit on the Defense Council or to see the sensitive papers it dealt with; he is believed to have taken no part in the debates on these matters. Since becoming leader, he has concentrated on the Party and the government—on ridding the system of the idle and the incompetent. And he has taken on social problems, such as corruption and alcoholism, that breed inefficiency and stagnation. In this way—dealing with the problems he knows best—Gorbachev has imposed himself on the system and the society. By the end of 1985, he had fired thirty-one of the hundred and thirty-six members of the Council of Ministers. In 1964, by contrast, Leonid Brezhnev began his long tenure by saying, "Comrades, we must work for the stability of the cadres." Brezhnev rocked few boats. Gorbachev has rocked several. However, not many of the people he has promoted were part of a Gorbachev network; indeed, of those he has named to the ruling Politburo none were cronies or protégés, and some had been political rivals. Shevardnadze is said to fall into that category, as does Yegor Ligachev, who is in charge of ideology and is probably the country's second most powerful figure now. Within governments, there are divergent views of Gorbachev's position. Some analysts feel that Brezhnev's successor, the late Yuri Andropov, was the strongman of the era, and that Gorbachev draws strength from having been his protégé but doesn't yet have the same authority or a comparable power base. They think that he is seen in Moscow as a strong manager, as having got off to a good start, and as having replaced Party hacks with achievers. But, again according to this view, it may take him two or three more years to complete a shakedown period and feel himself fully in charge. If so, his authority to make concessions of the kind that a major arms-control deal requires may be suspect.



Another view—one that is gaining partisans—is that Gorbachev is fully in command and will try to make an arms-control agreement. "Arms control is an absolute necessity for him," a senior European diplomat who recently spent three hours with Gorbachev told me.

I observed that Gorbachev had made several proposals that were aimed at the gallery, and hadn't risked much, since he knew that Reagan wouldn't respond to them.

"Gorbachev will be able to hold the high ground, but he needs more than the high ground," this diplomat replied. "Reagan's arms policies will affect what the Soviet Union will have to do for itself on that front for many years to come. Gorbachev must push for something."

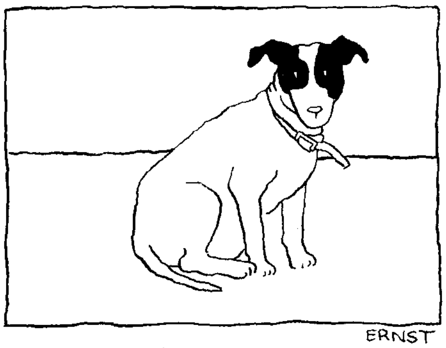
The mixture of hard information—what there was of it—and rumor seeping out of the Soviet Party Congress in February wasn't much help to either of the contesting views of Gorbachev. He seemed to have managed the affair effectively, although Western capitals agree that he didn't win every argument. He apparently wanted to remove two elderly members of the Politburo, who nonetheless remain. And, according to other, shakier reports, he tried and failed to replace Eduard Shevardnadze as Foreign Minister with Anatoly Dobrynin, who returned to Moscow in April after nearly twenty-five years as Ambassador to Washington—a period during which he served five General Secretaries. Dobrynin's new title is Secretary of the Central Committee; he will be responsible for relations with non-Communist countries, including the United States. However, the actual role he was brought back to play arouses nearly as much speculation as the extent of Gorbachev's power does. Some see Dobrynin (a name that in Russian translates as "good will") as Gorbachev's architect for foreign policy, the legatee of Andrei Gromyko, who had been Foreign Minister since 1957 and is now the Soviet President. "We think Dobrynin will be the Kissinger of the Gorbachev operation," a senior American diplomat told me in May. Dobrynin didn't discourage that notion. When a fellow-ambassador in Washington—someone he knew very well—asked him about the Kissinger analogy, Dobrynin said that it wasn't exact, but mainly because of the differences between Nixon and Gorbachev. Nixon, he said, didn't require a lot of contact and coördination—at least, not compared with Gorbachev, who, Dobrynin said, is the sort of person who would be touching base with him every day. Dobrynin left his colleague with the impression that he expected to be the dominant influence on Soviet foreign policy.

Some specialists doubt whether anyone will dominate Soviet foreign-policy making. They think that Shevardnadze and Ligachev could and would prevent that. Shevardnadze, the skeptics say, may not have made a dent as Foreign Minister, but because he is a member of the Politburo he cannot be brushed aside. In this view, Dobrynin's role as Gorbachev's chief adviser, although potent, does have limits. Still, whatever these may be, they haven't kept Dobrynin from maneuvering so-called "Americanists"—people who have worked with him on American affairs and are thought to be loyal to him—into the other key foreign-policy jobs. The new Deputy Foreign Ministers Yuli Vorontsov and Aleksandr Bessmertnykh are prominent examples. Each is considered very gifted, and each served in Washington as a deputy ambassador under Dobrynin—Vorontsov for eleven years, Bessmertnykh for twelve. Bessmertnykh is described as having been "created" by Dobrynin. Vorontsov, the senior of the two, has replaced Georgi Korniyenko, another former Dobrynin deputy in Washington, who has left the Foreign Ministry to assist him at the Central Committee office. The Foreign Ministry and the Central Committee may for the first time be working together instead of at cross-purposes. The Americanists are thought to have a more detached and pragmatic world view than other Soviet diplomats—to be less concerned with ideology. They are probably behind Gorbachev's recent flirtation with China—a foray into triangular power politics.

Foreign visitors who see Gorbachev find Dobrynin at his side, and all recent signs suggest that Dobrynin's influence exceeds that of any other adviser or minister. "But what is going on is the de-Gromykoization of Soviet foreign policy," a senior French diplomat says. "It is the end of an era. Dobrynin won't capture Gromyko's power, because Gorbachev won't delegate in the way the others did. He is too clever, too mobile, too involved. He wanted someone who could explain Washington on a daily basis. They need constant interpretation of American actions. They were astonished by Carter, and they underestimated Reagan's ability to make his anti-Soviet policy stick and remain popular. They have gone from one miscalculation to another." Dobrynin's successor in Washington, Yuri V. Dubinin, is considered a competent and aggressive diplomat, but he isn't one of the Americanists, which is taken to mean that his role will be negligible and no threat to Dobrynin.

Dobrynin is one of the continuities in East-West affairs. From John F. Kennedy onward, successive Presidents used him as the channel to the Soviet leadership, especially on the most sensitive issues. Rarely, if at all in modern annals, has a solitary diplomat performed such a role, let alone for so long. Some Europeans worry that the State Department may be tempted to rely on Dobrynin to argue the case for arms control; they see him as first and foremost a survivor. If Gorbachev wants to run a bit of a risk in order to bargain with Reagan, then Dobrynin, they say, will help him. Conversely, if Gorbachev is inclined to await Reagan's successor, Dobrynin, they think, will make an excellent case for doing just that. He did, after all, see at first hand how difficult, if not impossible, it is for the Reagan people to agree among themselves on an arms-control position. Still, Dobrynin can't help Gorbachev with the main question: Does the laggard Soviet economy require some diversion now, rather than later, of the heavy investment in weapons—hence, an agreement with Reagan? Gorbachev, according to a growing consensus in Western capitals, seems to think that it does.

Whether Dobrynin helped Gorbachev manage the Chernobyl crisis isn't known. That it was managed brilliantly is clear. Chernobyl began as two crises, one domestic and the other external. Their effect was a blow to Gorbachev's standing at home and abroad—or so it seemed. As news of the explosion at Chernobyl seeped out along with the radioactivity, the new face and agent for change was abruptly recast as a traditional Soviet leader who conceals and misleads. Owing to Gorbachev's instant popularity at home, ordinary Russians were reported to have resumed using the word *nadezhda* ("hope"). But Chernobyl seemed to show that nothing had changed, in the sense that the system still wasn't competent to run a modern, industrialized society.



Gorbachev's decision to go on television and talk about Chernobyl struck the Western press as unprecedented and rather daring. Actually, he probably had no choice; as it was, he did not appear on the screen until eighteen days after the event. Also, what he said didn't seem responsive to the scope of the disaster, which reminded many Russians of the horrors of the Second World War. But the signs now are that the society didn't hold him responsible for Chernobyl, or even connect him with it. A month before the accident, a Kiev newspaper had criticized "acute" shortcomings, shoddy workmanship, and low morale at Chernobyl. The article, along with similar ones, was seen as part of a campaign by Gorbachev to use criticism as a means of attacking inefficiency. "The Soviet people are cynical, and they know that leadership can't reform dreadful management and incompetent bureaucracy—not overnight," a German diplomat says.

I asked Arkady Shevchenko, the Soviet defector who had held several sensitive jobs, including special assistant to Gromyko, when he thought the Soviet leadership knew what had occurred at Chernobyl. "It was bound to take two days for the news of what really happened to reach the Politburo," he said. "All they were told at first was that there had been an accident." Bad news moves at a glacial pace through the Soviet bureaucracy. At first, no one was talking about what really happened. Among the thousands who may die from exposure to radiation were many who came to the scene just to see the fire. The human drama of Chernobyl—the suffering, the heroism of people fighting the fire—was the dominant Soviet impression; Western countries got no more than a glimpse of that. Far more surprising than Gorbachev's appearance on television was the appearance there of an American doctor, demonstrating the need for Western technological help. Even more unusual are the charities being set up virtually throughout the Soviet Union for victims of Chernobyl. "Chernobyl was not a setback for Gorbachev at home," a senior British official says. "It will fade into Soviet history as a human tragedy and, for cynics, as another example of things going very wrong."

The ripple effect of large world events may be deceptive and kaleidoscopic, as Chernobyl has shown. On the day after the Soviets belatedly admitted the accident, Mrs. Thatcher

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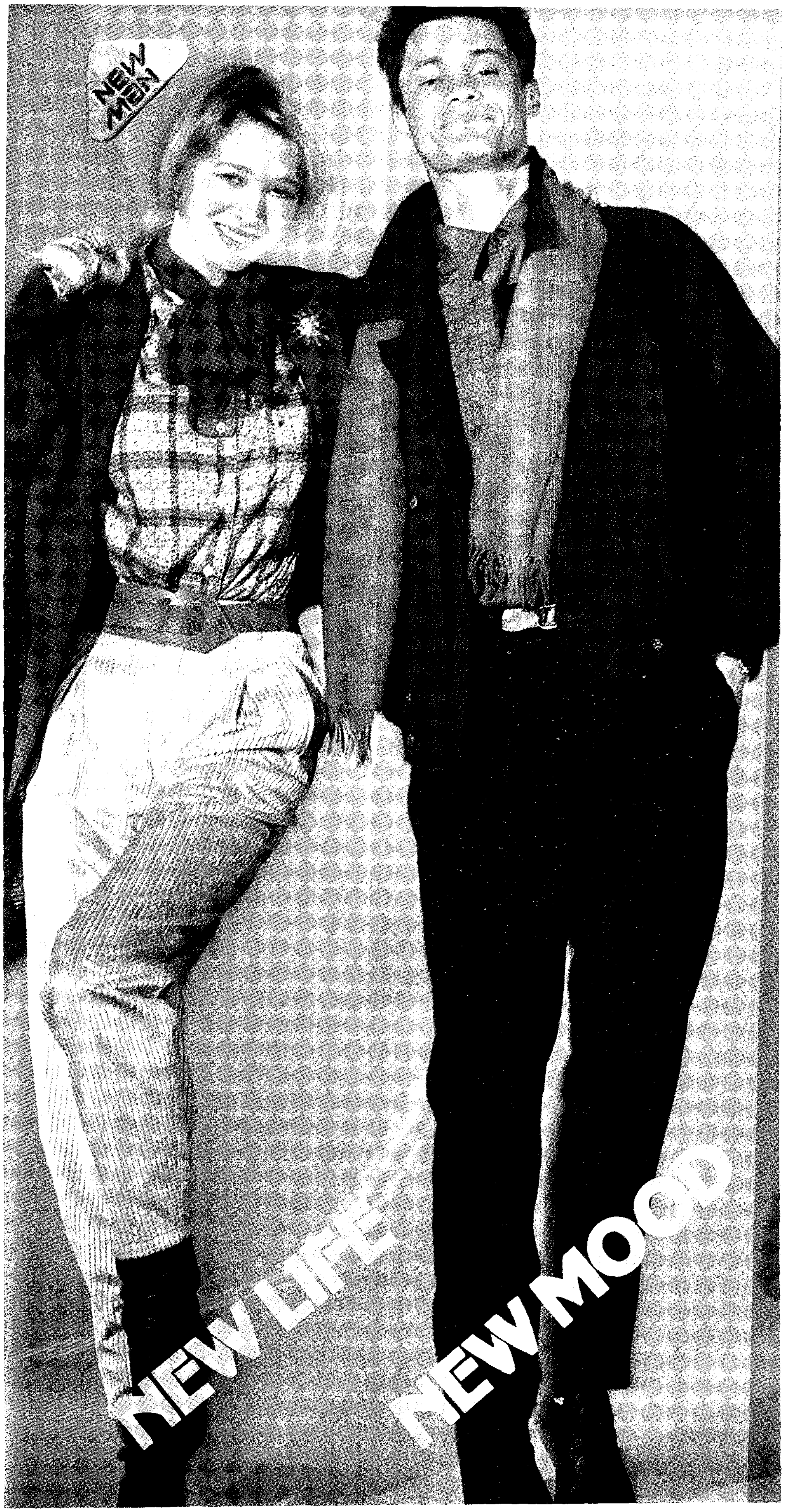

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summoned the new Soviet Ambassador to Britain, Leonid Zamyatin (who hadn't had time even to present his credentials), and told him that secrecy of this kind was not acceptable. Foreign ministries, not heads of government, normally deliver such messages. Chernobyl deeply angered Europeans everywhere and reinforced an impression of the Soviet Union as still in the medieval stages of industrial progress. In light of Soviet goals, however, the minuses of Chernobyl were gradually overcome by pluses. "The first reaction here was that the Soviets are a thoroughly bad lot, worse even than we had imagined," a British diplomat says. "But now people here think that Chernobyl may be no worse than Sellafield"—a reprocessing plant in Cumbria that produces both civilian and military nuclear material and is less modern than similar French plants.

Probably the strongest European reaction was in Sweden, where, because of history and proximity, anti-Russian sentiment is always near the surface. On Monday morning, two days after the explosion, the Soviets were still denying that there had been an accident, and they admitted that there had been one only later in the day. The Swedes gave them lists of detailed questions prepared by their technical people, which the Soviets didn't even acknowledge for several days. Still, according to a senior Swedish official I spoke with, the initial reaction in Stockholm soon gave way to a far more tolerant view, in which the Swedes accepted Moscow's claim that it had not known about the disaster for two days. "Then it was impressive how they handled it," he said. "I think Gorbachev came out rather well in Europe. They have been very forthcoming recently." At one point, Gorbachev sent a round-robin letter to heads of nuclear-power states in which he cited the need for taking joint steps to limit damage caused by such disasters. "It was the sort of letter the head of a Western government might have written," a Whitehall official says. Later on, as they openly discussed human error and defects in their reactor design, the Soviets strengthened the popular impression of Chernobyl as an accident that could befall a nuclear reactor situated anywhere.

"I worry a lot about Chernobyl—about the way anti-nuclear protests are being rekindled all over Europe," says a French foreign-policy maker. "The Dutch and German nuclear-power programs are a shambles. The Soviets make no distinction between civil and military uses of nuclear power, and Gorbachev has been able to turn what began as a great disaster for them into an advantage." Another French official noted, "The denuclearization of Europe is a key Soviet objective, and Chernobyl, ironically, contributes precisely to that. We are surrounded by Scandinavians. There is a feeling of doom about them." He meant that other European countries would emulate the Swedes, who, even before Chernobyl, approved by referendum a decision to shut down all twelve of their nuclear reactors by the year 2010, even though forty-five per cent of their power is nuclear-generated and no alternative source has been found. In West Germany, where twenty nuclear plants provide a third of the country's capacity, a newly fashionable term is *Ausstieg*—"getting out" of nuclear power. New plants, including some already under way, may not be built. "Chernobyl has changed the map," a German diplomat said to me. "The Greens and other left-wingers haven't actually gained political strength, but even the more conservative parties recognize that nuclear power is finished here. Austria has gone non-nuclear by shutting down its only plant. So what do we do? Do we diversify? Buy our power from France? We Germans wonder what will be said if the Soviets want our technical assistance for their reactors. Chernobyl proves we don't want a technologically divided Europe." He was alluding to how Washington might react to German assistance of that kind to the Soviets. "Chernobyl left the impression here and elsewhere that we are all in the same boat," another German diplomat says. "If something happens in the Soviet Union, we are all affected. So we must coöperate." An American diplomat in Bonn who was describing the effects of Chernobyl told me that the German young are replacing Monopoly with a game called Wildlife; the object is to end up with the largest number of endangered species rather than commercial real-estate properties. "Chernobyl is everywhere," chant the thousands who demonstrate against German plants and a new French one, near the border.

Only France, which relies on nuclear plants for about two-thirds of its power, seems to have been unaffected by Chernobyl. Still, in Paris, as in other European capitals, officials worry that the outcry against nuclear power

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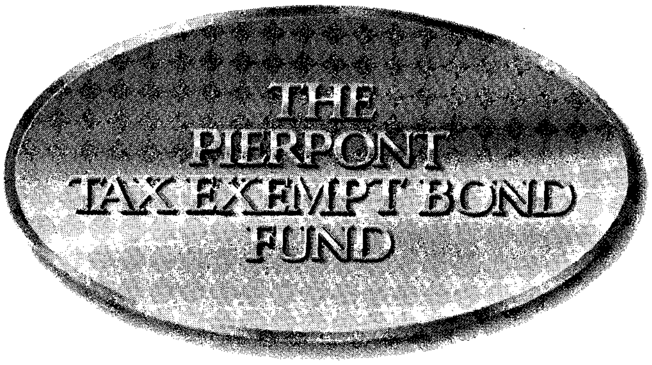
may evolve quickly into a renewed campaign against nuclear weapons and provoke an outpouring of anti-NATO and anti-American sentiment. In various ways, however indirect or subtle, Chernobyl is affecting the politics of arms control and summitry.

FOR reasons that are still unclear, Washington expected things to fall into place when, Dobrynin paid his farewell call on Reagan, on April 8th. "We had been counting on that conversation to get things moving," an American diplomat says. "The Soviets were cynical. They thought Reagan wanted to waltz Gorbachev around the country and show him Hollywood and Disneyland. It's true that this is what the President has in mind, but he also wants something of substance to come out of the meeting." But nothing of substance was agreed to when Reagan and Dobrynin met, although Dobrynin did transmit Moscow's agreement to the Shultz-Shevardnadze meeting that Washington had sought. However, a week later, after the American air attack on Libya, the Soviets cancelled that meeting. Washington was irritated, feeling that the Soviets were deliberately overreacting to the Libyan affair. In turn, the Soviets felt provoked by Washington's reaction to the accident at Chernobyl, which happened several days later. A few comments by American officials had wrongly ridiculed estimates of initial fatalities, and it sounded to Soviet leaders as if Washington were taking advantage of the crisis.

Just after the Libyan bombing, Reagan wrote to Gorbachev and said that the incident wasn't directed against his country and shouldn't be allowed to upset relations; Qaddafi, he said, in effect, had driven him to the end of his patience. Gorbachev didn't reply to the letter. After Chernobyl, Reagan wrote again, saying that his government wished to be helpful and offering various kinds of assistance. Gorbachev politely declined the offer. He may have thought, last spring, that he was being tested by the Reagan people, even if they had no such intention. "He was a bit shaken by seeming to have been pushed around by Reagan since the summit," says the European diplomat I spoke with who spent three hours with Gorbachev—as it happened, shortly after the bombing of Libya. "The American test of a nuclear weapon, the cutback of Soviet U.N. personnel, and the Black Sea incident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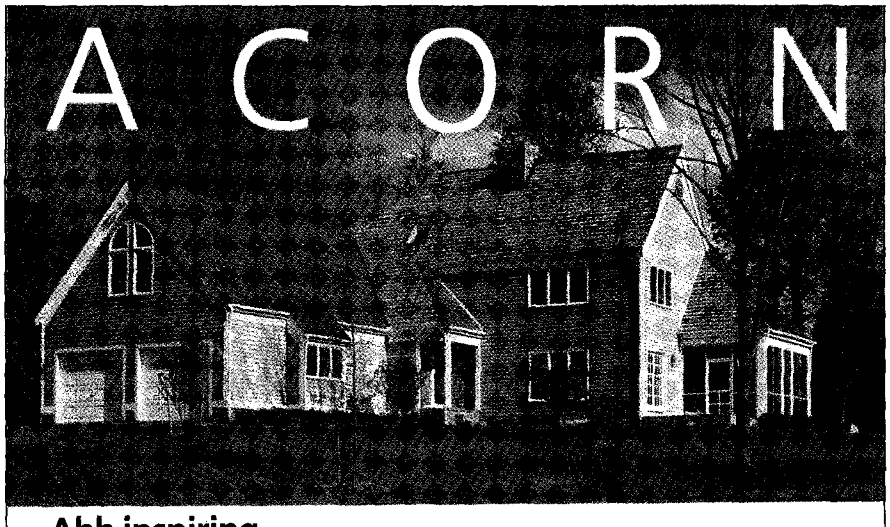

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—he kept coming back to all that. It was more than Moscow could take—too much being pushed around. I felt that this was genuine, because he seemed to be in the process of consolidating himself."

A few weeks after Chernobyl, with superpower relations in this dreary state, two events occurred within forty-eight hours which startled the diplomatic community, to put it mildly. The first was Reagan's announcement of his decision to discontinue abiding by SALT II. Two days later, on May 29th, the Soviets put forward a proposal in Geneva that, unlike their earlier offerings, was serious in the sense that it was wholly relevant to the state of play in the Geneva talks; also, it was put forward without fanfare, and many details of its provisions were to remain confidential.

Several weeks before announcing his decision, Reagan dispatched Paul Nitze, who is a special adviser to Shultz on arms-control matters, to Europe to tell allied leaders how he felt about continued compliance with SALT II. According to a British diplomat, "Nitze's message was 'There is a range of things we might do. How do you feel about it?' He gave no indication that Reagan had decided. He did say, 'This is the way Reagan is inclining, but he wants to hear your views.' It was genuine consultation." Yet Nitze must have left a fairly clear impression of what Reagan was on the verge of doing, because, according to another British diplomat, he was "zinged" by Mrs. Thatcher. She gave Nitze a very stern lecture, after which she and the Foreign Office felt that Reagan would back off. The strength of their argument together with the similar views of other allied governments ought to be enough, they thought. If not, they could call in the heavy debt owed to Mrs. Thatcher for her coöperation with and support of the Libyan bombing. She "has almost inexhaustible capital in the bank of Ronald Reagan," a recent piece in the *Times* quoted Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, as saying. But she didn't. Reagan notified her on May 23rd, four days before his announcement, of what was about to happen. And his subsequent reply to her angry protest was, in effect, "I've listened carefully to your views. Please support me nevertheless."

Politically, the decision deeply embarrassed Mrs. Thatcher. Denis Hea-

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ley, the shadow Foreign Secretary and a world-class parliamentary heckler, said that the British bulldog had been transformed into "Mr. Reagan's poodle." One of her officials remarked, "The waves created by the Libyan bombing have subsided. But SALT II has created fresh and more lasting waves." (Healey told me that it was the worst moment in Anglo-American relations since the Suez crisis, in 1956.) The British, like other allies, worried that the Soviets would interpret the decision as more pressure and react badly.

Reagan's hard-liners are thought by Europeans to have prevailed by arguing that the Soviets were cheating; that Gorbachev was having a field day politically, despite Chernobyl; that the argument against scrapping SALT prior to the summit was meaningless, because Gorbachev was reneging on the summit; that the Soviets wouldn't become serious about arms control unless Washington put pressure on them; that the arguments of allies should no longer have weight, given their lack of support for a tough Libyan policy. Besides all that, Reagan had to think about a bloc of Republican senators who were urging him to abandon the treaty he had once described as "fatally flawed." The pressure from within the Party worried some of the senior members of the Administration, notably Secretary of the Treasury James Baker, Attorney General Edwin Meese, and the White House chief of staff, Donald Regan. According to a State Department official, each of them felt that Reagan should halt compliance with SALT II. They "communicated their views," he says. "That was the final and deciding factor."

The White House was as flustered by the hostility of the reaction as supporters of SALT II had been by the decision. Abruptly, the focus swung to the Soviet proposal of May 29th, with hard-liners saying that it showed they were right: the Soviets had responded to serious pressure by putting forward a serious proposal. Arms-control advocates pointed out that the Soviets could hardly have cobbled together a major initiative in two days. And advocates in Europe and in Washington were encouraged by the fact that the proposal had been made in spite of Reagan's announcement. All was certainly not lost, or so it seemed: Reagan would continue to observe SALT II in the months ahead, and, with luck, a successful summit would bury his new position on the treaty. Optimists even thought they saw advantage lurking in the Reagan announcement. "Gorbachev needs to generate pressure from Congress on Reagan's defense budget," a prominent French official said. "So the SALT II decision could be a blessing in disguise. It could generate pressure from Congress on the strategic-arms budget, and especially on S.D.I." Opponents of the Reagan decision found further comfort in the Administration's almost surreal confusion about what it had done. Two weeks after his announcement, Reagan seemed to back off from it in a news conference, only to be set straight the following day by his press spokesman, Larry Speakes, who declared of SALT II that it "no longer exists." He, in turn, was immediately corrected by Shultz, who denied that the President had killed the treaty.

Gorbachev's proposal drew heavily on State Department thinking and outlined the only sort of deal that might be negotiable. As such, it had to be taken seriously. American diplomats, urged on by Whitehall, had tried and failed to push something similar in Washington. "At last, the Soviets are proposing a deal—the one we've all been talking about for three years," a British diplomat said. The idea has been to link offense and defense, since Moscow won't accept limits on the former if Washington refuses to constrain the latter. But constraining defense means a renewed commitment to the A.B.M. treaty. That, in turn, would mean restricting Star Wars, given the language of the treaty as both sides have always interpreted it—that is, until some Reagan people began reinterpreting it a year ago. As for offense, the American and Soviet positions are not far apart. Both sides have proposed cutting by half the number of long-range weapons. The main hangup had been a Soviet demand that Washington count as "long-range" all weapons that could hit Russia, including medium-range American weapons deployed in Europe and on aircraft carriers. The Soviets dropped that requirement in their new proposal, but they tied their offer of cuts in weapons to a commitment of between fifteen and twenty years to the A.B.M. treaty. Diplomats think that Gorbachev would cheerfully split the difference between six months and fifteen years if Washington would give up trying to reinterpret the treaty in a way that would allow extensive testing of the Star Wars program.

Diplomats saw Gorbachev's motives as mixed: he was testing the willingness of the Reagan people to negotiate seriously but was also protecting himself from being blamed in the event that there was no summit and the talks broke down. A British specialist says, "He was putting a real proposal on the table and saying, 'Here is something serious. We will talk about it if you will.' But I think he has sold his colleagues on the notion that any plausible arms-control scenario lies three years ahead—in some other Administration." The Soviets smoothly renewed their European diplomatic campaign, telling America's allies about the new proposal while noting that Gorbachev could hardly come to Washington if Reagan was going to breach the SALT II limits. "They hadn't managed before to put a Russian cat among the European pigeons," an American diplomat says. "This proposal may have changed that. They may have found the formula." Gorbachev himself added to the pressure by conveying messages to people who have Reagan's ear—notably Mrs. Thatcher—that he definitely did want to have a summit meeting this year. And on June 30th he reminded an audience in Warsaw about the legend of the abduction of Europa. He seemed to suggest that America was abducting Europe politically while ignoring "the destiny of our continent."

ON June 11th, the Soviets provided American negotiators with more details of their proposal, and two days later Shultz said a few nice words about it. In Washington, the battle for the heart and mind of Ronald Reagan escalated. Defense Department people urged him to confine the talks to offensive weapons, and to reject the notion of a link with defense. The State Department and the Europeans pressed for the link, arguing that it is there and can't be avoided. At the center of the argument is the issue of how to interpret the A.B.M. treaty. Under a so-called Shultz compromise, reached last fall, the Administration continues to observe the narrow—that is, literal—interpretation while reserving the right to apply the broader, far more permissive interpretation, which it has formally blessed. Besides being ridiculed by most people familiar with the treaty, the broad interpretation is a growing irritant and source of concern within and, certainly, beyond the Administration. Georgia's Senator Sam Nunn, the Senate's most influential authority on defense, said recently, "As far as I can determine, there is no precedent for an Administration acting unilaterally to reinterpret a crucial provision of a major treaty years after the Senate gave its advice and consent on the basis of an entirely different understanding." And last month five former senior officials urged the Administration to put off testing space-based weapons for ten years, and also to remain in compliance with SALT II. The five included three former Secretaries of Defense—Harold Brown, James Schlesinger, and Melvin Laird—former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, and former national-security adviser Brent Scowcroft.

On June 23rd, Reagan received a letter from Gorbachev which repeated something that Soviet negotiators had said on June 11th about finding an area of compromise on space-defense research. Quite clearly, Reagan's reply might determine whether there would be a summit conference. At the least, it was expected to show in whose favor the tide of battle had turned. But it didn't. The letter, which was sent on July 25th, turned out to be very general and very ambiguous. It showed flexibility on offensive weapons: Reagan said that he remained committed to fifty-per-cent reductions but was prepared to do less if the Soviets preferred to do less. On the real issue—defense—Reagan offered a glass that some saw as half full, others as half empty, with no one really the wiser about what, exactly, he had in mind. On the one hand, he offered a delay of seven and a half years before either side could begin deploying a Star Wars system; he also offered, as he had before, the benefits of the American research program. The gap between Reagan's seven-and-a-half-year moratorium and Gorbachev's proposal for a similar commitment of fifteen years is actually far less than it appears, since even the Star Wars program managers concede that nothing could be deployed until after the mid-nineteen-nineties.

What most confuses and worries allied governments about the letter is its description of what would go on during the seven-and-a-half-year hiatus. Over the first five years, the parties would be restricted to research and developmental testing *as provided in the A.B.M. treaty*. In the next two years, they would try to reach agreement on the nature and scale of Star Wars deployments. If no agreement was reached, either side could deploy a system after six months' notice to the other. The key and sensitive passage is the one that authorizes testing of the Star Wars system during the pause. It appears to allow for the troublesome broad interpretation of the treaty. Paul Nitze briefed allied leaders on the letter before it was sent, and he was naturally asked about this. He told Mrs. Thatcher, among others, that there was no change in the Administration's position; that is, the broad interpretation is the correct interpretation, but S.D.I. research is being carried out in accordance with the narrow interpretation. "As usual, ambiguity is supreme," a British diplomat says. "One doesn't know whether the reference to testing is a negotiating position or Reagan's bottom line, as the hard-liners are saying it is."

Given the internal gridlock caused by the struggle over the letter, plus the danger of leaks, the job of preparing it was yanked from the interagency process at one stage and held within a very small circle of Reagan's senior people. The security was not only good but, for this Administration, exceptional. Curiously, however, the gist of Reagan's offer had been described in an article that appeared in the Washington *Post* in October, 1985, under the byline of Walter Pincus. According to the article, Reagan's proposals had been agreed to at a meeting held on October 4th. Thus, the Administration, had it chosen to do so, could have unveiled something very like its current offer at the summit meeting last November.

Some diplomats feel that Star Wars isn't all trouble for Gorbachev. They think he can use it as a means of widening his mandate to deal directly with Reagan, because its potential effects are so disturbing to Soviet leaders. But few, if any, diplomats think that Gorbachev could sign anything that would allow a significant broadening of the A.B.M. treaty. Many doubt whether he would come to Washington if that question remained open. He probably will come if the A.B.M. question is settled or if he thinks that Reagan has merely staked out a position that can be bargained away. So Reagan, not surprisingly, is the mystery figure. Recently, he has seemed to align himself with the tiny pro-agreement faction within his Administration. But people who know him well, and others who have watched him over the years, think it unlikely that he will fritter away a dream in bargaining with the other side. According to the *Post* story, the proposal agreed to last October "would not have any effect on continuing research and testing of possible 'Star Wars' weapons."

Experience shows that in dealing with one another the superpowers are as inept as they are suspicious. Each tends to ignore the other at times, and to preoccupy itself with an internal agenda. Reagan has enlarged the difficulty by denying himself a "back channel"—a senior personality on the American side empowered to work on sensitive matters privately and independently of the bureaucracy with some Soviet figure such as Dobrynin. The back channel used to be critically important to the arms-control process, but it has been inactive in the Reagan era, and Dobrynin has told some European visitors to Moscow that he has no one on the American side to talk to. Reagan has dealt with arms-control issues by turning them over to agency heads, who, in turn, have delegated them to second-level people. Reagan may find remaining on the sidelines more difficult now. The stakes are higher, and time is short. If he misplays this opportunity, there won't be another before the start of the next decade.

—John Newhouse

◆

A record 400,032 tennis fans watched this year's Centenary Wimbledon championships. A spell of hot, dry weather helped send the total attendance figure for the 13-day tournament past the 400,000 mark for the first time. The previous record, set last year, was 2,050.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

In England, a little hot, dry weather works wonders.

THE TUXEDO

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ELEGANCE

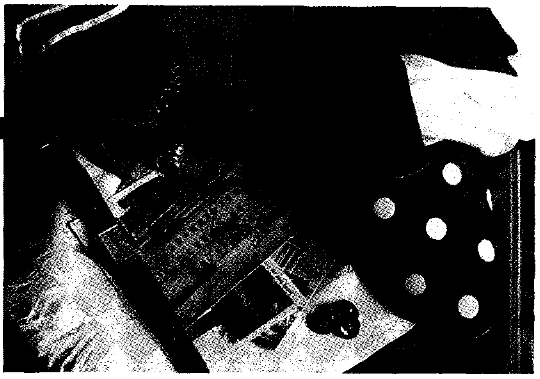
The story of the tuxedo and how it got its name is an interesting one, with a cast of characters that includes a man who would be king, a southern belle with bedroom eyes, a coterie of devilish youths collectively to the manor born, and a group of dancing Irishmen from the Bowery.

* * *

In the early summer of 1886, the tobacco mogul Pierre Lorillard IV opened Tuxedo Park as a hunting resort for the wealthy. Carved out of a three-thousand-acre tract of timberland in an area of upstate New York once called the "woodpile" (some of which he won from family members in a poker game), the park was, from the beginning, a monument to Lorillard's vision of country elegance, and he saw its construction through with a vengeance. He was not a man of moderation.

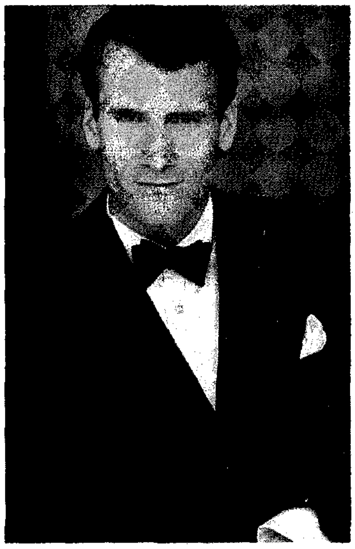
Beginning in the fall of 1885, construction workers labored through one of the most severe winters on record. Lorillard insisted that the project be completed in eight months but was not above tearing up drawings and demanding that his architect, Bruce Price, start all over again. Lorillard also managed to convince nearly 2,000 Italians and Slavs to leave their work on European ships and come to build his dream park. It was their craftsmanship, particularly with stone cutting, that gave Tuxedo Park its distinctive character.

The original plans called for eighteen miles of roads, water, and sewage systems; a dam, a fish hatchery, an ice house, stables, a boathouse, tennis courts, a club house, and fifteen "rustic," five-bedroom "cottages." Today, these dwellings number among the most desirable year-round re-



sidences within commuting distance of New York City.

During that same summer of 1886, as the construction of Tuxedo Park was reaching its final stages, and Lorillard was planning a formal celebration for October, James Brown Potter, a Lorillard crony and Tuxedo Park supporter, took his wife Cora, a southern beauty, to England for a holiday. Already leaders of New York social life, the Potters were equally in demand at soirées across the Atlantic. At a royal court ball, Mr. and Mrs. Potter were introduced to the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Notorious for his appreciation of feminine pulchritude, the Prince, smitten with the lovely Cora, promptly invited the Potters for a few days of rest and recreation at Sandringham, his eleven-thousand-acre estate in Norfolk.



One of the many theories that abounds as to the origin of the tailless dress coat otherwise known in this country as the "tuxedo," is that it was first worn by the gentlemen gamblers of Monte Carlo in the early 1880's, who decided to do away with their tails because they cramped their betting styles. As dapper as these men were—photographs reveal they had a penchant for fancy silks, jewelry and watch fobs—there is little likelihood that any of them ever mustered the courage to go tailless in public, even with a few swigs of cognac from their snifters.

Despite his upper-class background and connections in the States, Mr. Potter was hardly in the habit of spending weekends with an heir to the English throne. Accordingly, he was perplexed over the appropriate dress for dinner at royal country houses and confessed his ignorance to the Prince, who revealed his own indifference to "proper" dinner dress in the country. His Royal Highness, it turned out, had taken to wearing a short black jacket in place of the formal tailcoat, preferring the ease a blazer provided.

The Prince then directed Mr. Potter to his Savile Row tailor, Henry Poole & Co., where, Mr. Potter was told, he could quickly have a similar one made. In business since 1806, Poole & Co. had been making the Prince's clothes ever since H.R.H. had seen the actor Fechter play "Robert Macaire" in London and had admired the elegant cut of Fechter's coat.

Reports have it that during their stay at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales continued to marvel at Cora Potter's charming manner and fair face. Mr. Potter, on the other hand, was much taken with his new acquisition: the short dinner jacket he wore each evening.

The Prince's jacket was originally an adaption of the short, white jackets worn by members of the Royal Yacht Club at the annual Cowes Regatta ball. This kind of jacket, which resembled today's blazer, was already being worn in the late nineteenth century as the upper component of a "lounge suit" (now the business suit) or in a rougher fabric for active sports. H.R.H. decided that, for dinner, his own should be black, which he deemed more "dignified" for royalty. Like the Prince of Wales' other sartorial innovations (he introduced the trouser crease and started the custom of leaving the bottom button of a vest unbuttoned), the evening lounge jacket, or dinner jacket, would become "comme il faut" for family or country wear.

When he came home, Mr. Potter found that his friends at the Tuxedo Club were as impressed with his new informal style of dinner jacket as they were with his having spent a weekend at Sandringham. Accordingly, each man

had his own tailor copy the jacket, and before long, the tailless dinner jacket was all any of the founding fathers of Tuxedo Park would wear at their own country seats.

Eventually, a few of these Tuxedo Park men ventured out in their jackets, usually when they would be dining without the fair sex. Around the turn of the century, bachelor dinners were not merely a pre-nuptial event, but held all of the time at private clubs, colleges, and universities.

Fellow diners began to ask about this new style and were told that the jackets were "what they're wearing to dinner in Tuxedo." Soon, the new jackets had a new name—tuxedos. The ultimate irony, of course, is that the early residents of Tuxedo Park never called their informal dinner jackets "tuxedos" and never would.

The black tie event

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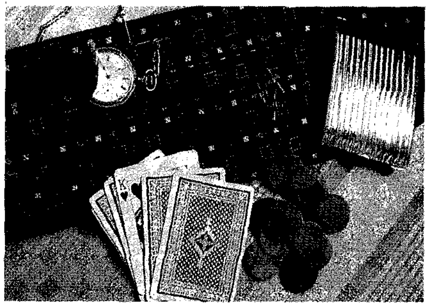
A Man Named Griswold

While James Brown Potter and his fellow Tuxedo Club members—who included Pierre Lorillard, Jr., eldest son of Pierre and known as the "Squire"; William Waldorf Astor; Grenville Kane, director of the Erie Railroad; and Allen T. Rice, editor of the *North American Review*—were the first to don the English dinner jacket, Griswold Lorillard deserves the credit for being the first to bring the garment into the public eye.

On the evening of October 10, 1886, Grizzy, the youngest son of Pierre Lorillard, decided to play a little sartorial prank. In order to lampoon the elder Tuxedo Park Club members' obsessions with their English-style jackets, Griswold and a small group of rambunctious friends decided to lop off the tails of their formal dress coats.

Sporting scarlet waistcoats underneath, Griswold and company waltzed into the Autumn Ball, much to the astonishment of everyone present, particularly the women. The puckish youths had committed social blasphemy, even though the truncated tailcoats were meant in fun.

The prank made the newspapers when one society editor wrote in the Town Topics gossip sheet soon after: "At the Tuxedo Club Ball, young Griswold Lorillard appeared in a tailless dress coat and waistcoat of scarlet satin, looking for all the world like a royal footman. There were several other abbreviated coats worn, which suggested to the onlookers that the boys ought to have been put in straight-jackets long ago." Although the tailless coat was not the short dinner jacket, the escapade did serve to publicize the new style.



As a respite from basic black, color and pattern made their way into men's formal wear, both in dinner jackets and fancy waistcoats, the latter of which were descended from the original postboy riding vest of nineteenth-century England. As with any patterned garment, simple accessories are warranted, such as a solid linen pocket square, quiet studs and cuff links, and a rather demure boutonniere. A formal waistcoat is distinguishable from the standard business-suit vest in that its points are flared and it usually fits on the longish side in order to cover the trouser waist band, which should never be seen when donning evening clothes.

Another theory exists with regard to the origin of the tailless dinner jacket and Griswold's mischievous inspirations. In his book "The Saga of American Society," Dixon Wechter writes that "tradition asserts that the tailless dress coat originated at a small dance given by one of the egregious Chowder and Marching Clubs in the Bowery, at which certain leaders of the Irish faction decided that swallowtails impeded the vigor with which real dancing ought to be done and that young Lorillard adopted the style."

Theories aside, it is clear that in the late nineteenth century, short jackets came into general use for different purposes. In fine black wool with black silk lapels, worn with striped trousers, vest, starched white dress shirt and

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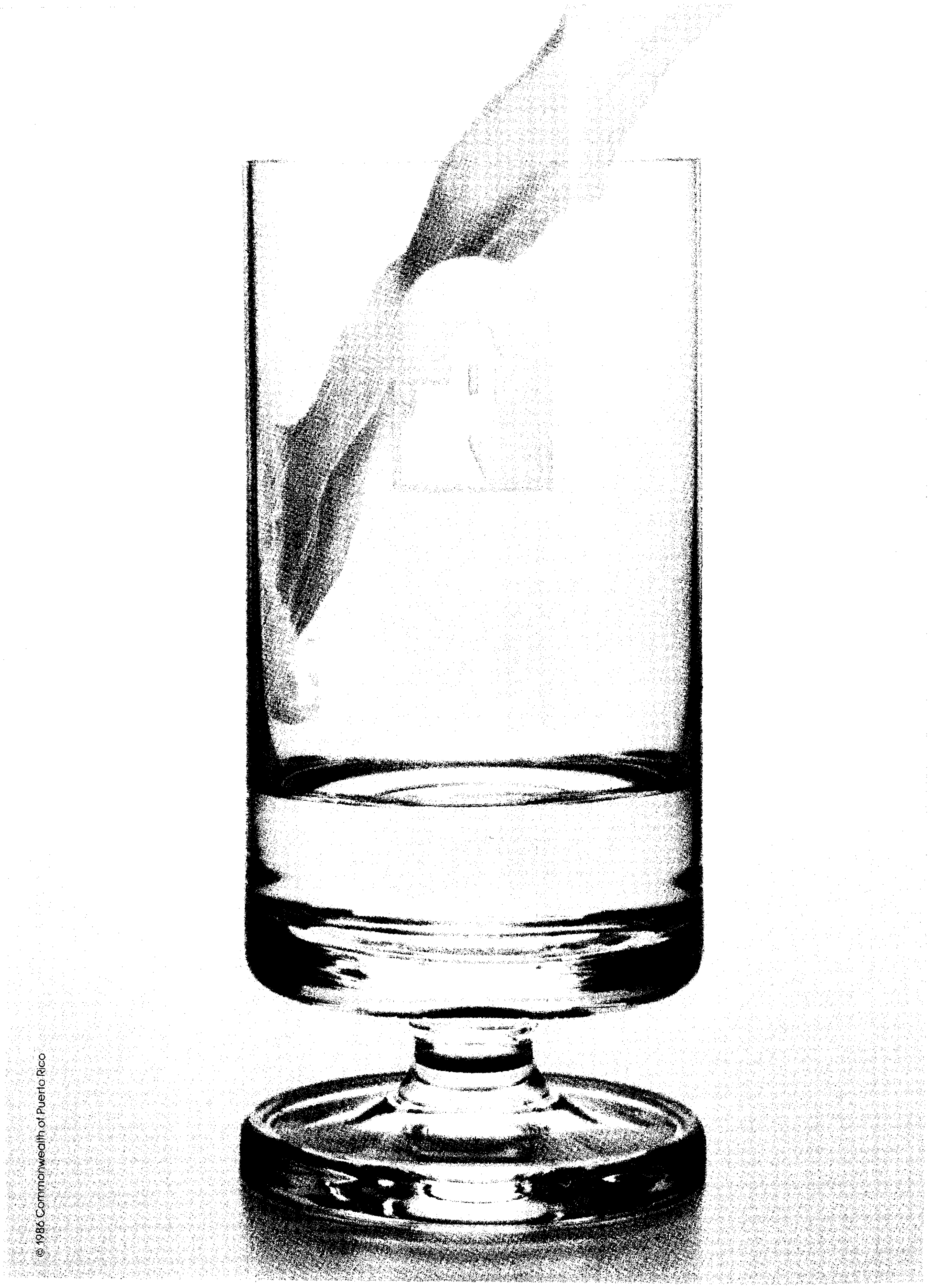
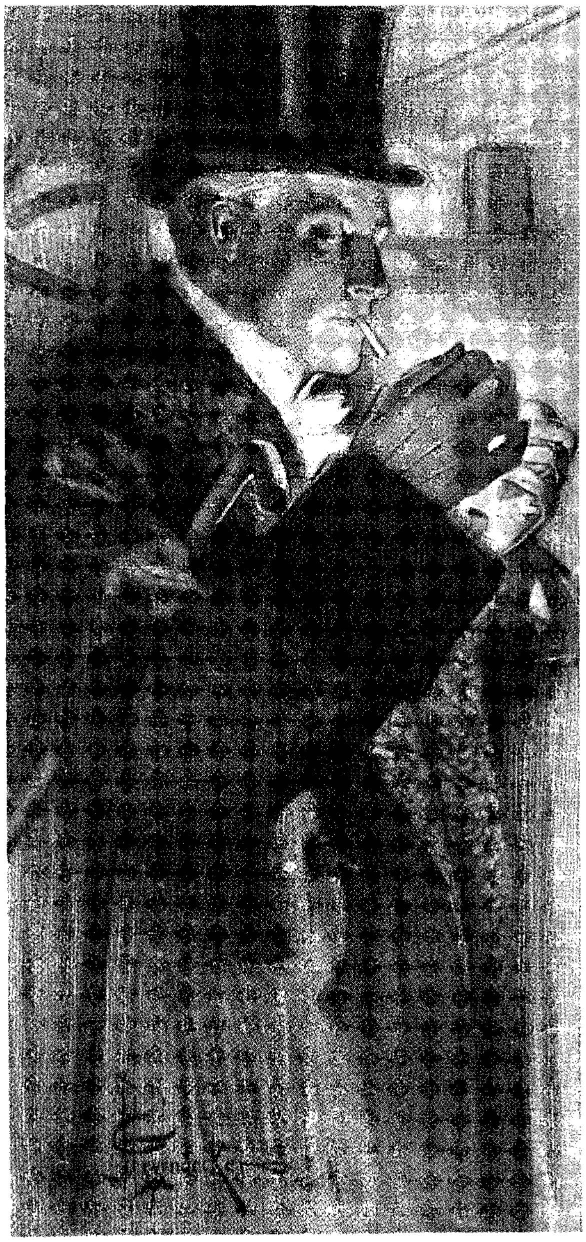


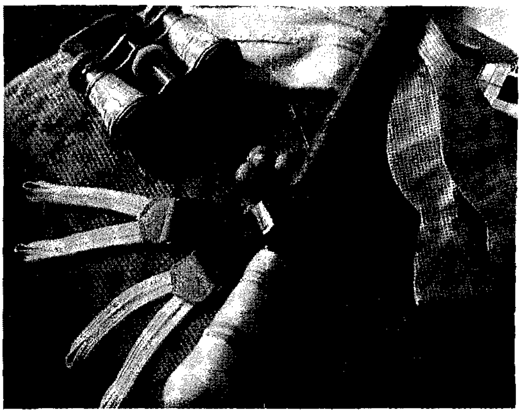
© 1986 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

black tie, it did not immediately supplant "full dress." White tie and tails continued to be worn for the most formal of evening occasions well into the twentieth century. But at other occasions, less formal ones, the tuxedo was increasingly appropriate, both as America developed its own more casual social life, and as men and women became more physically active, seeking correspondingly greater comfort in their styles of dress.



Elegance Through The Decades

Increasing informality interfered in no way with the luxurious elegance that prevailed in the years leading into the twentieth century. The upper classes dictated the fashions, as they did in Europe, and as they always had; and in the Edwardian Era, when there were vast fortunes to be made, vast fortunes were spent following their lead. Excess and ostentation were the general tendency. Social life was complicated, and for both men and women every hour of the day had its appropriate costume. For formal daytime occasions, gentlemen wore the dove-grey swallow-tail morning suits with a silk ascot (an accessory named after the annual June races at Ascot Heath) and continued to sport white tie and tails to dances and balls, and to their boxes at the opera. Dinner jackets were used for private dinner parties, or in the country, and the custom of changing into dinner clothes to dine at home alone, or with one's wife, had not yet died out. The new pastimes of playing polo, tennis, and golf, as well as the age-old one of hunting, each developed their own prescribed sporting attire.

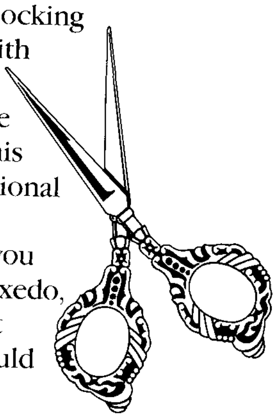


Feminine fashion was at its most decorated and constructed. Women were laced into corsets that produced the desirable "S"-curve silhouette, and their tea gowns, afternoon and evening gowns were concocted of pale shades of soft silks and trimmed with lace, silk flowers, ruffles and silk or crystal embroidery. Even walking suits and visiting costumes were made of pastel wool flannels, sewn with scrolling bands of narrow braid. While the jewelry for men (consisting only of studs and cuff links, pocket-watches and watch chains) was subtle, with mother-of-pearl set in platinum or gold enamelled in blue or white, that for women was at its most expensive and ornate, from the diamond-buckled, seed-pearl chokers—called Alexandra collars, after Edward VII's Queen—to tiaras trembling with diamond drops.

World War I brought an end to the Belle Epoque excesses. For both men and women an air of sportif relaxation pervaded clothing. Items that had been worn primarily by men for active sports infiltrated the wardrobes of both men and women. From polo came the knitted polo shirt, as we know it today, and the turtleneck, as well as the button-down-collar shirt, and the half-belted polo coat. From other sports came the use of white, or light flannel trousers, worn with a jacket in another fabric—what has now come to be known as the sports jacket. Women incorporated the blazer into their own ensembles of long, waistless jackets worn with pleated or straight short skirts. From men's undershirts came the fabric wool jersey, adopted by the couturiere Gabrielle Chanel for the easy little chemise dresses that became the decade's uniform.

Griswold did it.

He certainly did. In 1886, Mr. Griswold Lorillard appeared at the Autumn Ball in a shocking scarlet waistcoat and a dresscoat with no tails. No tails?! Tongues wagged. But formal dress would never be the same. What Lorillard created with his trusty scissors quickly became a national fashion. Or should we say passion?



Back then, if you wanted a suit, you hired a tailor. And if you wanted a tuxedo, you hired an expensive tailor. So not every man who wanted a tuxedo could own one.

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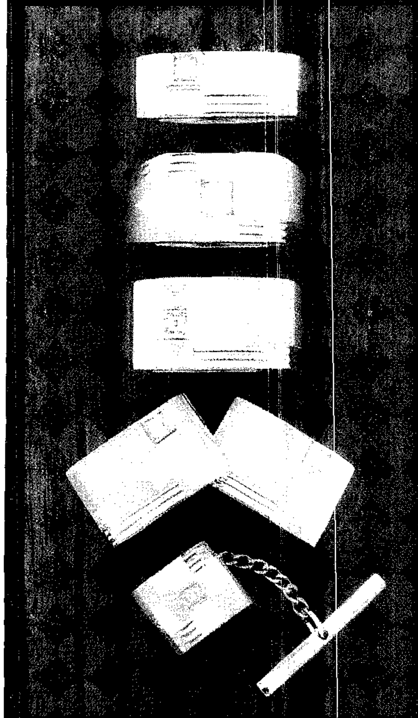
didn't hold water. She won.
I told her I was glad she was
on my side in everything
else. I said, "How about
a partnership?" She said, "We
already have one." Then she
handed me a man's diamond.
Well, counselor, win or lose,
I guess it's how you play
the game.



The diamond rings, cufflinks and tie tack shown here are just a few of the exciting new designs in men's accessories.

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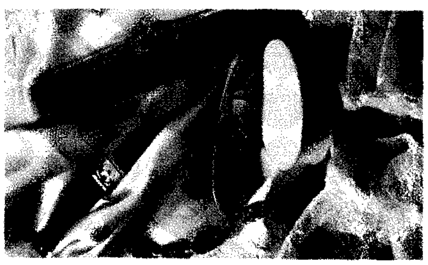
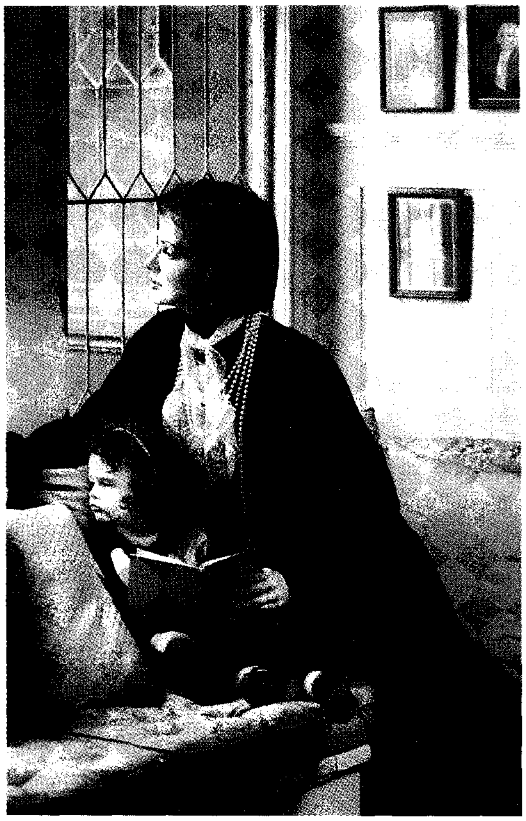
The Man's Diamond.
The gift of success.

For evening, women stuck with the simply shaped dress but transformed it with sequins, bead embroideries, and fringes. The smaller the dress, the more elaborate the surface decoration. Jewelry, considered too showy to wear during the war, remained simple: a string of pearls and a pair of jewelled clips worn rakishly on one's cloche hat were all that were really needed. When lots of jewelry was worn, it was most likely costume jewelry: the era's new rage.

Escorts of flappers found tuxedos the perfect thing to wear to complement the bright little dresses. They compensated, however, for the somewhat casual air of the costume by elaborating on their accessories. As smoking was no longer an activity banished to men's clubs, wafer-thin cigarette cases of platinum, gold or silver came into use, and Prohibition popularized hip flasks of the same materials, beautifully made. The wrist watch, introduced during the Great War, replaced the pocket watch in the affections of most men and by the late 1920's was being worn with a gold, or other metal, strap. Gentlemen could choose from a host of styles for their studs and links, with the prevailing taste being that for small colored stones like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, onyx or coral set into platinum with diamonds in Art Deco geometric patterns.





Whenever the invitation reads "Black Tie" it is a woman's prerogative to dress to the nines, as well. It is the proper time for rubies, diamonds, sapphires and of course, pearls, linen, silk and lace. True elegance, as it has evolved over the years, never compromises quality, even with the most random article such as a brush or comb. Much in demand today are the silver-trimmed natural bone or shell grooming utensils that recall the glamour of Hollywood and Cafe Society, a time when women were idealized.

Just as feminine fashions have traditionally emanated from Paris, those for men usually started in Great Britain, and the sartorial guide for many decades there was the new Prince of Wales, later the Duke of Windsor, and Edward VII's grandson. It is said that some men had standing orders with their tailors to automatically copy whatever it was that the Prince of Wales was seen wearing, and while this may be apocryphal, it is true that H.R.H. set many new styles, because he was

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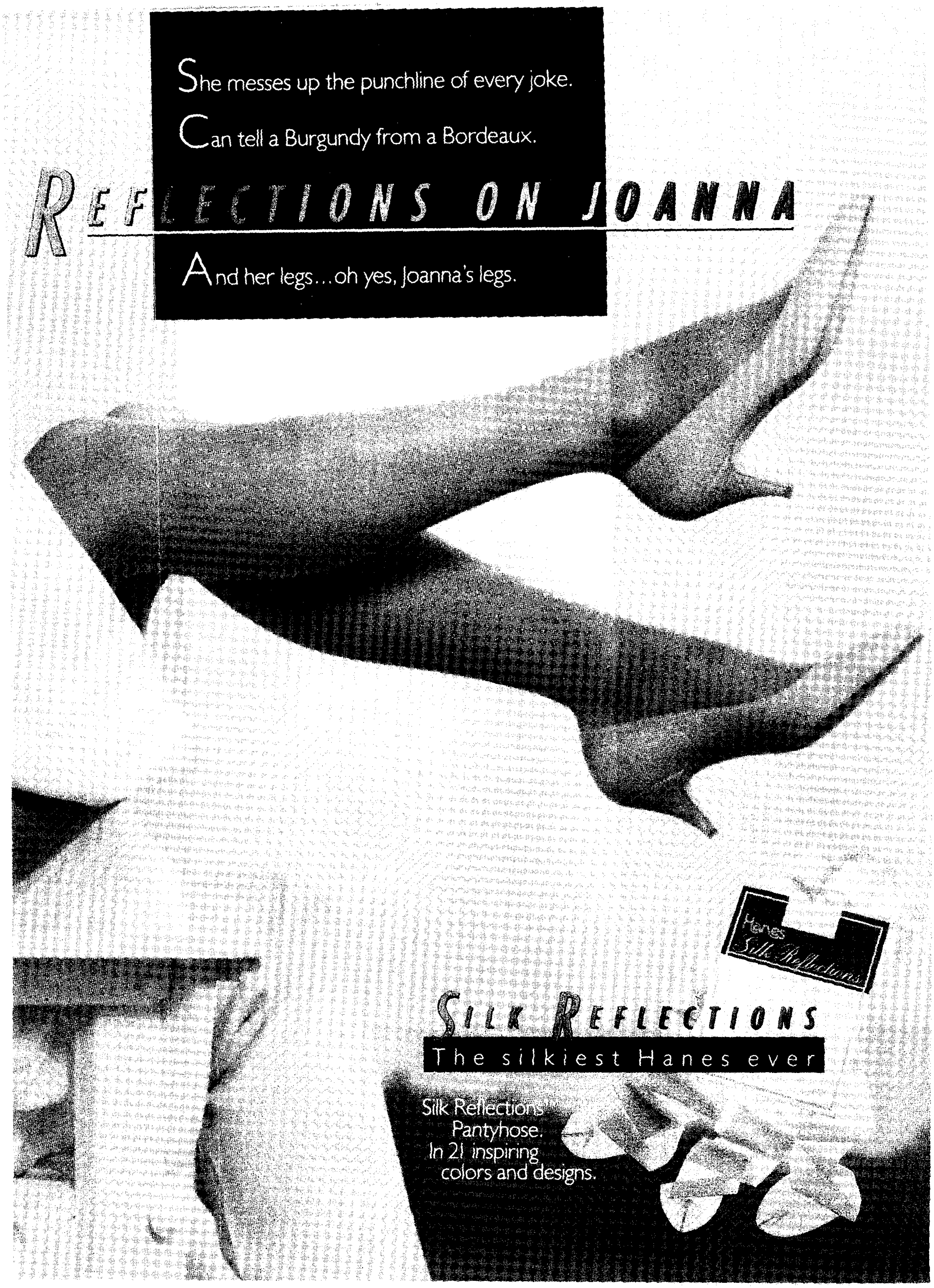

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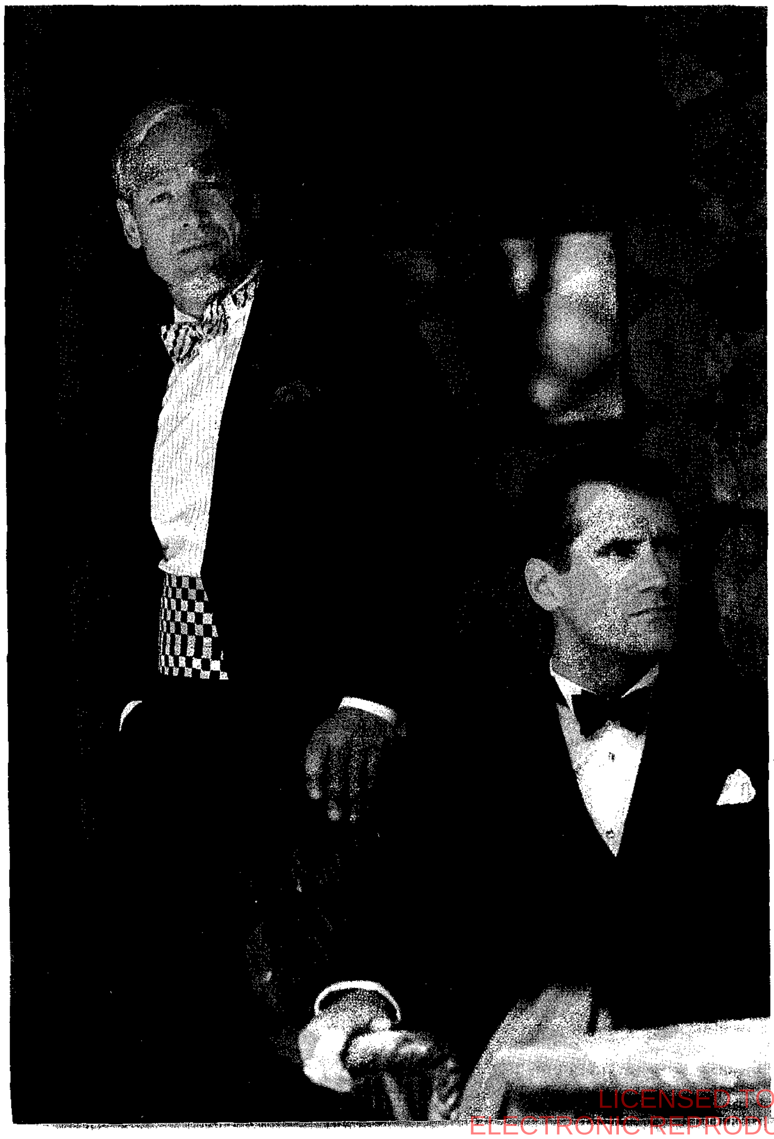
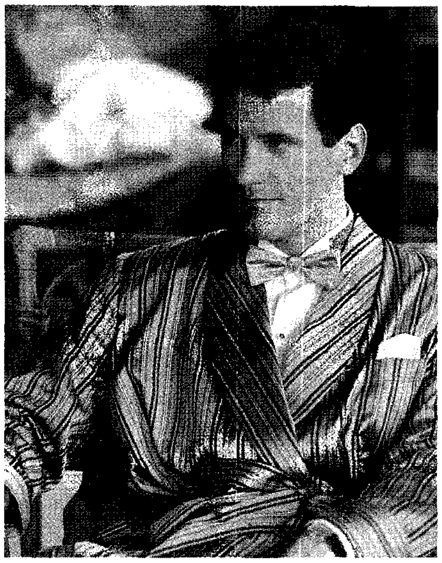
Among the first items to go, thanks to the Prince, was the boiled-front stiff shirt worn under the tuxedo. It was replaced by a pleated-front dress shirt with a soft, turned-down collar. One summer, H.R.H. took to wearing a white pique waistcoat under his dinner jacket (the points of the vest were described as forming a W for Wales), and soon after, Lord Mountbatten, as well as clothes-conscious Americans, followed suit.

H.R.H. was also responsible for introducing a new color into the black and white of evening wear: midnight blue, which he pronounced "blacker than black." With black faille or satin lapels, the midnight blue dinner jacket has remained popular, and proper, for six decades.

Perhaps most comfortable of the Duke of Windsor's innovations in evening attire was the double-breasted tuxedo jacket because it did away with the necessity for a vest. It was first worn by an actor-singer-dancer named Jack Buchanan, who often appeared in twenties musicals with Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence. Few well-dressed men took to the style until it received the Prince of Wales' imprimateur in the late twenties and early thirties.



The thirties, more than any other decade, can be remembered for its paradigms of style. Besides the Duke of Windsor, and his brother the Duke of York, later King George VI, there were Noel Coward, Fred Astaire, Cole Porter, King Alonso of Spain, and the French couturiers Jean Patou and Captain Molyneux. If these names bring to mind an image of white tie, tails, top hats and canes, it's because the thirties saw a revival of interest in full dress. The Depression had served to lengthen ladies' dresses and the long, lean line of the tail coat complemented the new feminine silhouette.



Hollywood exerted much influence over fashion. Anything that photographed well in black or white, naturally including black and white evening clothes, became important, and for women, the relative simplicity of their slightly trained, bias-cut, and often bare-backed evening dresses was emphasized by the use of light-reflecting textures. Charmeuse and other shiny silks were embroidered with thousands of bugle beads. Thrown over the dresses were luxurious silver-fox furs or boas of ostrich and marabou. Photogenic diamond jewelry made in geometric patterns remained popular.

The growing popularity of warm-weather resorts affected fashions for men. In America, the fashions from Europe were no longer considered "de rigueur." What was worn at Palm Beach began to be as important as what was being worn in England. Suitable for the Floridian climate were white (actually a cream color) dinner jackets, made in lightweight wool, as well as the patent leather pumps formerly reserved for "at-home" or private use and deemed cooler than a laced-up shoe. For a time, there was even a vogue for a truly tailless jacket, probably much like Grizzy's, called a "mess

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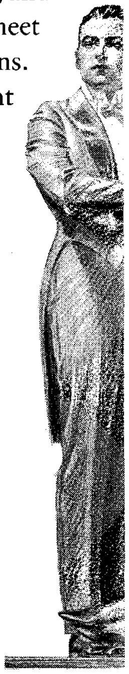
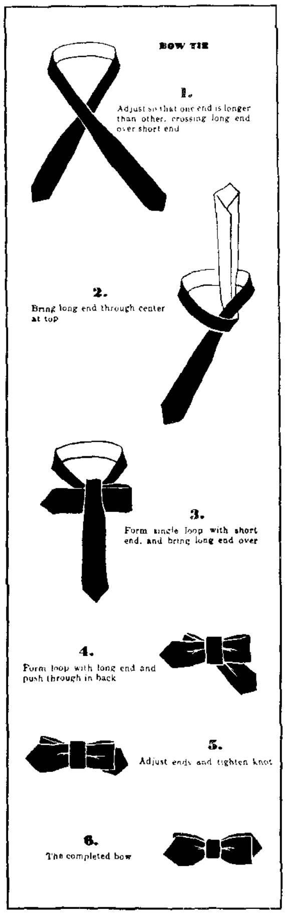
jacket." Of off-white wool, this was worn with black trousers, white shirt and black bow-tie. This look failed to separate the men from the waiters and thus faded into oblivion.

By the end of the decade, fashions for both men and women were becoming more ornate. Women's figures began to look curvaceous in evening dresses that had small waists and sweeping, full skirts. The era of the black and white movie was over, and with it, that of purely black and white evening clothes for men. Color hadn't been worn by gentlemen at night since the nineteenth century, and it began to recur in the red suspenders worn with dinner clothes and the patterned silk handkerchieves peeping out of the pockets of cream wool tuxedos. Indian madras and other patterned materials formed cummerbunds, which replaced waistcoats, although waistcoats themselves could be patterned, as in the white silk one woven to resemble crocodile made by Doucet of Paris and widely copied. Jewel-toned silk hose made its way onto fashionable feet and boutonnieres, previously white, could be red, or blue, or even made out of feathers.

As the world went into war, men, and women, went into uniform. Occasions for dressing up understandably dwindled, and most people made do with wearing their old clothes, or with having them refurbished. All new clothing manufacture was governed by the War Production Board, and double-breasted and other fabric-thirsty styles for men were prohibited. Suits no longer came automatically with vests, and thereafter vests would be an "extra" in a man's wardrobe. Also regulated were cuffs, pocket flaps, and vents. With clothing coupons in short supply, dinner clothes were not much of a priority.

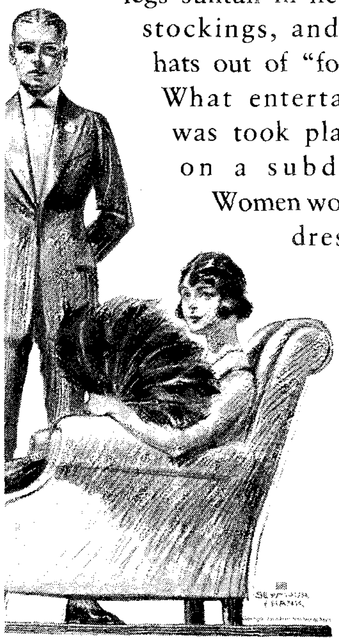
Women's clothes suffered, perhaps more, in the process. Skirts had to be short, just below the knee, and fairly skimpy, in order to meet with the yardage restrictions. Jackets were long and straight and broad at the shoulders. Dresses were usually of imitation silk. In occupied Paris, many of the couture houses closed down completely, and it was thus that American designers had their first chance in the spotlight. Already accustomed to working with the restrictions of mass-production, designers such as Claire McCardell, Norell, Adrian, and Mainbocher proved adept at making wearable clothes with whatever was at hand. Among




BOW TIE
1.
Adjust so that one end is longer than other, crossing long end over short end
2.
Bring long end through center at top
3.
Form single loop with short end, and bring long end over
4.
Form loop with long end and push through in back
5.
Adjust ends and tighten knot
6.
The completed bow

The wisdom of opting for a hand-tied formal bow tie is really a simple matter of practicality: it is impractical to use a clip-on with the now-popular wing-collar shirt. When worn with a turned-down collar shirt with pleated front, however, a pre-tied style is only distinguishable by the fact that it is perfectly tied. A more elegant-looking formal bow tie should look properly askew and be compatible to the facings on the tuxedo lapels. It should also be of medium width, whether the ends are pointed or square. It is always in perfect taste to choose a bow tie in black grosgrain or other slightly textured silk and to have the tie custom-made to the perfect length, especially with wing-collars.

the materials rationed were metal, wood, leather, silk and nylon, and women took to wearing cork-platformed shoes, painting their legs suntan in lieu of wearing stockings, and concocting hats out of "found objects." What entertaining there was took place at home, on a subdued scale. Women wore long dinner dresses and, to keep warm in houses with limited heating oil, the new decorated evening sweaters first introduced by Mainbocher.



The end of the war ushered in the era of Christian Dior. In 1947, this new couturier single-handedly catapulted French fashion back into international acclaim by launching what was called "the New Look for women." With war-time fabric restrictions nearing an end, Dior revived the full, and long-skirted, wasp-waisted dresses that had begun to appear at the end of the thirties. Women dressed with a new extravagance: looking feminine and pretty, in romantic silk flower-trimmed dresses, picture hats, and high-heeled pumps.

Curiously, once in civilian clothes, men did not react the same way to the new availability of materials and clothing. Those returning from the war had responsible images as the bread-winning heads of families. "The man in the gray flannel suit" was conservatively dressed by day, and by evening, where about the only sartorial innovation was the shawl collar of the single-breasted dinner jacket. It was in leisure clothes that men became more colorful. Indian madras became popular for Bermuda shorts, for sports jackets, and later on for summer dinner jackets. Hawaiian-style, short-sleeved sports shirts came into use. Khaki pants, a holdover from the war, made up a new casual uniform, especially for college students, when worn with button-down shirts and penny loafers. Whereas the movies had promoted the height of monochromatic evening clothes for men, the fast-growing entertainment

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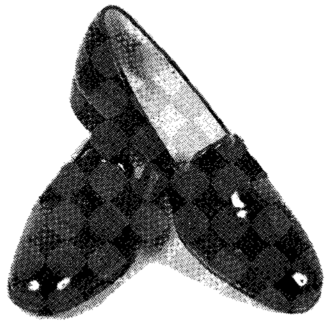

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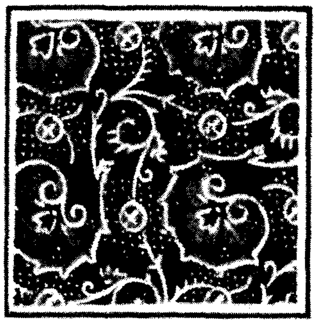


The cummerbund gets its name from the Hindu word kamarband, a long blanket of silk that Indians wrapped around their waists to ward off infection. Today's majority are made of silk and come in a variety of colors and patterns, the best of which recall Indian patterns such as paisleys and foulards. A cummerbund should always be worn with the pleats facing upward. Years ago, gentlemen used the pleats to cleverly conceal theater tickets.

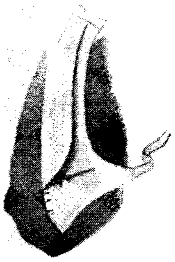
industry and the beginnings of color television popularized dinner jackets made in claret or sapphire brocade fabric, with black lapels. The French couturier Jacques Fath made a splash when he wore a red tartan dinner jacket, and by the end of the decade, plaids were commonly used for tuxedos. With the more flamboyant jackets, bow ties became smaller and square-ended. The new silhouette for men was trim and straight-lined, far removed from the "draped" fuller cut of the thirties.

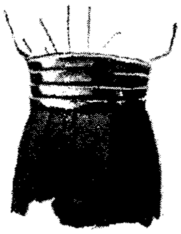
As the fifties progressed, women abandoned the hour-glass look for two new uniforms. One was the soft knit or tweed, braid-trimmed suit revived by Chanel when she made her famous comeback out of retirement. Chanel's suit was known for its short, boxy jacket, and a straight skirt with a kick-pleat. The other look was the sleeveless chemise dress, first shown by Norell and Balenciaga as a dress that curved in a bubble into its hem. "Sack dresses" met with disapproval at first, but when modified into sheaths, were adopted everywhere and remained prevalent well into the 1960's.

The "Camelot" years opened the sixties, and both Jack and Jackie Kennedy proved influential in terms of dress. American men continued to champion the boyish style that grew out of the Northeast, and women everywhere wanted to look like the First Lady. Her no-waisted dresses and suits, usually devoid of any decoration but worn with pearls, gloves, handled pocketbooks and low-heeled pumps, provided a lady-like ideal. Although associated with the pillbox hat, she was actually more influential in ushering in the era of the beautifully coifed head of hair—glossy, thick, and hatless.

Studied decorum crumbled under the influence of the youth explosion. Although not yet termed baby boomers, the largest sector of the population was teen-aged, and it was this rebellious factor that set the fashion, or the anti-fashion, of the end of the 1960's. Clothes were unisex, futuristic, psychedelic, see-through. Materials like mylar, paper, chain-mail, lucite, and lurex replaced the more functional wool, silk and linen. Legs, midriffs, and breasts were bared, and as more skin showed, makeup became more outrageous.

For the first time in men's fashion history, sports and military influences waned. The "Peacock Revolution" dictated luxurious fabrics like crushed velvet, brocades, laces and embroideries. Lapels and the bottoms of trousers flared. Ties, when worn, widened. Bow ties became giant butterflies. Men wore beards and moustaches, large sideburns and long hair. Ethnic and peasant sources





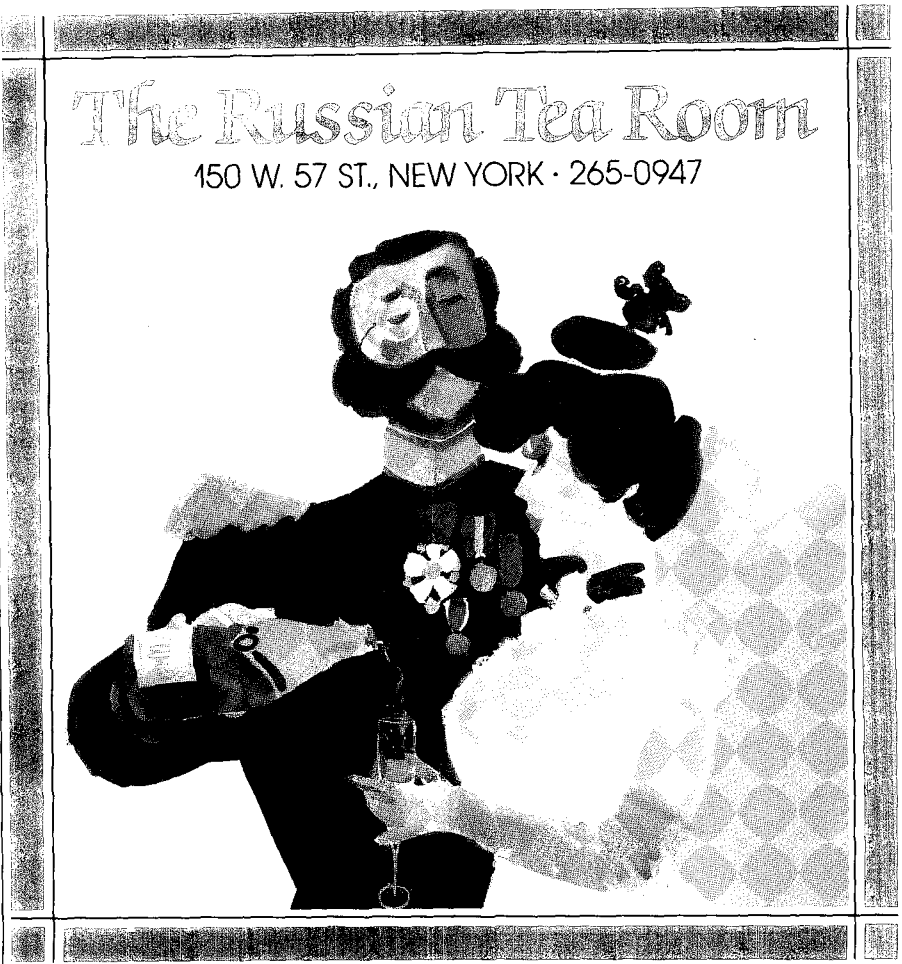
inspired gypsy shirts, fringed suede vests, lace-up boots, Indian tunics, and, of course, the Nehru jacket.

Black tie died a slow death in the seventies as rebellious kids got married at dawn barefoot, told their parents they'd rather go backpacking in Europe than be presented at a formal coming out party, and abolished the high school prom. Except in diehard communities, formal entertaining came to a standstill. The Ford Administration was marked by Woody Allen's escorting the First Lady while wearing tennis shoes with his tuxedo, and the Carter Administration got off to a somewhat casual start with the first black tie, rather than white tie, inauguration.

In this anniversary year of the tuxedo, it is clear that weddings, debuts, proms, charity galas, formal private dinners, and inaugurations are back. So great is the mania for formal dress that black tie motifs—pleated front shirts, black lapels, bow ties and boutonnieres—adorn anything from kitchen aprons to baby rompers, from shopping bags to stationery.

Many party invitations read "Creative Black Tie." For holdouts from the sixties who have yet to purchase a dinner suit, this means they can get away with a dark suit and a bright bow tie. For others, it's an excuse to sport a funky, thrift-shop "find" from the 1950's or 1960's.

For many others, though, black tie is an excuse to fine-tune their atten-



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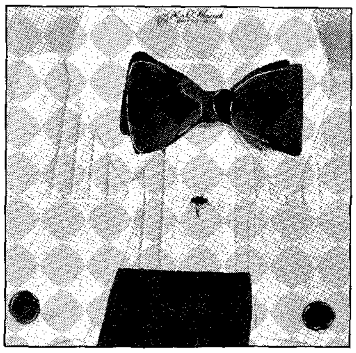

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The New Yorker Magazine also wishes to thank members of the Tuxedo Park Historical Society for their time and generosity in allowing the magazine to photograph in the Tuxedo Park environs. Special thanks to Mrs. Maude Coster French for her warmth, generosity, and the use of her home.

Photography by Michael O'Brien
Women's Styling by Susan Shadbolt
Men's styling by Ralph DiGennaro

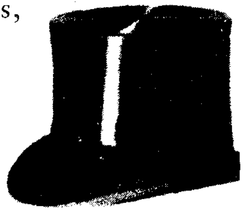
tion to detail. There is something romantic in seeing to it that every last accoutrement is perfect, down to the black silk hose and highly polished black calf shoes or patent leather pumps. It is these men who have revived the shirt with the separate wing collar, and who would never mar its effect by wearing an adjustable bow tie with the hardware in the back. Also back in fashion are evening suspenders, black watered silk for black tie, and white moire for white tie. Evening vests can be seen today, and with them, pocket watches on chains. Antique stud and cufflink sets, in Art Nouveau or Art Deco taste, sell briskly at the auction houses. The white silk evening scarf, either plain or patterned, is often worn inside now, after the velvet-collared topcoat has been checked.

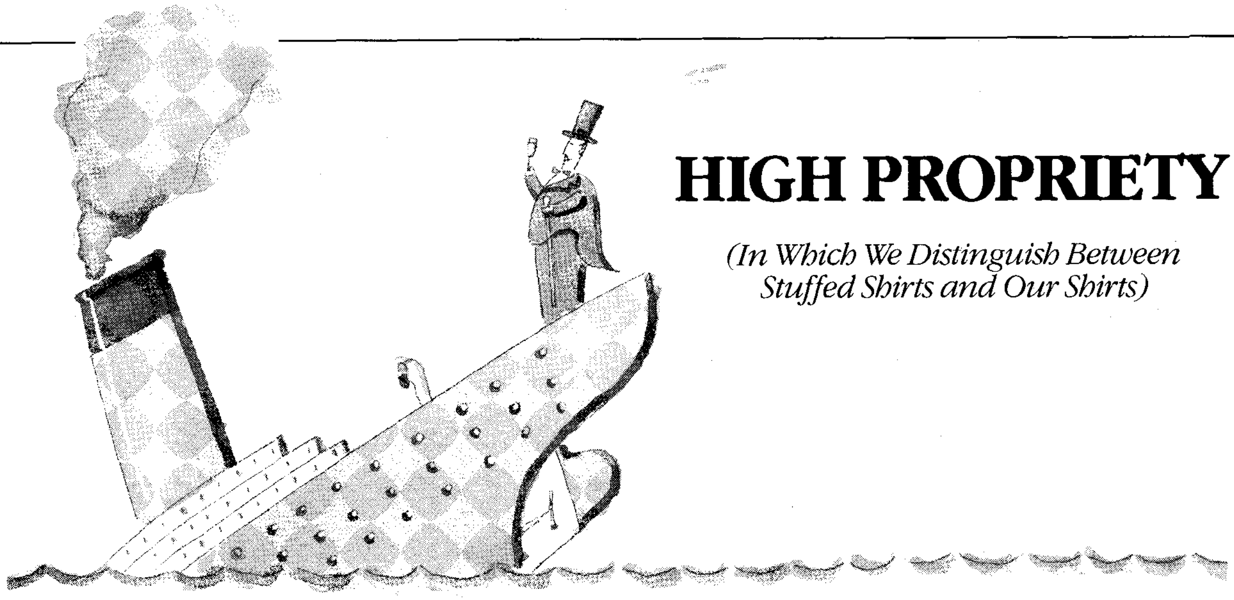
The tuxedo has origins as elegant as the garment itself, and in that respect, has remained impervious to the capricious ways of fashion. Indeed, the tuxedo is virtually indistinguishable from the informal dinner jackets worn in the late nineteenth-century summer colony of Tuxedo Park. The tuxedo is the embodiment of elegance, with all its historic implications, and deserves recognition in this, its centennial year, for enduring so long and so close to its original incarnation.

Not only have women been treated to a revival of the ballgown, and the short, flirtatious party dress, but they've too rediscovered the appeal and adaptability of black tie and trappings. Marlene Dietrich and Judy Garland both wore tuxedos to great effect, and today Catherine Deneueve can be seen in her signature "smokings" and Princess Diana in her husband's dinner suit. Details of men's evening dress have found their way into women's everyday attire: wing-collared, pleated-front shirts, soft bow ties, cummerbund belts, flat, patent-leather bowed pumps, and monogrammed velvet or suede slippers, and even the blazer with black or contrasting lapel have all contributed to the female business look.

The eighties have already generated many different styles worn simultaneously. There have been Madonna's deshabille, Dynasty's glitter, the Chanel revival, both punk and preppy looks, the safari movement, the one-white-jewelled-glove, and the day-glo sixties renaissance. Through all this, a hundred-year-old style has managed to prevail. The tuxedo has affected more men's, women's, and children's fashions in this decade than any other single look. Who knows, maybe even in time, the top hat will make a comeback.

—Ralph DiGennaro





HIGH PROPRIETY

(In Which We Distinguish Between Stuffed Shirts and Our Shirts)

The Unsinkable Ship

Legend has it that, when news that the Titanic was about to sink began to circulate among its passengers, one of them, the elderly Benjamin Guggenheim, summoned his valet and returned to his stateroom. When presently he emerged, he was in full evening attire, wearing tails and his best diamond studs. "Now we are dressed like gentlemen," he announced, "and ready to go."

While we wouldn't presume to dictate what a man ought to wear to meet his Maker, we pass along this story out of a certain admiration for Mr. Guggenheim and his sense of sartorial decorum. We ourselves have devoted a good deal of thought to matters of dress, and in doing so have arrived at some rather firm notions of our own, chief among them being that a man's attire is best determined by the occasion at hand.

The clothes a man wears, we believe, should follow the logic of his manners and, like good manners, put the people he meets at their ease. The man who habitually takes others into account imparts courtesy and consideration in attire that is proper.

Toeing the Line

To many people, propriety signifies the straight and narrow, a list of rules and regulations that precludes self-expression. Indeed, anyone who has ever consulted an etiquette book is acquainted with the sinking feeling that sets in as, reading on, one begins to realize that there are more ways to make a mistake than one ever imagined; and we are no different. But our interest is in the spirit of the law, not in its letter. Propriety is for us a matter of attitude, and in practice we find that attitude surprisingly roomy, capable of accommodating wit, whimsy, idiosyncrasies, creativity, and outright dissent. A man can bend the rules deliberately, intelligently, and still be well within propriety's bounds, or he may choose to wear a tee shirt to a fine restaurant, thereby imparting arrogance and a lack of appreciation for his surroundings.

Our Position

One gentleman of our acquaintance prides himself on the shirts he wears, "proper" to his way of thinking because they are made by a renowned haberdasher who hasn't changed their cut in over fifty years. With all due respect, we find this fellow's shirts archaic, rather clumsy-looking and out of focus, not at all in keeping with the standards we have set for a proper shirt today—standards which we are continually revising and adapting. No man is impervious to the time in which he lives, nor can we imagine why he would want to be. We furnish our customers with clothing that is conceived in response to the changing world around us.

That world is often daunting. In the face of hustlers and hucksters, in the light of the dire events we read about in the newspapers, the defense of propriety can sometimes seem foolish and quaint. It is then that we remind ourselves of Mr. Guggenheim, who went to his rest dressed to the nines, presumably because he deemed nothing less than the nines appropriate. His example has outlived him in this world, and we like to think that it somehow paved the way for him in the next.

Paul Stuart

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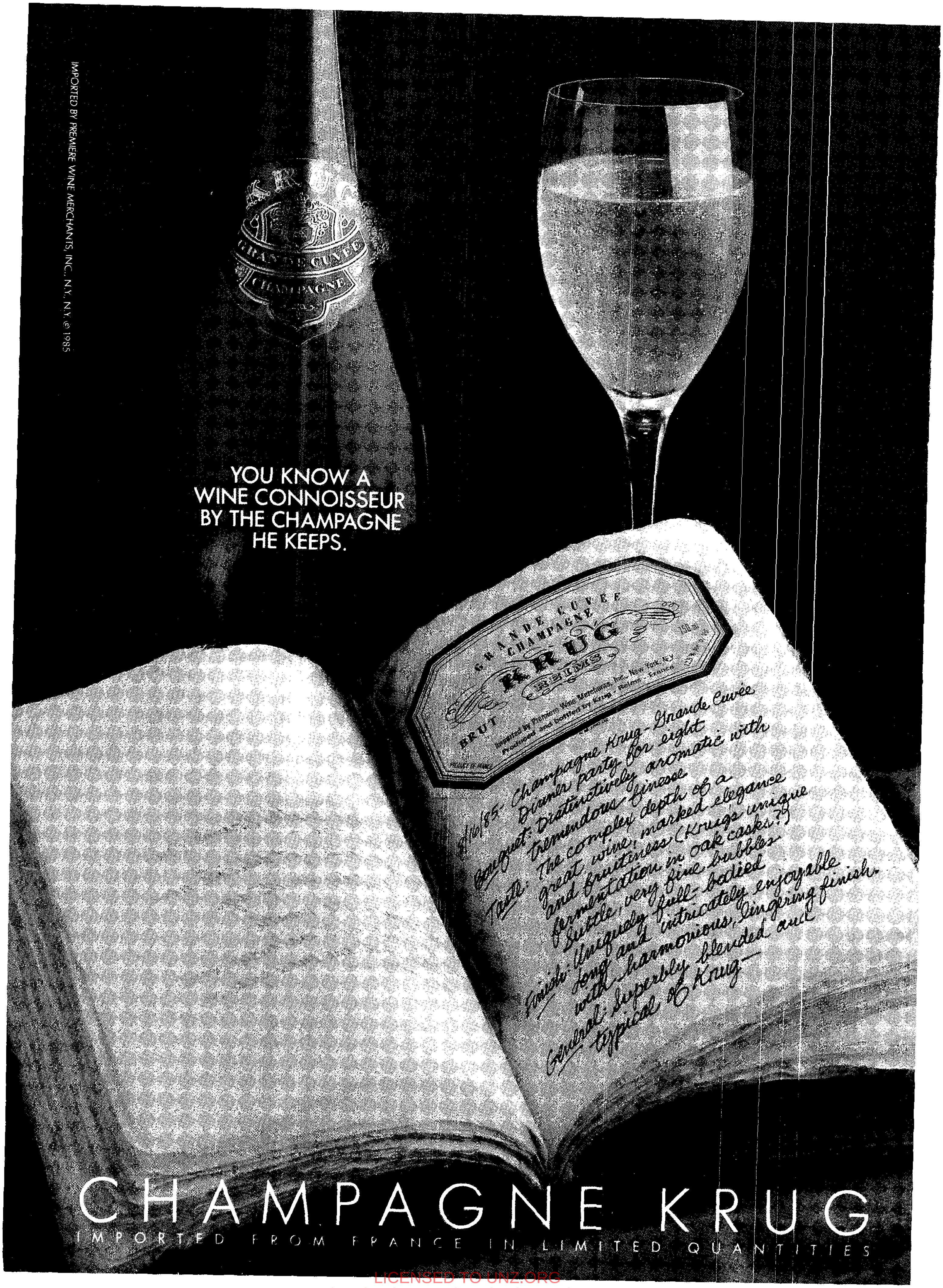
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THE ART WORLD

The Viennese Artists

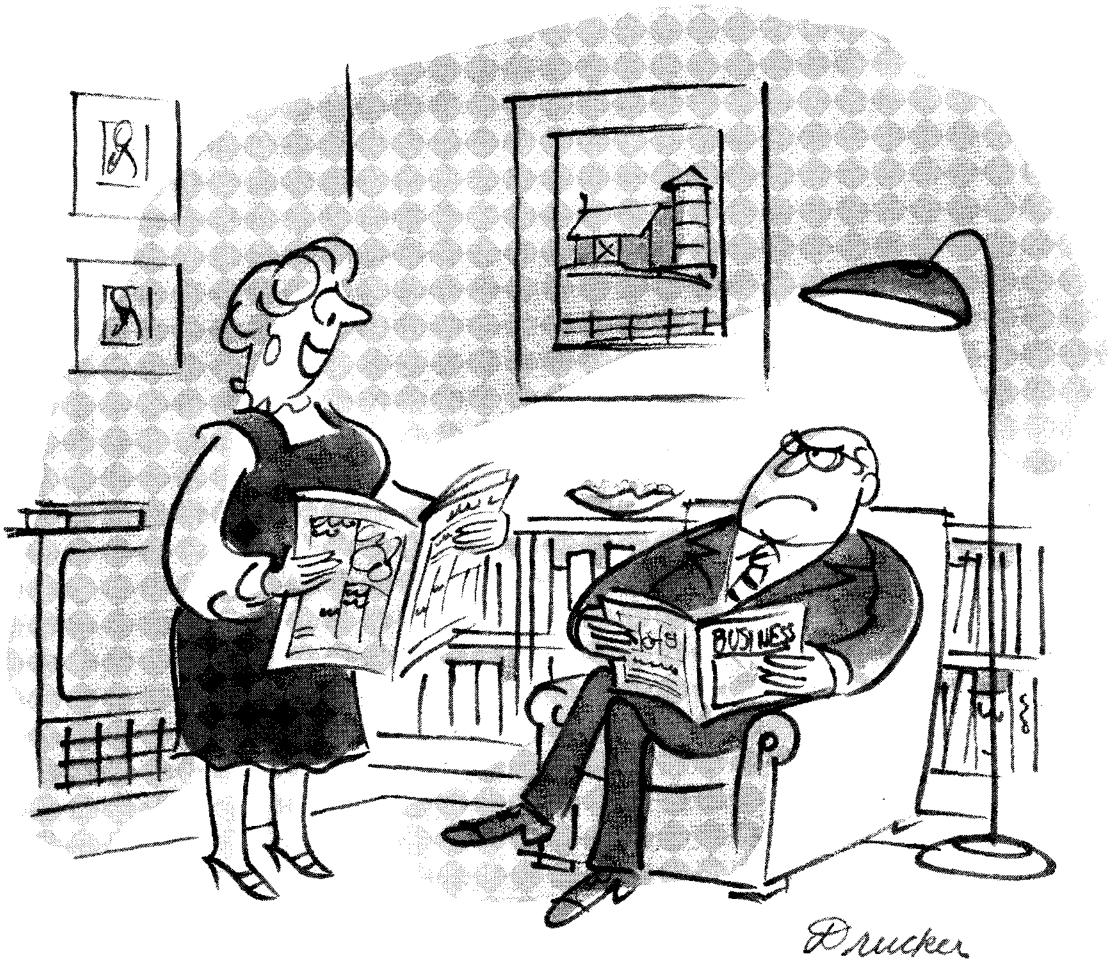
THERE is a downhill momentum to the Museum of Modern Art's "Vienna 1900" show. It is a beautifully presented, jewel-box-like exhibition about the painting, drawing, architecture, and decorative arts of Vienna during the period of roughly 1895 to 1918, when the city, the seat of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was conscious that the Hapsburg monarchy was a dying entity. It was a legendary time of political and social corruption and of achievements in music, literature, psychoanalysis. There was a sense of new possibilities in the visual arts, too. Vienna had never had a history of serious, personal oil painting. Now the city became responsive to Western Europe, and wanted to add its say. It had, so to speak, its pores open.

The pictures in the show, which are primarily by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and Oskar Kokoschka, are not works of great plastic beauty or complexity; they're paltry compared with Cézanne or Matisse. A case could be made, actually, that in Vienna at this time the decorative arts were, on a chart of relative aesthetic merit, ahead of painting. At the Modern, the furniture, fabrics, glassware, silver, posters, and so on by Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and other designers are, in general, more engaging and sumptuous than the pictures. But the paintings and drawings tell more of a story. It is a fairy tale about a quest for something to believe in, set in a kingdom where one's gut feeling is that nothing can be believed in. As we move from Klimt to Schiele—or from the generation of the nineties to that of the teens—we go from a belief in sensuality and physical beauty for their own sake to an over-adamant and, it feels, empty belief in the self. The Viennese artists present art in a minor key; their work makes you fall back on yourself, makes you sense your limitations, and it leaves you hungry.

Klimt is the mild eminence of the show. He is almost grand; he nearly does for the subject of women—their sensual presence, their apprehensiveness—what Munch does for the subjects of loneliness and jealousy. Klimt doesn't fully win us over; his work is always, in a tactile sense, thin. Something rarefied and exotic hangs over him; he is never urgent enough. He accomplished some big things, though. The other Viennese artists are so many brilliant boys (literally—most were hard at work while still in their teens); they arrived from nowhere with their vision intact. Klimt's work is frequently vulgar and embarrassing, yet he struggled to change his direction, to widen the scope of his work. He began as a decorator of public places; he was a commercial, not a "fine," artist. He came out of a widespread taste at the time for demonic women, for the idea of being enslaved to sex, and he stayed with this taste. In certain works, though, he turned it into something pure and lean.

Klimt's most ambitious, "serious" art is the equivalent of Hollywood Biblical spectaculars. In "Judith II," which is about Judith and Holofernes, the heroine is bare-breasted and her fingers are melodramatically outstretched, but the painting might as well be about a hardened shopper making her way through a department store on a sale day. "Goldfish," which shows some bouncy nude women in, it seems, an aquarium, including one who shoves her rear at us and grins, might be described as restaurant art from the days of Diamond Jim Brady. In the much reproduced "The Kiss," a kneeling and embracing man and woman are surrounded by a field of gold ornament, which is nice in itself, and Klimt has caught the devouring, enveloping aspect of lovemaking. The picture, though, is really just a glorified sex fantasy about a muscular, anonymous storybook knight who cradles a swooning lass, and the drawing of the features and hands is coarse.

Klimt's best paintings are his portraits of women. These paintings are



"My horoscope says I'm to beware of an unexpected love affair."

strong but not robust. From a distance, they are simply stylish objects; up close, you see that Klimt's subject is his rapport with women. He gets women to the quick—we believe we see how they think about themselves. Their faces are realistically drawn; their clothes, though, blend into the backgrounds, which are of ornamental patterns in gold, or swirls of iridescent colors, or syncopated units of different-size patches of color. Margaret Stonborough-Wittgenstein, the subject of one of his best paintings, is flustered: her hands twist, her face looks a touch damp, her hair resists being fixed in place. She doesn't seem to care about her looks, though; she is a young person who seems to question her very character, and we take this as a sign of strength. She wears a shimmery white dress—a lazy flow of pencil lines is evident beneath the white paint—and she is surrounded by units of blue, white, green, and gray arranged in a pleasing boxlike pattern. The background, which gives a sense of nobility and severity—and a sort of Dutch scrubbed cleanness and a shy warmth—suits her perfectly.

In the first of two portraits of Adele Bloch-Bauer, we seem to see the very moment that the sitter's face softens with the thought that she is loved by the painter and will be made beautiful by him. Yet she also seems to realize that there is something ridiculous about the idea that she is the center of this grand ornamental design. On his part, Klimt seems to laugh at her pretensions; he presents her as something of a moist goosey girl. But he also wants to make an object of great beauty for, or about, her; with its complex weave of one kind of gold patterning over another, the picture is like an official portrait of a czarina. Klimt and his model seem to be in the midst of an affair right before our eyes. Like some of Goya's portraits of women, the picture is about lovers deceiving themselves and about the pathos of vanity.

Klimt is an appealing man. There is little known about him personally. He said that he would get "seasick" whenever he had to write anything—even an informal letter, apparently—and so he left only a few (rather impersonal) statements. He had a squarish build and Mediterranean-Oriental, or Turkish, looks. He had dark, tanned skin, wore a short beard, and his hair was thin on top. He was the son of a goldsmith. He lived for almost thirty years with Emilie Flöge, who with a sister owned a dress shop. They had no children, but he was suspected of being the father of many children with other women.

The key incident of Klimt's life occurred when he came under fire from the University of Vienna for a group of allegorical murals—they showed nudes and crones with bowed heads floating in a vaporous netherworld—that had been commissioned on the subjects of Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy. The public disapproval of his work and the threat of censorship didn't crush Klimt, and his art didn't drastically change because of it; instead, the reprimands and humiliations seem to have made him more certain about an artist's need to base his art on personal liberty, on going against the grain of his society. Klimt increasingly led a hermit's life, both in Vienna and, in the warm months, in the Austrian countryside. He was known to dress in a blue robe, and to wear sandals. He designed the garment, and he and Emilie designed loose, flowing (and more complicated) garments for her. He no doubt associated this unconventional dress with the liberty he sought in his art.

Klimt's most sheerly beautiful works are his drawings. There are very few in the Modern's show. Most of these are studies for his murals, and while they are all right, they date from his overstylized, demonic-woman phase. His more characteristic drawings have a looser, freer line and a greater sense of spontaneity. They were sometimes used as studies for paintings but were more often done as ends in themselves. He left hundreds, and some are no more than rough sketches. He worked mostly with pencil and with a soft, sure hand. He didn't put in background details, such as chairs or sofas—his subject was the presence of the person before him. The richest drawings are of women who are seen in the nude, or with some bit of apparel, and are often lying on their backs or on their stomachs. These women are lithe and sensually aware in a way that women had not been in art before Klimt. By comparison, most earlier or contemporary female nudes (including Rodin's) seem bovine, objects without minds, anonymous creatures. Klimt's women, nude or clothed, are individuals, and their bodies still look contemporary. The feat of these drawings, though, is that

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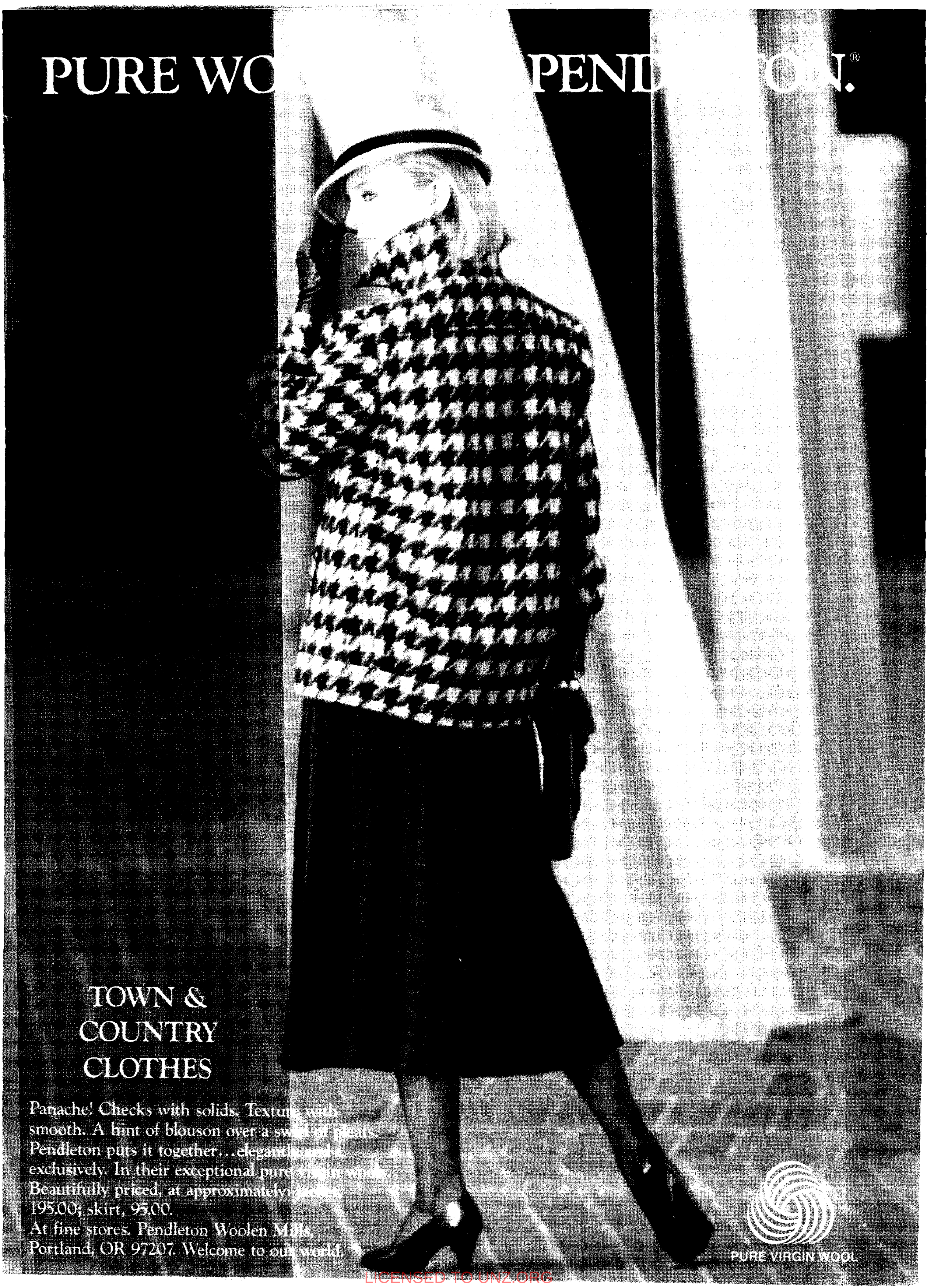

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Klimt makes a woman's genitals and pubic hair necessary elements in the visual rhythms he sets up. These works are equally erotic drawings and studies in form.

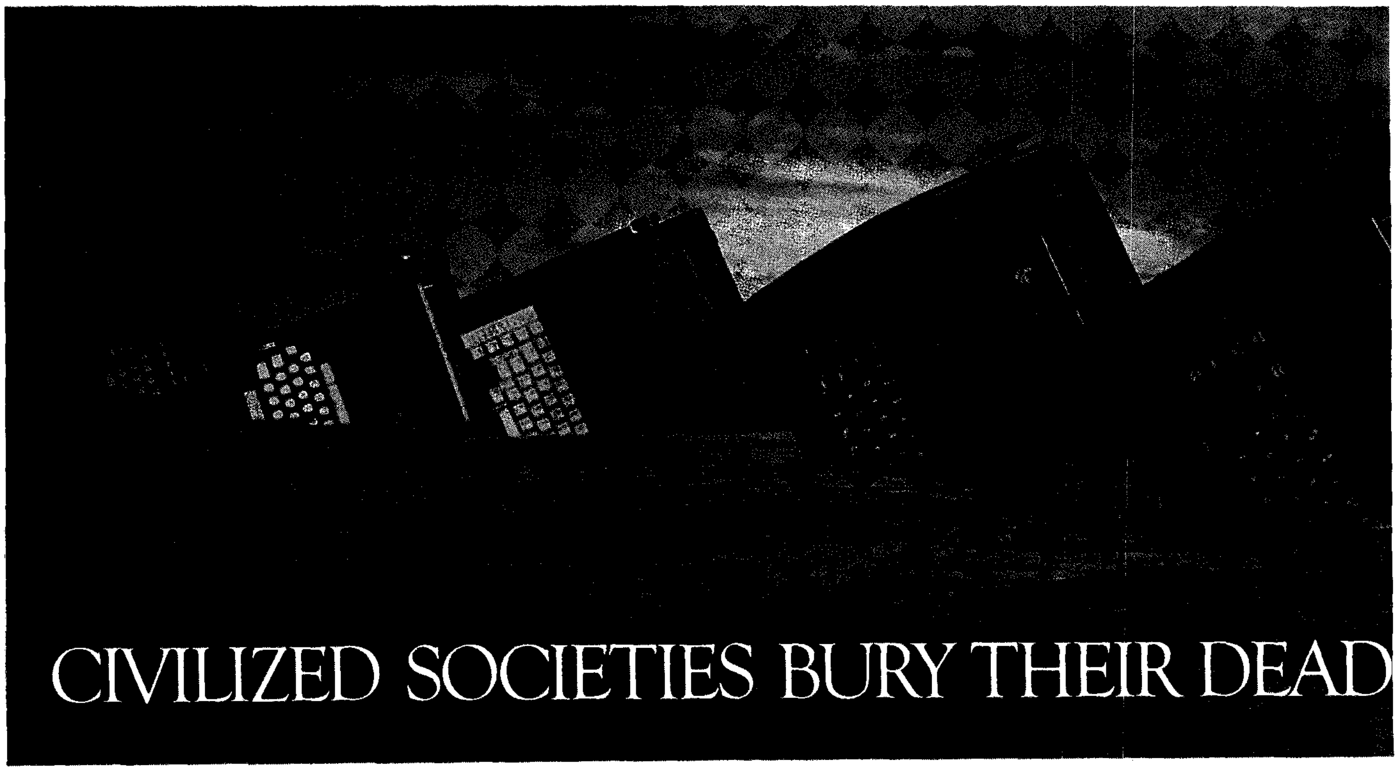
Yet the central works of "Vienna 1900" are Klimt's landscapes. This is not to say that they are good paintings. His subjects are meadows full of flowers, twilit forests, and villas by the edge of the Attersee, a lake near Salzburg. The landscapes at the Modern don't breathe or glow, and it's possible that his landscapes in general —he made them on a steady basis for some twenty years—are dissatisfying. Taken as illustrations, though, they help explain why Viennese art is stultifying (and why Vienna itself may have been stultifying). The setting is a lovely Alpine idyll—we'd like to be there—but after looking at a few of these pictures we long for sky and clouds and a sense of expansiveness. Klimt invariably used a square format, which suggests stasis to begin with, and each painting, which seems to be a blown-up detail from a larger picture, has a pressed-against-the-face flatness, like something seen through a telescope or a telephoto lens. The pictures present a world without prospects. It is a stilled, inland, and, it seems, isolated yet unchallenging place. No other European landscapes have quite this combination of loveliness and inertness. Did Klimt intend these pictures to be disquieting? One doubts it. They may even have been products for him, elegant pictures fashioned in a (then) fairly current, posterish style by the Klimt who was a craftsman.

THE pictures in the rest of the show convey a similar sense of willed creativity—of art without an underside. The last rooms, which have large numbers of pictures by Schiele and Kokoschka and samples of work by Richard Gerstl, Alfred Kubin, Arnold Schoenberg, and Klemens Brosch, made my head feel like a feather. Most of the work is overfamiliar—you look right through it.

Schiele has a large following, and for some he may be the most contemporary figure in the show. Most of his work is portraiture or pictures of models in a studio; his best-known pictures are probably his self-portraits where, nude, he grimaces, and his arms, hands, and body are twisted into painful positions. His images are said to reveal underlying moods and fears. I feel the opposite: that his work is hard and wall-like, that he is an unusually unsympathetic painter of people.

Schiele's images run together as you think about them. He always strikes a few related notes: he is after a crazed, immobilized, precarious moment. He gets the specific features of people, but he doesn't let the spirit of the model emerge. His paintings are generally considered to be inferior to his watercolors and line drawings, and the paintings, which are surprisingly large and ambitious, are certainly dank. They give off no light. They are like big, filled-in drawings. There is more light in the watercolors, but his blocky, robotlike stroke, which never varies in intensity, gives to all his works such a thoroughgoing sense of tension that one feels no real tension anywhere.

The most vivid aspect of Schiele is not his art but his zeal as a person. When you look at the photographs of him in Alessandra Comini's 1974 "Egon Schiele's Portraits"—there are no photos of the artists at the show—you are held by how contemporary Schiele appears and how different he is in each picture. He struts, or closes his eyes and purses his lips; he sits by a



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table, his hands curled into tight balls. He stands looking forlornly into his full-length mirror. He was quite thin, compact, and short, with dark, wiry hair that jutted this way and that. In some pictures, though, he might be a groomed, well-fed executive of forty-five. When we look at his work, we can believe that there are no insides to the man; in the photos, though, his sometimes arrogant, or cruel, or apprehensive face is filling. We only wish that there were more photographs. Had he been born seventy years later, he might have been a performance artist.

There is one marvellous painting by him at the show: "Self-Portrait Clothed." The painting is dated 1909, when Schiele was nineteen and something of a protégé of Klimt's, and in the period when Klimt was doing his best work—the portraits of Adele Bloch-Bauer and Margaret Stonborough-Wittgenstein. Schiele's narrow little picture is mostly black. There is a gold, green, and tan ornamental border on the left, and Schiele's face appears to emerge from a gold box on the top. His hands, with his fingers outstretched, jut in from the bottom. Schiele has taken Klimt's way of putting a realistic face in a decorative container and made it witty. We keep thinking that we see a whole torso, but there is no body—just face and hands. And Schiele's face is that of a charmer, a faker. The combination of flesh tones and gold in this painting reminds us of the softer, sweeter Italian Renaissance painters, and Schiele's skin has a rosiness and a powderiness that particularly recall Fra Angelico.

One feels that there was a gentle and devilish side to Schiele, and that, perhaps unconsciously, he sacrificed this part of himself. The 1909 self-portrait pulls us into a mysterious and lambent realm. It is his only work that does not feel brittle or armored. One believes that Schiele by nature was attuned to the lovely, to harmonious rhythms, but that something made him go off, like a knight, in pursuit of what he believed was a higher truth.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge Schiele, because he died at twenty-eight (in 1918, of the same influenza that killed, among many others, his wife). We don't know what he would have "become." Yet his work has an unusual unity for someone in his twenties. He hardly varied his approach; he virtually did not experiment. He worked with a single-mindedness that artists usually achieve much later in life. The truly tragic note about him is that he felt compelled to have this perfectly full "career."

Kokoschka, too, sprang from nowhere with a fully developed style when he was still young. He was in his early twenties when he did his best work. These are portraits in which he scratched clusters of doodles—twittering little graffiti—into the oil; we seem to see the sitter's aura. Taken individually, these paintings are admirable. The sitters seem to emerge from a fiery, quaking, physically beautiful substance, and one likes the way that Kokoschka holds back from deforming their features. When many of these portraits are brought together, though, one loses a desire to get close to any of them. All are made the same way. It is as though Kokoschka freakishly hit on a good thing and stuck with it for as long as he could; this string of portraits is like a superior road show. What is missing in Kokoschka and in Schiele is the sense that art-making can be about a private relationship between the artist and his materials. Both Kokoschka and Schiele appear to believe that the point

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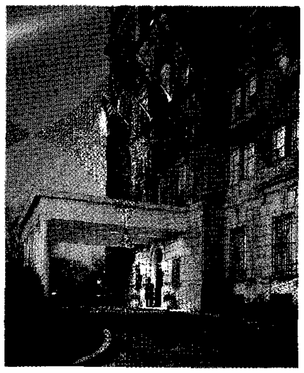

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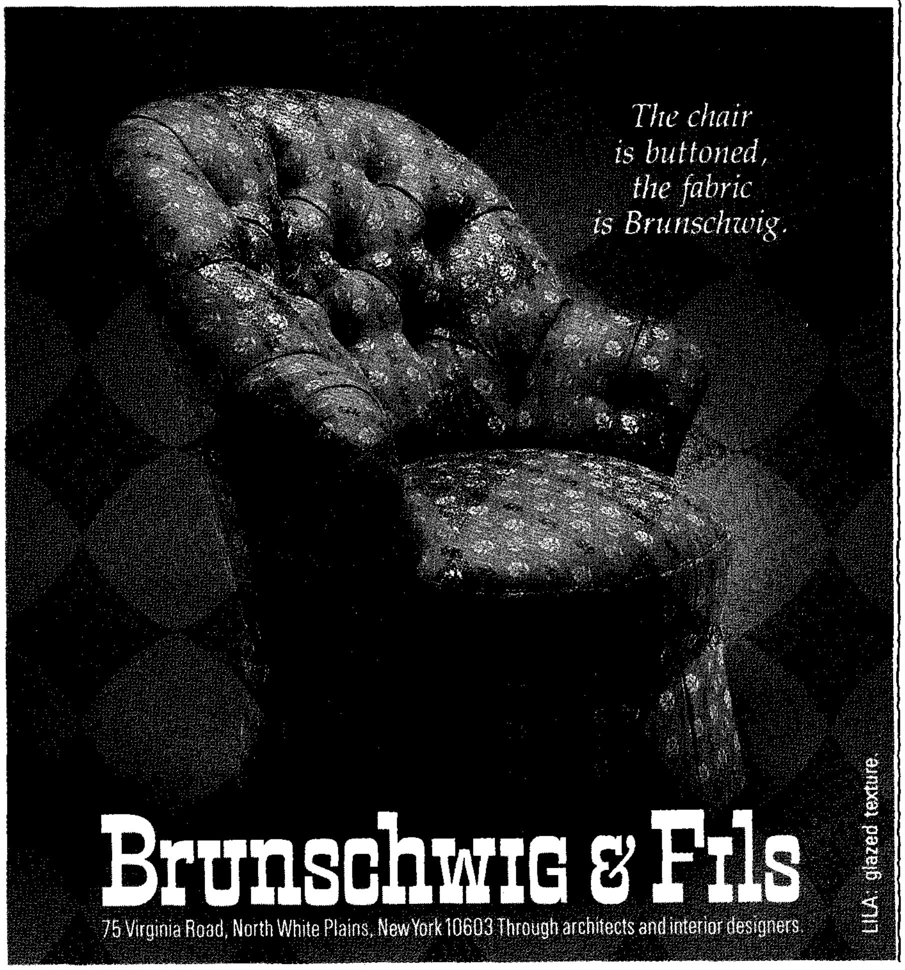
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of art is that it is a performance and that an artist's *only* relationship is with his public. I think this is why their work is repetitious and cannot bear repeated viewings.

"Vienna 1900" is a small show. Because paintings and drawings are mixed in with jewelry, fabrics, teapots, and other designed items, the exhibition feels more like a history lesson than an art show. (The drawings and photographs concerning architecture are in a separate section.) When you read the exhibition catalogue, by Kirk Varnedoe, the show's curator, you see that he intended a lesson—he does not believe that the work deserves more. Essentially, Varnedoe is reacting to people who in the last twenty years have wanted to see in the work of Vienna's architects, designers, and painters a radicalness and a profundity comparable with the work of the city's composers, writers, and scientists. In his estimation, Vienna's visual artists are not in the same league. He has many arguments, but his basic response is that a "heartiness" is missing.

Varnedoe is impressive. His may be the most ambitious and carefully thought-out catalogue that any New York museum has produced in a long time. What he doesn't emphasize, I think, is that Vienna's foray into the visual arts was a sort of born-yesterday experiment. Since before Klimt there had been no real tradition of painting in Vienna—no belief that painting was a serious and personal form of expression—one is amazed that these men accomplished as much as they did. (The sheer newness of art in Vienna may explain why Schiele and Kokoschka, once launched, made their pictures doggedly.) Varnedoe describes a major shift in Viennese thinking, from the ornate, "fancy" surfaces of Klimt's paintings (and the buildings and designs contemporary with him) to a sweeping rejection of this in the next generation. The younger artists were drawn to chastely unornamented façades in architecture, to a geometric rigidity in the decorative arts, and to a scrawny, harsh plainness and realism in painting. Varnedoe rightly says that the Viennese didn't fulfill the "fancy" or the "plain"—that both responses lack vitality and originality. Yet isn't Vienna's infatuation with the ornate and the harshly plain really two parts of the same story? It is as though, as the monarchy was going through its death throes, the artists wanted somehow to salute it—to give a body to what had always been bodiless—and then express their contempt and their desire to be released from it. Viennese art mirrors a single event: how a society and a culture kicked up and died.

The work of Klemens Brosch, who is virtually unknown here, provides a closing note. Brosch was also an artist when still a teen-ager. He took his life at thirty-two. The nine drawings by him at the Modern—he apparently made only drawings—are not exactly first-rate. Brosch is a descendant of a German and a Central European strain of literary and symbolical art; his individual pictures are so many odd tales that we immerse ourselves in once—and probably do not want to return to often. Alongside Schiele and Kokoschka, though, they are particularly refreshing. Brosch is especially interesting where he seems to be responding to Klimt's landscapes. Klimt looked realistically—and passively—at the flattened-out, ultra-pretty, and prospectless world that faced his generation. The younger artist, who may or may not have known these landscapes, seems to imagine, in some of his drawings, ways of getting out of that world.

In one drawing we look straight up into a night sky, at a dirigible overhead. We feel we are on the ground, on our backs. In another drawing we soar up with birds; we are no longer connected with people. In another one, which includes birds flying over a valley, we see the earth from such an odd perspective that we can't tell what we're seeing. A drawing called "Memories of the Vienna Skating Rink" might be an epitaph for the entire show (though it is not, in tone, elegiac). We are gliding down, from the height of a bird, on lights strung over a rink. Far beneath these globes there are funny antlike people skating this way and that, their shadows cast on the ice. It seems that Brosch has won his freedom for good, and has now returned for one last look. —SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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[*From Cal Poly Report, newsletter of California Polytechnic State University, in San Luis Obispo.*]

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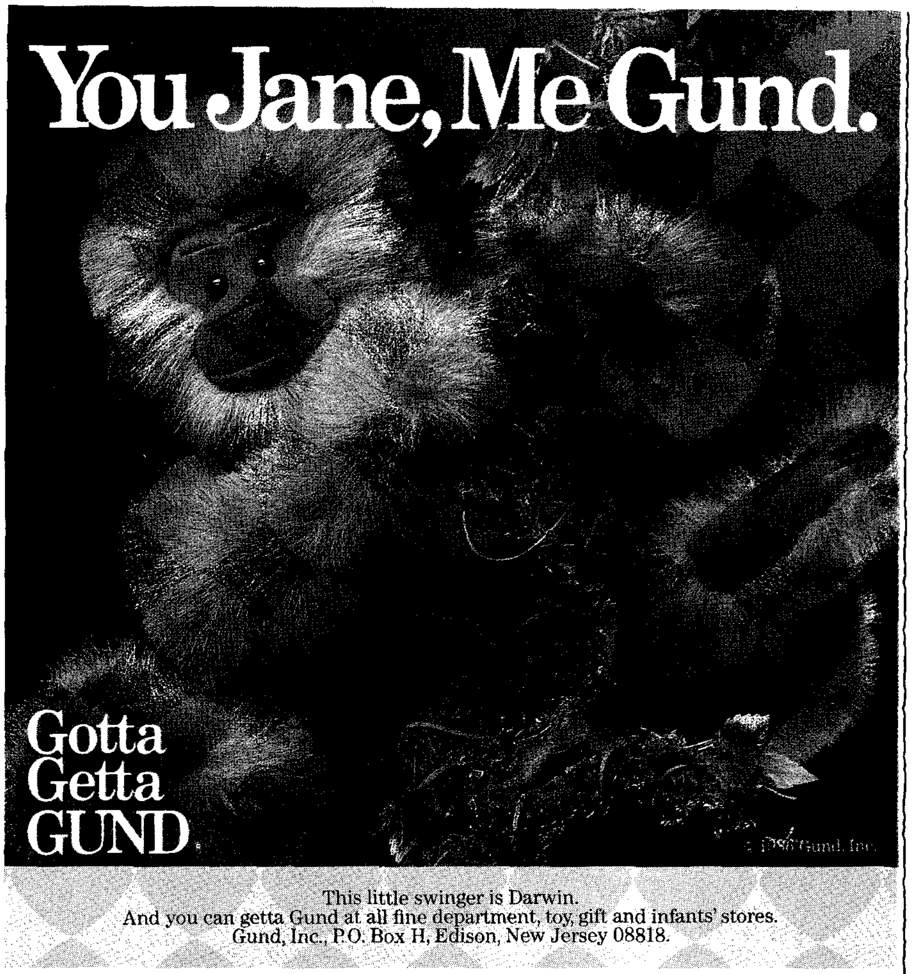

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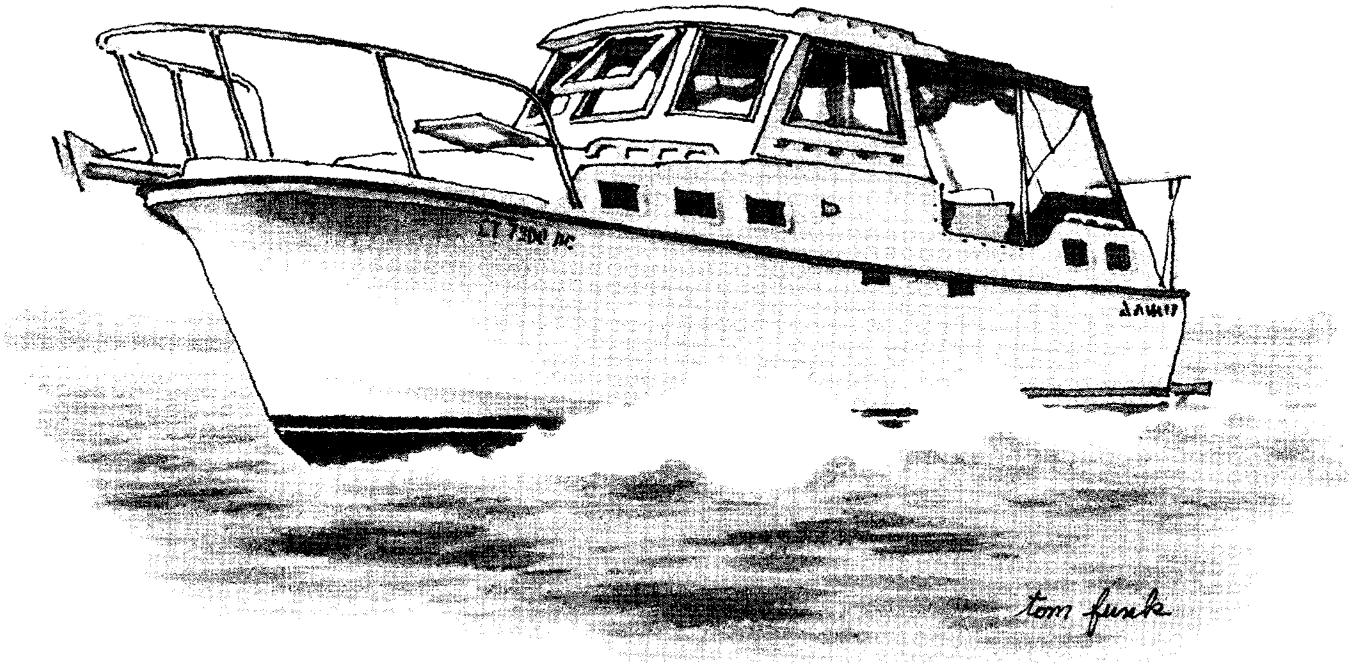

TWO boats ago—about five years in real time—my wife, Elaine, and I decided to circumnavigate Long Island. The distance, not counting detours, is about two hundred and seventy-five statute miles—not a very extended voyage for even the smallest vessel. Each July, a fleet of more than a hundred racing sailboats makes approximately this circuit in a weekend. A non-stop voyage, however, was not what we had in mind. While the hilly North Shore of Long Island can be appreciated, more or less, as you go by at a distance, the subtle and austere contours of the Atlantic littoral that forms Long Island's South Shore require a closer, more leisurely view, and the chain of bays and channels running behind the barrier beach, from Rockaway Point to Shinnecock Inlet, provides an ideal vantage. I grew up on the largest of those shallow, constricted waters—the twenty-mile-long Great South Bay, which separates most of Fire Island from Long Island proper. In recent years, the Bay had served as the turnaround point for several of our family's voyages from Connecticut; now we wanted to complete the ellipse: to continue counterclockwise around the so-called fishtail of eastern Long Island—Montauk Point, on the south, and Orient Point, on the north—and wind up back in Long Island Sound. But the Bay remained the primary attraction for us, as it has been for me as far back as I can remember.

Starting at the age of nine or ten, when my parents set me loose alone in a fifteen-dollar rowboat with the sole instruction "Come back when you get hungry," I spent most of my summer days (and an occasional night) on the Bay, doing things that would today make any right-thinking parent's blood run cold. The time was just after the Second World War, when pleasure boats, even small ones, were much rarer than they are now. It was a time when—at least during the week—much of the Bay was almost completely empty. If you got in trouble, there was frequently nothing but your own ingenuity or muscle to get you out. The Coast Guard had a station five miles down the Bay from where I lived, but they minded their business as we minded ours: the Coasties were for serious stuff, not for broken-down outboards or becalmed sailboats. And, besides, not one small boat in a hundred had a two-way radio with which to call for help. The Bay was ours, but we put ourselves at its mercy.

There is an anecdote in which a novice sailor asks an aged waterman how he learned the positions of Chesapeake Bay's many shoals and bars. "Hit 'em all" is the laconic punch line—one that draws a nod of recognition from every skipper old enough to tell the difference between skill and luck. It is a line that capsules a whole approach to learning—an approach we seem mostly too fearful, too impatient, or too shortsighted to entertain these days. I don't know what was going on in my parents' minds when they sent me off. They may have figured that since I could swim like a fish I was as safe on the water as anyplace else. Or they may not have given the matter a second thought. Whatever their reasoning, I made and survived most of the possible mistakes, learned from some of them, and am in retrospect deeply grateful. The Bay was my Arcadia, and any proper land of enchantment has its dragons and its moments of terror as well as its heroes and triumphs. In time, I left the Bay for what advertised itself as the real world, and, seduced by the attractions of long-distance, deep-water cruising, took my boats—sailboats by then—into other waters. For a while, I lost track of the Bay, but, like Mole's underground home in "The Wind in the Willows," it was only waiting for me to rediscover it.

Once I had realized this, Elaine and I began to make exploratory return trips in several types of small sailing cruiser, and the voyages were certainly adventurous and mostly enjoyable. But we finally allowed ourselves to acknowledge the heretical truth: for a proper Bay cruise—and certainly for our circumnavigation—we required a motorboat. And not just any motorboat but one that had running water and a decent galley and a toilet compartment with a door on it, and had enough clearance so that you could stand up in the cabin without hitting your head. I shudder to recall the depths of decadence to which we sank in that moment of honesty. Moving with the swift decisiveness that only irresponsibility can engender, we hurried out and, before reality could supervene, plunked down the little sloop we then owned as advance payment on a twenty-seven-foot cabin cruiser. After what diplomats call "a frank exchange of views," the family decided by a two-to-one vote to name her Nutshell. Our son, Eric, may not be fully reconciled even yet, but he agrees that it's at least an improvement over the boat's generic name, Albin 27.

By either name, she represents a fusion of two schools of boat design. Her hull and underbody derive from the commercial lobster boats of New England, with a deep, sharp bow to cushion the ride and a wide, flat underbody aft for stability; the rest of her is Continental—an adaptation for Americans of the kind of touring cruiser that has been popular for decades on rivers, canals, and estuaries across Northern Europe. Such a cruiser emphasizes economical accommodations for a family, with as much privacy as is possible in a boat; the cockpit is often amidships, separating sleeping cabins forward and aft, and Nutshell has the added advantage of a folding top that, when raised, makes her central cockpit into a sort of plein-air living room. Instead of the oversized twin engines common in American cruisers, a boat of this type has a single diesel whose horsepower is about twice that used in this country to push an auxiliary sailboat of the same size; thanks to differences in displacement and hull shape, Nutshell is somewhat faster than a sailboat under power—eight knots as opposed to five—but she's no speed demon.

CRUISING boats move in ruts, like other vehicles, but the sea erases their tracks. My rut from Nutshell's home port, in Norwalk, Connecticut, to the South Shore of Long Island runs west to New York City, south down the East River, out the harbor mouth, and thence east. The prevailing summer wind is southwesterly, more or less against us for the first two legs of the trip but not strong enough, usually, to make a difference. When Elaine and I set out on our circumnavigation, late one midsummer Friday afternoon, the wind's direction was as advertised, but the normal summer breeze had turned savage, greeting our departure with a barrage of ferocious squalls and short, steep seas, which shook loose several of the wooden racks in Nutshell's galley, revealed an unsuspected series of leaks up forward, and dumped an entire box of cassette tapes upside down in two inches of salt water surging back and forth on the cabin floor. After two hours of bashing westward, we had made little progress, and the main cabin had a sodden, shattered look, as if it had been dropped off a precipice into a swamp. Although no rain was falling (an academic point when spray and occasional solid water are sweeping the boat), the National Weather Service radio at Rockefeller Center, in Manhattan, was muttering in tones of gloomy relish about a severe-thunderstorm warning. Ahead of us, the sky was darkening rapidly, and it seemed a good idea to arrive someplace while we could still see where we were going. Accordingly, we slipped into a small, nearly landlocked harbor of refuge at the tip of Lloyd Point, on the North Shore, joining a dozen boats already at anchor. Even in this cul-de-sac, the wind, which I guessed to be blowing at about thirty knots, raised a perceptible chop and caused the boats to weathercock wildly around their anchors. It was a restless, jumpy night—like trying to sleep on the back of a nervous horse. I found myself on deck frequently, trying to decide from the relative positions of the lights around us whether our anchor was still holding. At last, around 3:30 A.M., the wind stopped, as abruptly as if someone had turned off a switch. Though there continued to be occasional grumbles and flashes in the west, the predicted rain did not begin until the middle of Saturday morning. Then sheets of it paraded across our little harbor, washing the previous night's salt off the deck and off the cockpit's canvas top.

MOST people like to pretend that a boat trip is ideal for reading. More—that the mere process of voyaging will somehow marinate a previously indigestible book until it becomes not only chewable but tasty. Because of this illusion, one of the unwritten rules of cruising seems to require each member of a boat's complement to take along some book that he or she has been unable to finish ashore. "War and Peace" is probably the all-time favorite for long cruises, though "Doctor Zhivago" was running it a close second for a few years. (There is probably a Ph.D. thesis in here someplace.) I decided to subject this proposition to my own acid test, and bought for the purpose a paperback copy of "Moby Dick," a novel that on land has a perfect record against me—five attempts and no completion. Elaine is the kind of person who takes two books with her on a five-minute excursion to the filling station. When we travel, she arms herself with vast quantities of reading matter—usually the entire œuvre of some prolific author. This time it was Dickens, and not paperbacks, either, but the kind of matched volumes—uncut gilt-tipped pages bound in what looks like sackcloth—that are passed unread from generation to generation. We did not bring the complete set, but what we were carrying weighed enough to give Nutshell a noticeable list to the library side. I admire anyone who can face with equanimity a bleak gray dawn afloat, but to top it with a stiff dose of "David Copperfield" is beyond my comprehension. I looked at "Moby

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Dick," and it lay there inscrutably.

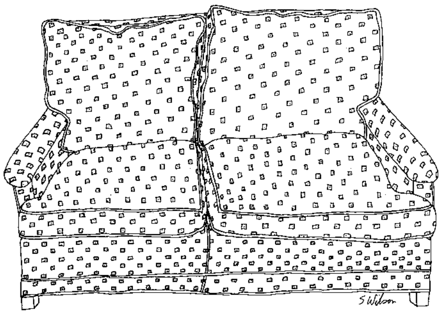
By noon, the rain had moderated, and the boat's interior, though uniformly damp, was orderly again. There was no reason to stay at anchor any longer, and we resumed our voyage—I at the helm, Elaine boring into David's unfortunate childhood. Out on the Sound, the skies were still overcast, but the wind had died completely. Ahead, the New York skyline was veiled in haze.

THE stretch of the East River separating the Bronx from Queens, between the Whitestone Bridge and Hell Gate, is as unattractive a waterway as you could easily find. I have always thought that parts of it would make a fine set for a horror film. On the north are the Hunts Point and Port Morris sections of the Bronx—grimy subindustrial wharfage, for the most part. Across the river is Flushing Bay—desperately polluted, and edged on one side by LaGuardia Airport's runways. The jets, making for the primary landing runway, come down so low over the East River that large vessels are warned to keep to its north side, so that their spars won't become involved with aircraft undercarriages. Just to the west of Flushing Bay sits Rikers Island, a typical example of New York Harbor land use—a potentially handsome island disfigured by a prison. Farther west, the river's main channel runs between North Brother and South Brother Islands; South Brother is a desolate rock, and North Brother is worse—an abandoned hospital so sunk into decay that a rat would blush to call it home. On the channel side of North Brother is a tiny, long-closed Coast Guard station; the handful of personnel who were once stationed there must have felt like reprieved criminals when the aids to navigation that they manned—a light and a bell—were automated.

West of the Brothers, the river takes a sharp bend to the south, past a huge Con Ed generating station on the left bank, and immediately passes under two high bridges. The northerly one—an ancient, soot-blackened steel arch that still manages a soaring leap over the turbulent water below—carries the Amtrak's Boston express from the Bronx into Long Island City and thence into Manhattan. There is often a dead automobile abandoned on the bank under the bridge's western foot. The southerly bridge is the Bronx-Queens span of the Triboro, and the shelter of its eastern foot seems much favored as a parking space for police patrol cars.

Hell Gate is just beyond. Although its name, among sailors, is a synonym for turbulence, Hell Gate is often disappointingly calm. The fact is that its teeth were drawn back in the nineteenth century, when the reefs that made it a killer were dynamited out of existence. Now, on most days, the only signs of its force are sullen swirls on the surface of the water which hint at the pressures below, where masses of water moving at speeds of up to six miles per hour pour through a constricted channel with a depth varying abruptly from thirty to ninety feet. Sometimes, when a strong south wind, funnelled up the river by the buildings on either side, confronts a full-moon-driven tidal current moving in the opposite direction, Hell Gate still lives up to its name, with standing waves that can crush a small boat, or currents capable of causing a towed barge to take charge of the tug pulling it. I was glad, on this passage, that we had not been here the previous day. As it was, with the wind nearly calm, Elaine took Nutshell through with no trouble, and with a certain inevitable letdown. ("Is this all there is to it?")

No one who participated, as I did, in the 1976 Operation Sail will ever again be able to go down the East River past Manhattan without seeing it as it was the day before that glorious event—the river jammed from side to side with vessels of every type and size, the waterfront three deep in onlookers, and every window of every building dotted with heads. But the spectacle of Manhattan's East River shore is striking even on the most ordinary day, thanks at least partly to the way the vista suddenly opens up as your boat clears Hell Gate: first, a glimpse of Gracie Mansion (if you don't look sharp, you'll miss it among its trees) over the bow, and then the imposing buildings that line the river and guide the eye to the architectural climax at United Nations Plaza. We had made the passage between Manhattan and Roosevelt Island often enough so that we succumbed this time to the temptation to try the less used channel between Roosevelt and the Long Island City shore. It was a mistake—on our left a straggle of weary industrial buildings, and on our right the backside of Roosevelt Island (which very definitely faces in the other direction). As Nutshell pressed doggedly downstream against the current, spongy-looking gray clouds ahead and astern were dragging across the city from west to east. One passed astern of us, weeping long trails of rain, as we slid under the Brooklyn Bridge—incomparably the most beautiful of all the spans that cross the river—and then the harbor itself opened up in front of us.



Dodging between showers, we moved down through the anchored shipping and under the Verrazano Bridge to the Lower Bay, where we turned east. We could discern a few patches of pale blue among the clouds to the north as we ranged along Coney Island's nearly deserted beach. We rounded the end of the island and dropped anchor at about six o'clock in a partly sheltered cove called Dead Horse Bay, a bite taken out of a piece of land called Barren Island, which is part of Jamaica Bay, in the area now grandiloquently called Gateway National Recreation Area. It was a pleasant enough little anchorage, with an enclosing arm—a sandspit—that seemed to be eroding so fast that there might not even be a Dead Horse Bay by next spring. As it was, the arm was apparently just under water at high tide, and it had trapped a boat about six hours before we arrived. Now the boat's hull was high and dry, and the disconsolate owner stood in full view of God and everybody, with nothing to do but wait for the next tide and try to look like someone who had put his boat there on purpose.

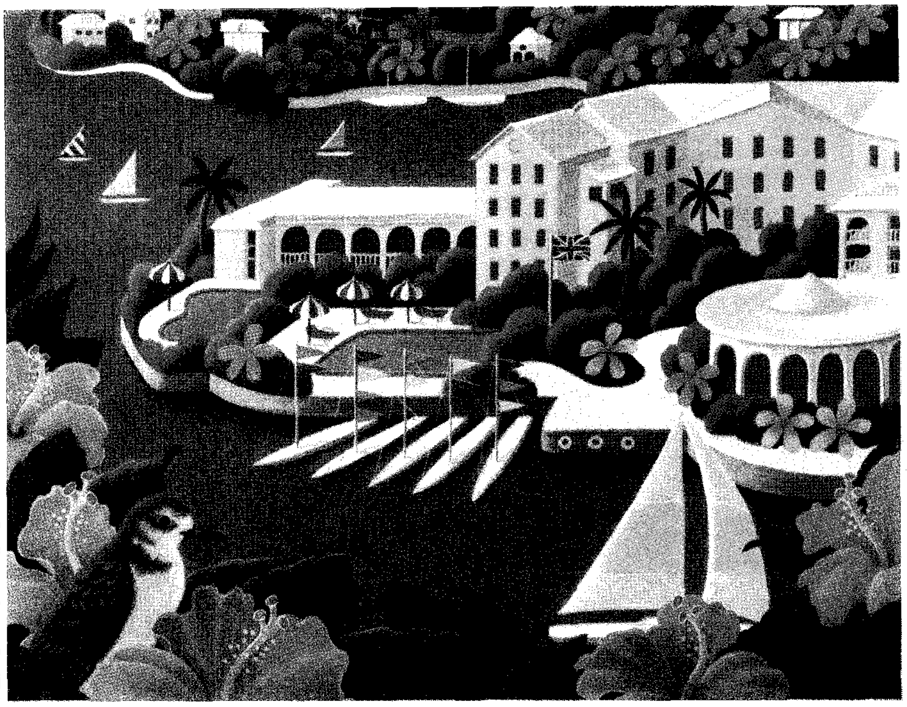
The name of Dead Horse Bay apparently commemorates a nineteenth-century factory, situated there, that used horses (among other ingredients) in making fertilizer. Jamaica Bay is full of low, sedgy islands—as are Hempstead Bay and Middle, East, and South Oyster Bays, which string out from it to the east. The narrow channels between the islands and the life they sustain are made possible by the barrier beaches lying between them and the Atlantic—bulwarks of sand and beach grass that run most of the length of Long Island.

Our anchorage was just below the

inbound flight path for Kennedy Airport, and on a summer Saturday evening the big jets come roaring in at about one-minute intervals. There are few things less likely to inspire peace of mind than the view from beneath of a passenger jet on its final approach: it drops to earth like a thrown rock. Yet there are few things more fascinating to watch, at least for a while. At nine, just as we were beginning to wish they would go land somewhere else, a sudden thick fog descended, and within a few minutes we could neither see nor hear a thing—it was like being wrapped in a damp quilt. The nearest anchored vessel, about a hundred feet away, was barely a shadow, and the marooned boat on its sandbar was invisible.

As the Weather Service's evening broadcast had predicted, a cold front came through during the night, accompanied by a brisk northwesterly that blew away all traces of haze. On Sunday morning, the sky's blue was hard and metallic, every visible thing looked sharp-edged, and we could see the highlands of New Jersey, ten miles away across New York Harbor, etched on the horizon. It was the kind of morning that pumps ambition into one's veins—a perfect morning to not read "Moby Dick"—and Nutshell was under way by eight-thirty, heading east along the high-rise-studded ocean shore of Rockaway Beach toward East Rockaway Inlet, where we ducked into the inland waterway behind Long Beach Island, the first segment of the barrier beach. The waterway is a narrow channel here, often as straight as a highway, and on a summer weekend it is jammed with boats bound somewhere else—usually fishing boats heading for the inlets at either end.

Jones Inlet, the aperture at the east end of Long Beach Island, may well be the most dangerous of the five Atlantic openings in the South Shore. It possesses not only the strong tidal currents usually associated with inlets but also an amorphous shape that resists stabilization by man—the buoy that marked last week's best channel may be stranded high and dry this week by the shifting sands. And so may vessels that attempt such a passage in bad weather or without local knowledge. The only sizable rocks in South Shore inlets are those man has placed there, in breakwaters, to attempt to control the eternal westward flow of sand—the littoral drift—which shapes the



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barrier beach. But even without rocks to strike, a vessel grounded in an inlet is in serious trouble; I remember as a boy watching a beached fishing trawler reduced in a couple of hours to pieces no bigger than firewood—and by waves too small for me to bodysurf in.

Inlets in the barrier beach are formed, as a rule, when storm seas break through with enough force to carve a temporary channel from the ocean to the bay behind. The new inlet may soon be sealed by tides carrying loose sand, or it may be lapped over from the east by the sand-carrying littoral drift. Moriches Inlet, which marks the eastern end of Fire Island, has opened and closed several times since it first appeared on charts, in 1620. (The present inlet, stabilized by jetties and frequently dredged, dates from 1931.)

Jones Beach Island contains not just Jones Beach but several other public beaches—Short, Gilgo, Tobay, Captree, and Oak Beach—all accessible over bridges by car or bus, and also by private boat. In consequence, on any sunny Sunday in July the channel behind the beach is jammed: family cruisers promenading; fishing boats of all sizes going in both directions; hired rowboats anchored in the middle of the crowd and apparently oblivious of the wakes that threaten them from every side; and, careering perilously among them, that current blight of the waterways the so-called macho boat. (This is a new designation. When these noisy, phallic contrivances first appeared, a few years back, they were known, at least within the boat trade, as sex boats—a derisive reference to their function as a psychological buttress for waning virility.) Although bedizened to resemble offshore racing powerboats, macho boats are not fast enough, or their owners proficient enough, for serious competition; the boats' only apparent function is the terrorizing of other boats' crews with their overlarge wakes, ear-shattering exhausts, and threatening names (rendered in minatory graphics), and with the bad manners of their operators—mostly overweight men of a certain age, covered with hair and festooned with glitzy gilt fertility symbols.

LETTUCE
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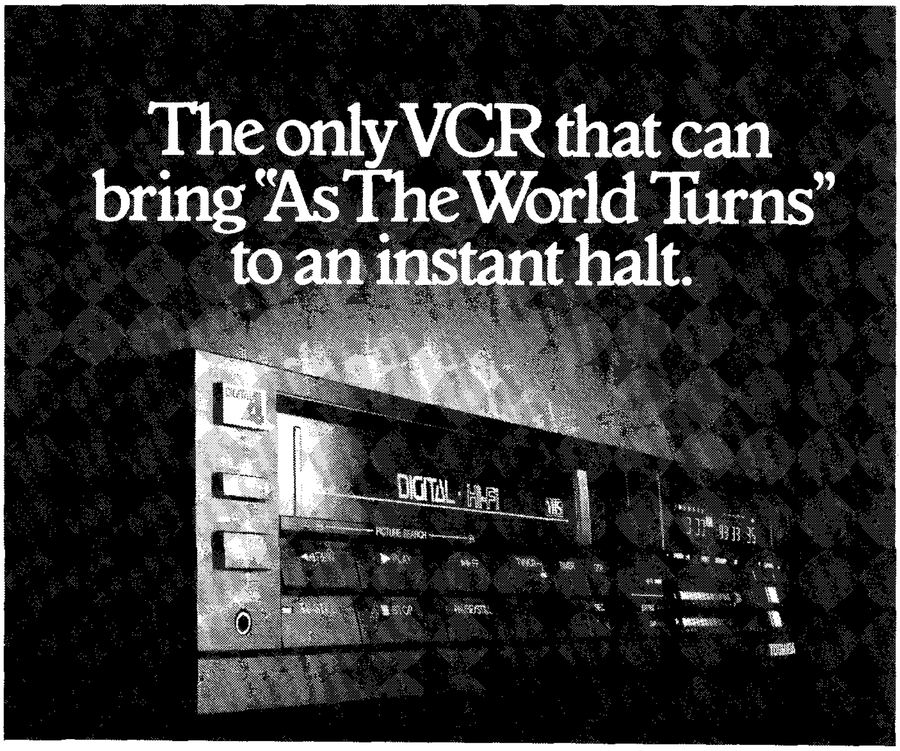
The last time we had run this stretch of water—in our little sloop, on a dismal, rainy weekday—scarcely another boat was to be seen. Under those conditions, the boggy shores on both sides of the channel teemed with waterfowl. As we slid by, almost within touching distance of the bank, we were enchanted by the long-legged wading birds and the low-flying gulls; of the latter, the most fascinating to watch was the skimmer, which, as its name suggests, flies just above the water's surface, seining on the wing with its undershot lower bill. We had despaired of seeing any wildlife this time, but a surprising number of birds were on hand, ignoring the roaring boats only a few feet away—though the proximity of all those vessels made it impossible to lift one's eyes from the water and watch what was going on in the mud and reeds.

At the end of the inland waterway's run behind Jones Beach, it passes under one span of the Robert Moses Causeway, connecting Long Island with Jones Beach, and Jones Beach with the Robert Moses State Park, on Fire Island, via the causeway's main span, over Fire Island Inlet. In the nineteen-fifties, when I was growing up, Moses was for Fire Islanders the kind of omnipresence that in a more primitive culture would have been used to frighten infants: "Hush up, or Robert Moses will come and pave you." Now the man once known as the Colossus of Roads is just a fading name, though his wrongheadedness is still formally memorialized twice a day, as his Long Island Expressway grinds down to an hour of stasis; in a few years, he may be as obscure as the Jones of Jones Beach. Through most of my childhood, Moses' great ambition was to bring automobiles—and thus the deserving public—to Fire Island. It seemed never to occur to him that there were other ways, equally public, of getting there. Thanks to Moses, Fire Island has huge parking lots at its two ends—the park named for him, on the west, and Smith Point, on the east. Thanks to longer-sighted planners, the rest of the island is still largely free of cars but may be reached by a dozen different ferry routes as well as by privately owned boats.

The Great South Bay's underwater shape has not changed much since I was a boy, except in the immediate area of Fire Island Inlet, which is formed by an overlap of two barrier islands—Jones Beach, to the north, and Fire Island, to the south—so that the entrance channel is a dogleg, stretching first north, then nearly due east. The west end of Fire Island is more or less pinned in place by a mile-long jetty composed of huge stone cubes, but drifting sand, in its westward migration, has overridden this structure.

As a boat enters the Bay from the inland waterway, the inlet is already astern. Immediately ahead, the landscape is dominated by the black-and-white banded tower of the old Fire Island light, nearly a hundred and seventy feet high, which for a century and a half was a primary beacon for ships entering and leaving New York Harbor. From a mile or so away, the graceful, slender lighthouse still looks like a formidable structure, but as you get closer alarming cracks suggest that it is in imminent danger of collapse. In 1974, its function was turned over to a light a mile and a half to the west, on top of the State Park water tower—a reddish obelisk executed in a pompously obtrusive style. To nobody's surprise, most current Fire Island guidebooks still use the old light as their symbol for the island. The lighthouse has dominated my Fire Island horizon from the afternoon, in September of 1944, when I saw it silhouetted against a rising semicircle of absolute black—the forerunning clouds of a hurricane that, a few hours later, ripped the porch off my parents' house, washed it out to sea, and then slammed it back through my bedroom. (We had taken shelter inland by then.) The old lighthouse was my halfway mark when, as a young teen-ager, I would take my father's outboard-powered dory down to the inlet at dawn or dusk to drift for flounder or troll for bluefish, or beach the boat on the sand that was already piling up around the jetty and then surf cast from the rocks for bluefish and striped bass. Not that I needed a navigational beacon; from the gong at the inlet's entrance to my boat's anchorage, at Ocean Beach, seven miles up the Bay, the waters were completely familiar to me, day or night. So, for that matter, were the shore communities running eastward from Kismet, a carefree, anarchic couple of streets nestled in the lighthouse's shadow. Next to Kismet was solid, respectable Saltaire, with casual Fair Harbor on its east; my own Ocean Beach, which combined trace elements of Seventh Avenue, Broadway, Los Angeles, and the Jersey shore in an untidy mixture; Seaview,



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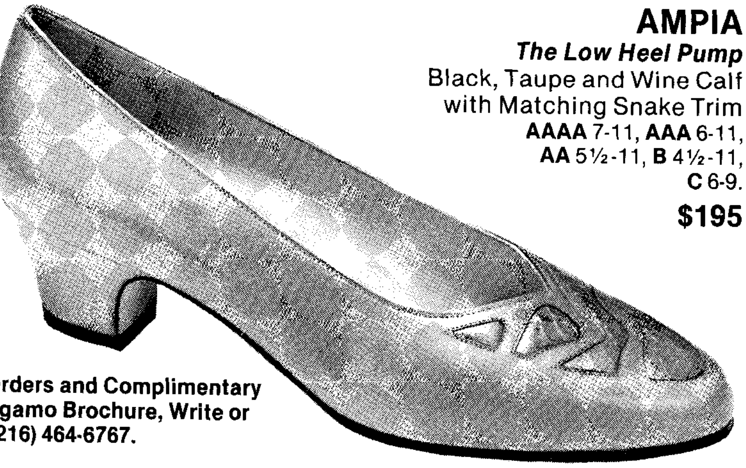

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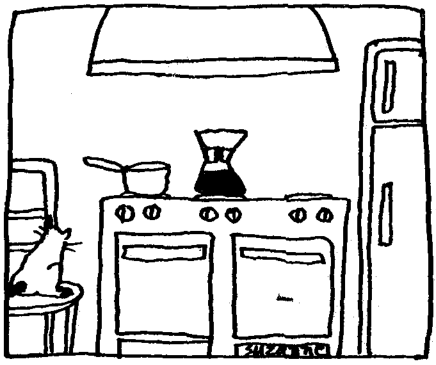
resolutely family-oriented; Ocean Bay Park, the first outpost of the oncoming singles culture; standoffish Point O'Woods, which my father (himself a snob of no small calibre) had dismissed as "almost a good address;" and, pre-eminently, Cherry Grove, which was frankly a haven for homosexuals long before the word "gay" was applied to them, and the place that off-islanders always meant when they said "Fire Island" and gave you a knowing look. Each of the towns had its own personality—something that could be sensed on its streets if not seen from the water. To an outsider, though, they must all have looked pretty much alike—clusters of undistinguished shingled or clapboarded cottages among bayberry and poison ivy and an occasional stunted pine. Point O'Woods, which discouraged visitors, was an exception, composed mostly of immense summer homes with a pronounced Victorian flavor. Being not a town but an association—a term that confused and irritated most other Islanders—Point O'Woods was private property, and it had emphasized its isolation from the rest of the island by erecting a high chain-link fence along its western border, from the bay to the dunes. The fence had originally extended across the ocean beach, but it was cut back during the Second World War for the Coast Guard's Jeep patrols and never rebuilt. By the time I was aware of such things, the fence had become almost purely symbolic. As a gesture, though, it was certainly effective: to this day, Point O'Woods is regarded with some hostility by many residents of the other island towns.

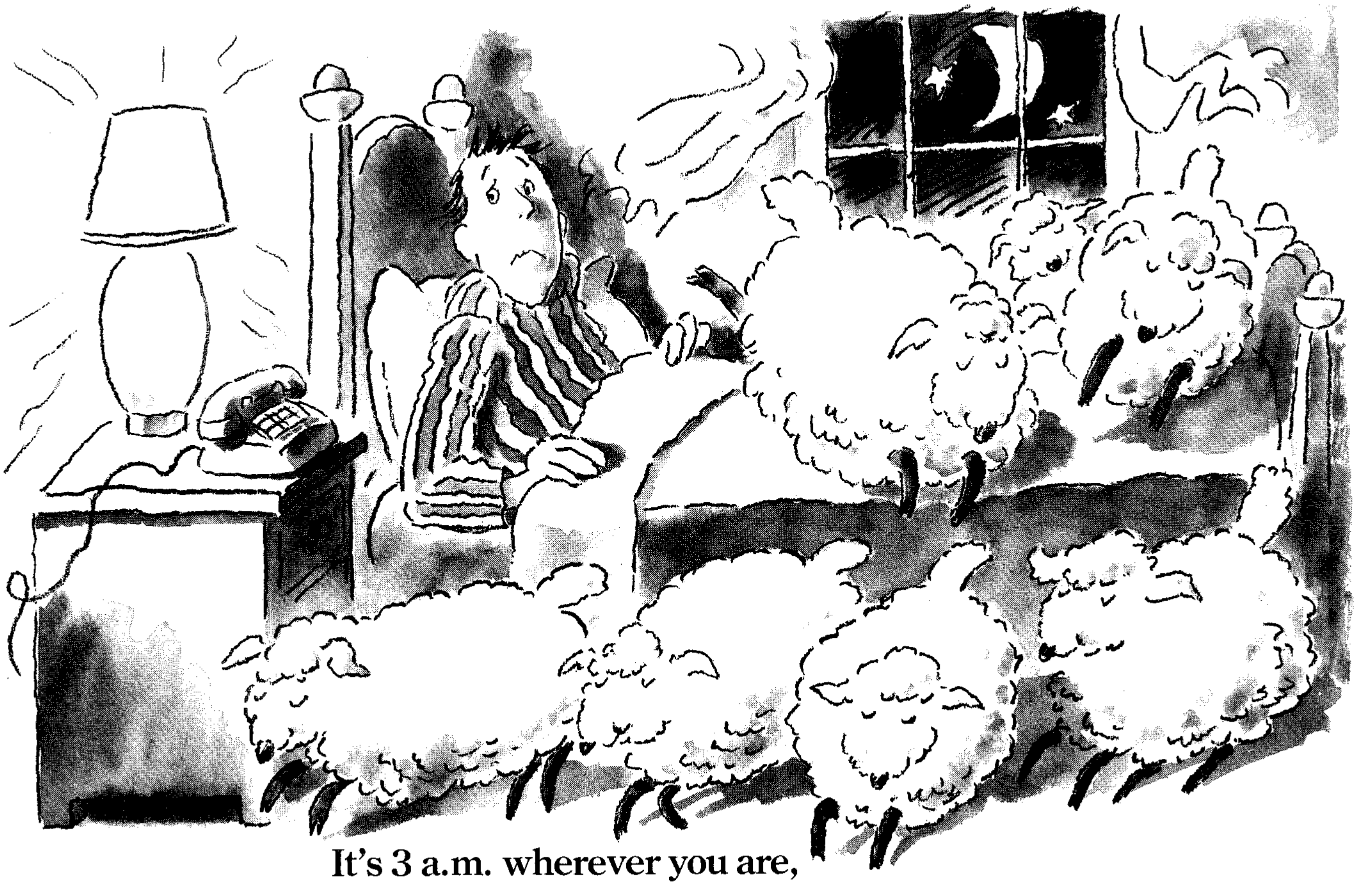
Fence or no fence, in the halcyon postwar years all the towns were approachable—especially by a boy in a boat. On both sides of the bay, there was still more beach than bulkheading, and no one seemed to care if you tied up for a few minutes at a corner of the town dock. Things have changed since. New communities have sprouted, and some of the old ones have grown into each other; and, a few years back, the boating boom finally reached the Great South Bay. What was formerly an oasis of calm has been thoroughly altered by the city's lengthening shadow. As real-estate prices have skyrocketed, Architecture has come to the island: formerly, only the slightly seedy grandeur of the big Point O'Woods houses was worth remarking on; today, the island is speckled with summer homes of advanced design, indistinguishable from those in the Hamptons and the Sunday *Times*. To a returned émigré, the change is most visible from the water. Bulkheads and piers present a closed and hostile front to the cruising boat: "NO DOCKING," "NO TRESPASSING," "NO TYING UP." I can't remember whether the signs were there when I was growing up. Surely not: for one thing, outsiders seldom visited the Bay—there were too many more obvious places to go. For another, most pleasure boats were far smaller than they are now, and a pier was unnecessary: you pulled your boat ashore, or anchored and waded in. For several years, I kept my rowboat at anchor off a little spit of land, known locally as the Point, at the foot of the westernmost street in Ocean Beach. A dozen or so boats regularly moored there in the shallow water, and half as many more were pulled up on the sand. It was a sort of communal, open-air boatyard—when you wanted to coat your rowboat's bottom with anti-fouling paint, you just beached her, flipped her over, and went at it, as an occasional bystander kibitzed. Boats were moored in waist-deep water, and as you waded out to yours you could pause and dig out a clam or two with a bare foot—or maybe a passing blueclaw crab would feel defensive at your approach and would scissor a toe. Every idyll has its defects.

As Nutshell puttered slowly down the bay, running as close to the Fire Island shore as I dared take her, I had one eye peeled for the Point, thinking that we might anchor off it, as in the old days, and row our inflatable dinghy in to the beach. It took me several minutes to realize that the Point had simply vanished, its stretch of beach bulkheaded out of existence, its little fleet gone—or maybe tied up, under the proper municipal supervision, at the town marina, which visitors are sternly warned away from. It should not have made that much difference, but it did. Crestfallen, we moved on to Seaview, the next town, which has a fine small-boat harbor adjoining its ferry basin. There was the now familiar sign prohibiting entry, but, more inexplicably, the basin's slips were empty, every one. And not just empty but obviously unused. There seemed no one around whom we could ask about a berth, and, in any case, our hearts were not in it. We turned Nutshell's bow east again, past Ocean Bay Park and Point O'Woods, heading for a place where we knew that voyagers would be welcome: the National Park Service's marina at Sailors Haven (the name itself seemed almost prescient), a mile beyond the end of Point O'Woods.



Sailors Haven is not a town but one of two harbor beaches operated under concession from the National Park Service, as part of the Fire Island National Seashore, which was established in 1964. Although the island's municipalities are encompassed by the Seashore, it has little effect on them; its real domain consists of the commercially undeveloped parts of the island—most notably the Sunken Forest, an unusual stretch of primeval holly forest and wetland that adjoins Sailors Haven and is hidden in swale lying behind steeply sloping secondary dunes. For years before the National Seashore existed, the Sunken Forest attracted walkers from all over the island, whose explorations traced winding paths through the cool stillness under the thick horizontal canopy of leaves. The forest's trees—sassafras, black oak, red cedar, and pitch pine as well as holly—are always sheared off at the top, like an old-fashioned crewcut, as they become exposed to the salt-laden breezes off the ocean in attempting to rise above the protective dune. The forest is thus nearly invisible from the ocean beach or the swale behind the beach dunes, and so is the more mysterious. At its very center are small freshwater pools, which have given rise to the myth that the forest is below sea level; actually, its lowest point is a few feet above mean sea level, and the pools are formed by precipitation. On its north side, the forest trails off into thick beds of tall reeds and then into the bay's mucky shoreline, along which I used to wade in search of blueclaw crabs, towing my boat by a line over my shoulder.

The forest was, of course, a natural target for developers, and they were closing in on it when, in 1959, benefactors from Point O'Woods, of all



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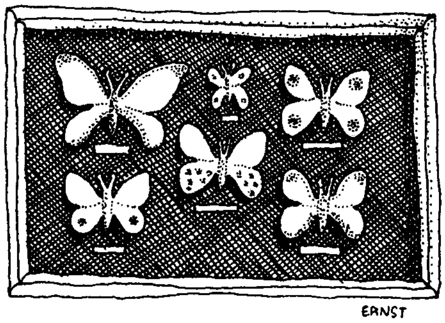
places, stepped in and bought the land as a wildlife preserve—a holding action that saved it until the advent of the National Seashore made the rescue permanent. While many people still walk to the forest from the island's communities, a new public has access to it by ferry and private boat, both of which arrive at the Sailors Haven marina, a few steps from the forest's entrance. Sailors Haven was constructed as a private enterprise—a boat basin with an apartment colony attached—and therefore has a slightly less institutional air than some other Park Service emplacements I have visited. Slips for three dozen boats form a shallow semicircular basin that is wide open to the north—calm and protected in the normal summer southerlies but bouncy and uncomfortable when the wind is blowing across the bay (as it was when we pulled in), and the chop has had four miles of open water over which to build. On weekends, the marina overflows, and boats anchor on either side of the narrow, buoyed entrance channel, where the water is so shallow that even small children can wade ashore. It was late in the day when we arrived, however, and several berths were free. We eased Nutshell into a narrow slip, with much cheerful assistance from the crews of powerboats tied up on either side. Having been sailboat people for many years, Elaine and I were not yet used to the kind of overt camaraderie typical of powerboaters. Where sailboat people will, for example, observe critically as one of their fellows attempts a difficult landing—ready to help if asked, but secretly hoping to be entertained by a public (though not too damaging) foulup—powerboaters will materialize, seemingly out of the planking, to help when another cruiser approaches a pier, and it is almost unheard of to refuse assistance, or the extended conversation that inevitably follows. A marina full of power cruisers is very gemütlich indeed, and takes some getting used to.

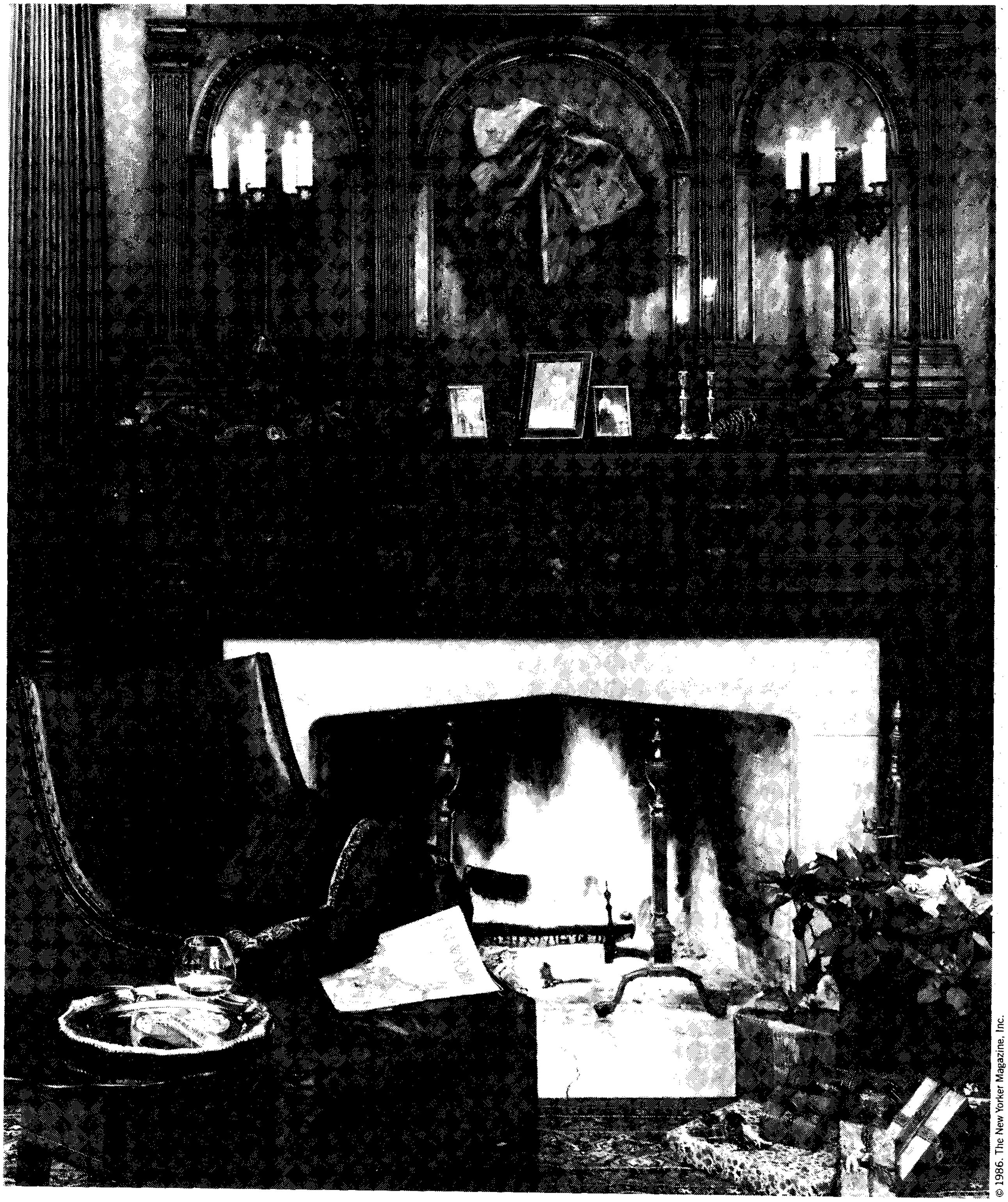
Most of the people who come to Sailors Haven, whether they arrive on a ferry from the Long Island town of Sayville or by private boat from somewhere else, are drawn by the beach. There are no better beaches anywhere than those of Fire Island; it has to do mostly, I think, with the quality of the sand, which is off-white, usually clean, free of rocks, and pleasantly granular without being powdery. The hard, flat, damp surface revealed at low tide makes what is arguably the most sensually delightful walking surface known to man. You can cruise along effortlessly, at full speed, for miles. Only when you totter from bed the following morning with calf muscles like limp seaweed do you realize how much you've overdone it.

Most visitors don't walk, of course. They spread their beach blankets near the lifeguards' stand, unpack their hampers, and cluster in tight groups around food or a tape player. That behavior is probably good for the health of the Sunken Forest, which is more fragile ecologically than it appears. Since my day, the Park Service has strung a mile and a half of boardwalk through the woods and wetland, following some of the old trails. Although the boardwalk is probably easier on visitors' feet than the old paths, which were paved mostly with fallen holly and poison-ivy leaves, it was the forest that needed protection, from the tramping feet of tourists. I am ordinarily not one to find much merit in attempts at improving nature, but the work done by the Park Service to open up and maintain the Sunken Forest seems to me virtually flawless. The tracery of boardwalk clearly doesn't bother the resident wildlife—on two occasions in the past, we had seen members of the forest's herd of deer, and another time a red fox had slipped across the path a few yards in front of us—and the arrangement of the walks makes it rare for a visitor to see, or even hear, other people unless they are quite close, and thus enhances the silence that is a large part of the forest's air of mystery.

In the Sailors Haven Visitor Center, a pleasant one-story shingle structure tucked in among low pines that overlook the marina, are a low-key exhibit of artifacts related to Bay and Island history—a clam dredge, for instance, and some chunks of a whale's backbone—and various items of reading matter dealing with the Sunken Forest and Fire Island in particular and barrier beaches in general. By this time, Elaine had finished off "David Copperfield" but was encountering heavy going in the first pages of "Bleak House." For my part, I had just reëncountered Flask, Stubb, and Starbuck—the Hardy Boys at sea—and the endlessly tedious Ahab. Accordingly, we fell upon the rack of books and leaflets, and stripped it in a matter of moments, to the tune of twenty dollars and ten cents. Since most of the material was free, this accomplishment earned us the vocal admiration of the woman behind the counter. As a sort of prize, we were presented—gratis—with a hefty volume on the ecology of the Sunken Forest. Reprieved from our self-prescribed doses of literature, we gratefully stowed the remainder of it where there was no chance of its being discovered, and settled in for the day with some solid scientific prose.



IT required a real effort of will the following morning for us to force ourselves out onto the Bay for the next leg of our voyage—five miles farther east to Watch Hill, the other Park Service marina. The north wind had died in the night, and the Bay's normally brisk southerly had not yet begun as we headed out. Here in the eastern half of the Bay, the channel—such as it is—lies a mile off the Fire Island shore, so we could not poke along the beach, as we would have liked. We rolled past Cherry Grove and, half a mile farther east, Fire Island Pines, half hidden in its trees. Here began new ground for both Elaine and me. As a teen-ager, I had driven a beach taxi—one of those boxy, four-wheel-drive postwar Jeep station wagons—up and down the island, but the taxis' range was limited by the feeble two-way radio that relayed calls from the base station, just outside Ocean Beach, and I had never been beyond Fire Island Pines, then rawly new. As far as those of us who inhabited the populous center of the island were concerned, there was nothing beyond the Pines anyway, except maybe some tiny, semi-mythical collections of shacks that housed (it was said) nudists and hermits and, for all we knew, unicorns as well. (I found out later that two communities existed even then—the sizable town of Davis Park, and Water Island, which was intentionally primitive but hardly a shantytown.) Watch Hill was nothing but a name until the sixties. Like Sailors Haven, it was begun as a private marina-cum-settlement and then taken over by the National Seashore. Since Watch Hill had no Sunken For-



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est to serve as a focal point, it was set up as a straightforward park, with a camping ground, a ferry pier, a snack bar, a restaurant, a grocery, a souvenir shop, shower facilities, and what, on paper, had attracted us—a marina capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty boats. Not a semi-protected harbor, either, like that at Sailors Haven, but one so well screened from the Bay that its full size burst on us only when Nutshell cleared its narrow entrance channel. Facing us were two large, connected basins, each more than half filled with boats—mostly power yachts, many of considerable size. On a bulkheaded beak of land between the basins stood a modernistic complex that housed shops, a ferry landing, the harbormaster's headquarters, and a snack bar. The bustle and size of the place made me reluctant to tie up there, but after some hesitation we signed up for a night's slip and found ourselves wedged tightly in among the small fry—eighteen- and twenty-foot outboards, for the most part, with a couple of minuscule overnight cruisers thrown in.

Watch Hill centers, quite reasonably, on its marina—perhaps the best on the South Shore—but the magnificent ocean beach on the other side of the island is also a big attraction. The beach was crowded with day-trippers, over on the ferry from Patchogue, across the Bay. A large proportion of the boat owners, however, clearly had no intention of moving from pierside, where they had set up folding aluminum furniture that looked very like what one might find in a suburban yard. It was clear that pierside functioned as a sort of communal back porch, and most of the cruisers represented floating weekend homes.

We wandered the length and breadth of Watch Hill, solemnly agreeing that it was a splendid facility. (That flaccid, quintessentially governmental term is inescapable.) And when evening came we discovered that the restaurant was, except for the view, exactly like what one might expect to find overlooking a big marina in Connecticut—or Fort Lauderdale, or Newport Beach, California. Only the mosquitoes were distinctive—the saltmarsh mosquitoes, *Aedes sollicitans*, according to one of our pamphlets, and doubtless emboldened by their wonderful Latin name. Myriads of them appeared at dusk, hovering in tight, visible formation under the streetlights and attacking with such desperate ferocity that you could feel them hit your skin. We retreated to Nutshell's cabin and shut the door; too late. We sprayed the intruders with insect repellent; it was like trying to stop a Stuka with a garden hose. Finally, smeared with some loathsome and ineffective cream, we retreated beneath the sheets until only our noses were exposed. And vulnerable. The mosquitoes maintained the pitch of their assault throughout the night, and on the rare occasions when they were silent—regrouping—the thready whine of taped country music, from the boat next to ours, made sleep impossible.

In the toneless light of a misty dawn, Elaine and I lurched ashore. The music was still audible from the little cruiser beside us, which otherwise showed no signs of life. I wondered, without much interest, whether its crew had been bitten to death. In the marina bathroom, we examined our wounds. Both of us were stung from head to foot—great, swollen lumps that endured for several days. Out on the Bay, the fog was thick enough to hide the buoys of the entrance channel, but it was obviously time to move on.

FOR seven miles, from Watch Hill to the County Park at Smith Point, where the Great South Bay narrows abruptly to its close, Fire Island is an official wilderness, so designated by Congress in 1980. "Wilderness" in this setting means mostly sand and beach grass and a few deprived-looking pines—a pristine bleakness that many, including me, find restful to the eye and to the spirit. Nutshell was forced by shallows to run several hundred yards offshore, and even there, in the middle of the nominal inland waterway, she grazed the sandy bottom. (That meant we were in only two and a half feet of water.) Between Watch Hill and Shinnecock Bay, about twenty miles to the east, the channel is often hypothetical—the subject of frequent warnings of shoaling in the Coast Guard's weekly *Local Notice to Mariners*. Clearly, this end of the bay is silting up, and one wonders what will happen if narrow Moriches Inlet, thirteen nautical miles west of Shinnecock Inlet, is finally sealed; although stabilized by jetties on either side, it has been closed to navigation for two years. No more Moriches Inlet would mean an unbroken barrier beach for forty miles, between Fire Island Inlet and Shinnecock Inlet. More important, it would deprive Moriches Bay—a highly irregular pond about ten miles long and two miles wide at its widest point—of its main source of clean water: aside from the inlet, which pierces the beach about halfway along the bay, the only drainage is by the narrowest of channels at either end. The problem, aggravated here by the narrowness of the inlet and the shallowness of Moriches Bay, is essentially the same one that is faced by anyone who attempts to impose the requirements of man on the elusive littoral beach, which comes and goes according to its own laws, many of them as yet unclear.

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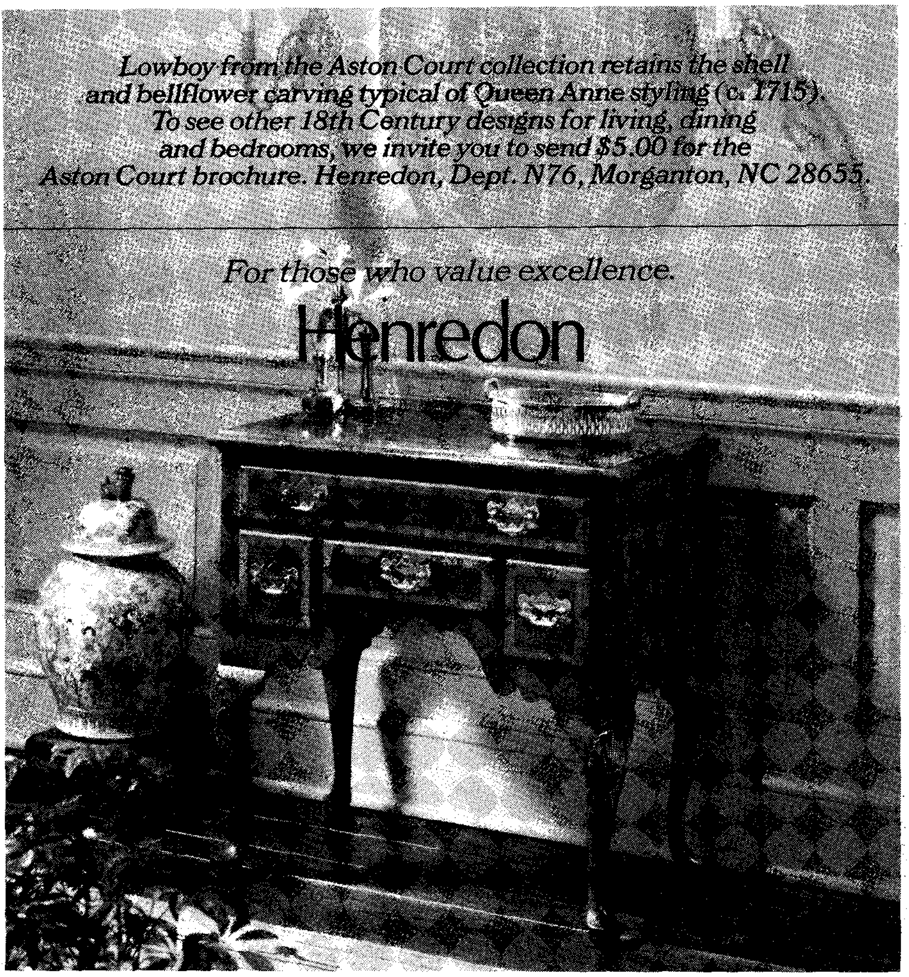
117
M. IAN

Moriches Inlet marks the official east end of Fire Island, but Smith Point, where the Bay terminates, is the visual punctuation mark. Here a bridge crosses the narrow channel that leads to Moriches Bay, and on the Fire Island end is Smith Point County Park, which was marked when we passed it by a squalid heap of trailers and campers. From here on was a succession of little bays that seemed claustrophobically narrow, compared with the expanse of Great South Bay behind. In the haze, Moriches Inlet lay hidden behind a sandy islet, and we never saw it. The day remained gray, and the low-lying dunes on the beach side blended with the water in a kind of horizonless world, through which Nutshell pushed sturdily. Beyond the inlet lies Westhampton and, beyond it, Shinnecock Bay. There we had the choice of putting out to sea through Shinnecock Inlet—shoaling but navigable, according to the latest information—or heading north through Shinnecock Canal, which would take us up into Great Peconic Bay. (Eastern Long Island trails off into northern and southern points of land; on a map the effect is that of an elongated fishtail, and Great Peconic Bay lies between the upper and lower fins.) The first choice was unappetizing: it entailed a thirty-mile run along the Atlantic shore, with no harbor of refuge and, what was equally important, nothing much to look at. The other route meant farewell to the barrier beach, and a return to familiar waters rather sooner than we had intended. In terms of terrain, Peconic Bay is the North Shore: high bluffs instead of low ground; serious woods instead of scrubby pines; deep water instead of bottom-scraping shoals. As Nutshell moved through the narrow channel that separates the massive condominium apartments of Westhampton Beach from the mainland of Long Island, Elaine and I debated the matter, but in a desultory way. By the time we reached our turning point, there was no more discussion. We swung north, toward home.

THE mile-long passage that took us into Great Peconic Bay has little in common with the sort of peaceful waterway that the word "canal" evokes. Shinnecock Canal, because of tidal differences between the two bays it connects, has a maximum force of current—five or six knots—equal to that in Hell Gate, but funnelled through a narrow, concrete-sided lock in which the water eddies violently, making it difficult to control a slow boat. Add to the turbulence a couple of low, non-opening bridges across the canal, and it is easy to see why most sailboat skippers regard the canal with distaste. (In recent years, shoaling in Moriches Bay and in Moriches and Shinnecock Inlets has made the passage useless to most larger sailboats anyway.) As we entered the canal lock, we pushed Nutshell's throttle to its limit but made only the most reluctant headway through the swirling waters. From behind a window in the control tower on the east bank, an official silently observed our erratic progress with an expression that seemed to be disapproval but could as easily have been indigestion. I was relieved when Nutshell finally cleared the concrete-sided chute, like a cork popping out of a champagne bottle, and we found ourselves in relatively undisturbed waters.

It was one-thirty by then, and the morning haze had resolved into fast-moving clouds, with occasional patches of sunlight sweeping across choppy water. A southeasterly breeze had picked up—maybe it had been blowing all day north of the canal—and as we headed east the seas were on the starboard bow, pitching spray up against the helmsman's side of the windshield. The steep hills along the shoreline looked, after a week of beach and dune, even taller and more abrupt than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they really were, and seemed to be crowding us.

Peconic Bay (infrequently referred to by its complete name, Great Peconic Bay) opens out, as the sides of the Long Island fishtail spread, into Little Peconic, which seems scarcely any smaller. Shelter Island, hilly and green, sits at the east end of Little Peconic Bay like a plug in a drain. The island's north and south headlands nearly socket into the mainland, and from even a short distance away it is impossible to see a passage to the open water of Gardiners Bay, beyond. Swift-running channels exist to both north and south, however, with ferry connections to the mainland at each place. The afternoon was well advanced by the time we came abeam of the spot where the island's South Ferry Hills march down to the water, facing North Haven Peninsula across the way. Just behind us was the entrance to one of Shelter Island's excellent harbors, and ahead were other harbors. Yet for some reason we swung south around the island's low-lying Mashomack Point and then north, past the sandy spit of Cedar Point, with a stark, lonely lighthouse—no sign of cedars, though—and headed east, toward Montauk, two and a half hours away, and a curious destination for a cruising boat. I had been given to understand that in recent years Montauk has become the Northeast's headquarters for deep-sea sportfishing boats and also a center for commercial draggers and trawlers. Places heavily frequented by fishermen are not usually comfortable anchorages, since they come to life well before dawn, to the clatter of ice bouncing into fish holds and the conscienceless bellowing of people who find themselves awake and at work before their neighbors. Even so, we had a reasonable curiosity about the harbor; Elaine had never been there at all, and my last visit had been more than twenty years before: one night at anchor in a small sailboat that was bound east for Block Island. More to the point, perhaps, we were feeling slightly guilty about compromising our supposed circumnavigation. By turning north at Shinnecock, we had cut a sizable chunk out of our itinerary; by going out to Montauk, we might not be making what purists would call a complete circuit but we would at least be traversing the same distance, more or less.

At about three-thirty in the afternoon, the wind went around to the south, taking the seas with it, so that as we chugged east the waves caught Nutshell on her starboard quarter, occasionally slapping the flat underside of her hull with the resounding thump of solid water against hollow fibre glass. The current was against us most of the way, strong enough to hold us back perceptibly. The wind seemed to be getting stronger, too, and we took Nutshell in close to the shore for protection, following the contours of the bluffs that build from the neck of Promised Land eastward to Rocky Point. North of us, looming in the dusk, was Gardiners Island, the private property of the Gardiner family, who bought it from the Indians in 1639 and have held it ever since. Gardiners, which lies east of Shelter Island, is a big, handsome island, with high bluffs on its west side. From its south end, a long, low tail called Cartwright Island trails off, one of those highly mobile sandspits that can change shape in a season, or even a single night. As an island, Cartwright is a failure; all it does is force a two-mile detour off the direct course from Shelter Island to Montauk, and tempt passing mariners to cut its terminal sandbar too close.

Montauk is guarded on the northwest by a steep, wooded bluff with summer homes straggling up its side. Behind the bluff's reverse slope, the square-mile oval of Lake Montauk occupies about a fifth of the area of Montauk Point itself. Lake Montauk is actually a shallow saltwater bay, which has its narrow entrance on the north side, and a small island—Star Island—in its northwest corner. The southern half of the bay is too shallow for all but the smallest boats; the northern half, including Star Island, is lined with piers, each one of which, when we arrived, was crammed with fishing vessels, both pleasure and commercial. There were hundreds of powerful-looking sportfishermen, bristling with outriggers and electronic antennae, and stacked with flying bridges atop their cabins, and tuna towers—small observation platforms built up from metal tubing—atop the flying bridges. In contrast to the gleaming white-hulled sportfishermen, the commercial boats looked scarred and dingy, their black or dark-green hulls streaked with rust, but purposeful in a way that the private boats somehow could not match. Star Island, just inside Lake Montauk's entrance, was once the sole preserve of the Coast Guard, but now the Coast Guard shares it with a couple of posh marinas. The island is connected to the mainland by a narrow causeway, and that, too, was lined with boats; there seemed to be no extra space, nor were we eager to tie up in such constricted conditions. Beyond Star Island we could see the length of the lake, its surface empty except for a couple of buoys and a single cruising sailboat, anchored just off the shoals. The sky was assuming a dark, ominous look—low clouds scudding ahead of the southerly wind, and a light chop beginning to fleck the lake with whitecaps. The radio's weather frequency offered the prospect of thunderstorms, with gusty winds and lightning, and with the wind going around to the northwest in the night. Like most cruising people, I dislike anchoring in open water, and my dislike is all the stronger when a storm is coming on; at the same time, it is always risky to lie close to the shore, especially when there's a chance that a wind change may hurl you down upon it. After some consideration, we tucked Nutshell up under the lee of Star Island's western shore, where she was protected from the north by the causeway to the mainland. About the only thing that gave us pause was a large floating ramp, of the kind used by skilled water-skiers, which was moored not far from us. I doubted whether it would break loose, though that was a possibility; what unsettled us was the idea of waking to a cacophony of ski boats the next morning. A look out at the lone sailboat, already lurching uneasily at her anchor, made us decide to chance it.

Until well after midnight, the threatened storm rumbled and flashed off to the west, but not a drop of rain fell where we were. The wind gusted, but never strongly, and then duly clocked around to the west-northwest, so we awoke to a clear, cool, bright day. Star Island had sheltered us not only from the wind and seas but also from the racket of the early-morning fishing boats. We had gone to bed feeling somewhat apprehensive; we arose renewed, eager to move on, possessed of the kind of high spirits that a northwest breeze and clearing skies always seem to call up.

ELAINE and I had stopped at Shelter Island once in the past, in a borrowed power cruiser, on a weekend so foggy that we were not positive we had entered harbor until we picked up a mooring. This time, with visibility virtually unlimited, we could see it all. From the island's array of harbors we had decided on the largest, which is written "Coecles" and pronounced like the seashell. It is on the east side of the island, and is divided about halfway up by a peninsula that extends from the eastern shore, creating an outer and an inner harbor, and also by numerous indentations in the shore which form semi-private anchorages here and there. Many cruising boats drop the hook just inside the outer harbor's protective entrance sandbar, but we felt that we and Nutshell were due a little luxury, and we proceeded to Coecles Harbor Marina, near the north end, and picked up one of its moorings.

Generally speaking, a marina large enough to support a complete range of amenities—berths, electricity, fresh water, fuel, ship's store, mechanics, snack bar, swimming pool—is usually an impersonal place; only the small, ill-equipped installation is likely to retain the personal touch, and then only with its regular customers. Coecles Harbor Marina, a family enterprise, manages to combine a full line of comforts—all of the above, plus bike rentals and free chauffeur service to shops and restaurants—with a contagious friendliness that extends even to transients. As it happened, we put the helpfulness of the marina's staff to the test, by a mechanical failure. At the time of our voyage, Nutshell's engine, which is based on the same block that is used in Peugeot taxicabs, was given to shedding or breaking its attachments, whether because of inherent vibration (compared with gasoline engines of the same size, small diesels vibrate a lot) or optimistic engineering; doing a routine check of the engine compartment after we had moored, I noticed oil in the bilge, and traced it to a cracked tube that connected with the oil-pressure

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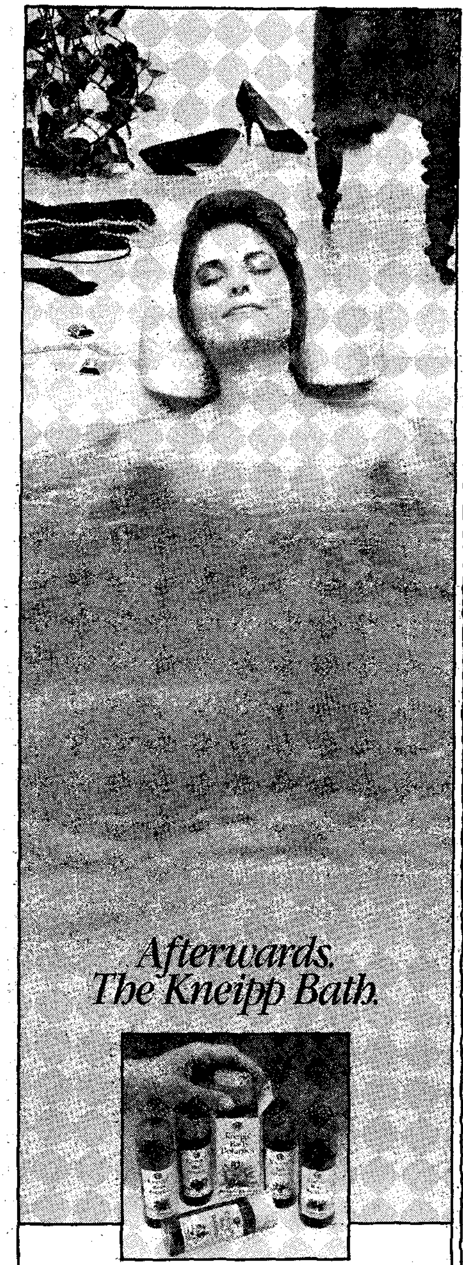

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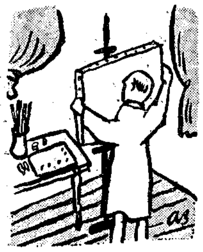
gauge. The tube was threaded for a metric fitting at one end and for a standard fitting at the other, and it was wholly unrealistic to suppose that anyone but the builder could replace it. I went ashore, despairingly clutching the fractured part, and was directed to John Needham, the marina's stocky, bearded chief mechanic. He obligingly dropped what he was doing and searched vainly through the "someday-it'll-come-in-handy" boxes of spare and slightly used fittings that every shop accumulates. No dice. Ordering a new part would, he guessed, take a week (it actually took six), and our schedule, while flexible, did not have a spare week in it. At last, John plugged the leak with a sawed-off bolt of soft bronze whose standard threads would distort to something near the required metric thread; even though we had no functioning oil-pressure gauge, we could at least run the engine and get home. John appeared to be embarrassed at charging us—a pittance, in any case—when he had been unable to find or make the right part. We were delighted at his ability to jury-rig any repair at all.



Shelter Island has a fine, civilized lustre: gentle woods; handsome year-round homes; good roads; tennis courts; an air of almost Victorian refinement which puts it in the same class as, say, Martha's Vineyard. When we pulled ourselves free, after a thoroughly decompressed couple of days, we felt as if we were heading back to a not necessarily appealing reality. Still, it was a good day for travelling—in a powerboat, anyway: clear and calm and nearly windless, the kind of day that drives sailboat skippers crazy. The water's surface was mostly slick, but here and there patches of ripples showed where a tiny breeze sat on the surface. Sailing cruisers making the passage east or west were moving under power, sometimes with their mainsails raised and fluttering listlessly in the wind of their own movement. Our track took us first northeast, out of Gardiners Bay and around Orient Point, the unimposing northern tip of the Long Island fishtail. If Long Island ends at Montauk Point with an emphatic geological statement, at Orient it just runs out of breath, tapering off into a sandbar whose underwater end is marked by a cylindrical cast-iron lighthouse, now unoccupied. East of Orient Point lies Plum Island, low and grassy and off limits to the public, being the site of a government laboratory that for many years has dabbled in research on animal diseases, some of them deadly. Plum Island ought by rights to look ominous, but its scattering of red-roofed white buildings is no more foreboding than a Coast Guard station.

Between Orient Point and Plum Island runs Plum Gut, one of three eastern passages (the others, in a line to the northeast, are The Race and Watch Hill, at the end of Fishers Island Sound) through which Long Island Sound fills and empties twice each day. As might be expected, currents run strong through the Gut—as much as five knots when the moon is full, as it was now. Since a five-knot current on the nose would cut Nutshell's speed by more than half, while five knots behind us would move her at half again her normal top speed, we timed our passage to take best advantage of the current—a kind of planning that becomes second nature to sailboat skippers, whose boats normally move at about half Nutshell's speed.

From Orient Point westward, Long Island's North Shore builds into formidable ramparts of dune, impressive at first but deadening after a while in their sameness. The only usable opening in the dreary shore is at Mattituck Inlet, a narrow channel that threads its way into the hot, airless heart of Long Island; it's a splendid refuge in a storm (I have used it more than once) but no place to be on a clear and windless summer day. On the chart are way points—Horton Point, Duck Pond Point, Roanoke Point, Herod Point—more easily discernible by cartographers than by passing seafarers, who mostly see the shore as an endless, featureless sand cliff.

In the course of another routine engine-compartment check, while we were under way, I discovered a pair of fractures in the two-part sheet-metal bracket that attaches the lubricating-oil cooler to the engine block. If the cooler (a small, cylindrical heat exchanger) should tear free, it could not only inundate the bilge with oil but also cause the engine—deprived of that oil—to seize up like concrete. I managed a temporary repair, using a kind of tarred cord called marline, which had its heyday aboard nineteenth-century sailing ships. Not exactly elegant, tying the engine together with string, but it kept the oil cooler more or less in place and, presumably, functioning, and it was satisfying to be able to make the temporary repair without outside help.

For a vessel bound west along the North Shore of Long Island, the first big harbor is Port Jefferson, about forty miles from Plum Gut. On any summer weekend, Port Jeff, as most cruising sailors call it, is the destination of hundreds of voyages from both sides of the Sound. On this Saturday afternoon, its sheltered areas were jammed to overflowing with cruising yachts, most of them sailboats and most of them anchored within a few feet of each other—a far greater proximity than they would ever tolerate in their home anchorages—and feverishly celebrating the joys of cruising the Sound. To raise the fun to an unbearable pitch, they had dispatched their young to rocket about perilously among the anchored vessels in high-speed outboard-powered inflatable dinghies. Elaine and I, finding ourselves unable to endure such an advanced degree of nautical ecstasy, moored Nutshell temporarily at the inner end of the harbor, close to the town piers, and went ashore. Port Jefferson is normally a slightly overtouristed but pleasant little community, but now, to our dismay, the main street was teeming with more pleasure-seekers, and the surging, whinnying crowds were obviously thickening by the moment. We fled back to Nutshell, cranked up the engine, and sped out into the nighttime peace and quiet of the Sound. Twelve miles to the west, the lights of Norwalk were just visible on the horizon, and never had they looked so appealing. I pressed the throttle forward—perhaps farther forward than I should have, considering the blackness of the moonless night. At ten minutes to midnight, we felt our way into a secluded anchorage between two of the Norwalk Islands. It was, miraculously, as empty as anchorages used to be in the days of my childhood. We were alone, and home.

—TONY GIBBS

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Scarsdale Inquirer*]

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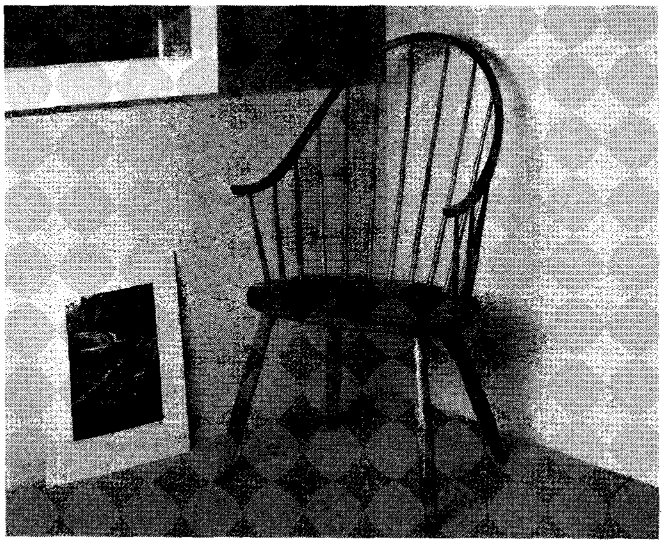

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ersatz

THE West German comedy "Men . . ." ("Männer . . .") is lightweight and good-natured, and it moves along faster than most of the recent German imports but to no particular effect. What stirs interest in it is that it's about two men—dark, immaculately groomed Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a prosperous and self-satisfied advertising executive in his late thirties, and blond, long-haired Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a bohemian, roughly the same age, who scowls with his lips, like Daryl Hannah—and it was written and directed by a thirty-one-year-old woman, Doris Dörrie. (This is her third feature.) The people lining up to see it are probably hoping for a new, different view of men. And what we get *is* different, but in a skewed way. The two men don't take hold—it's as if some essential element of masculinity eluded the director. Yet it's not just *that:* her women aren't all there, either. Dörrie's characters have no substance; they're not quite human, and the picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine."

When Julius, in his costly home in the suburbs of Munich, discovers that Paula (Ulrike Kriener), his wife of twelve years and the mother of his two children, has been having an affair with the slobby Stefan, it's a walloping blow to his ego. (He has been having dalliances with secretaries at the office, but he regards that as a male prerogative.) Julius can't think about anything but his wife's infidelity. He spies on her and her lover: he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is. So when he sees Stefan, who lives in the hippie and punkers' communal-living section of the city, posting notices of a room to rent in his apartment, he assumes a false name, and moves in with Stefan.

This is the kind of plot that was serviceable for musical-comedy films circa 1932 and is still serviceable, but Dörrie uses it without any underpinnings. In 1932, it would have been clear that no matter how fatuous Julius was he loved his wife, and that more than his vanity was at stake; here, there's nothing at stake—it's just a game. Is Dörrie saying that men compete just to compete—that the object itself (the wife) is of little intrinsic interest? You can't tell; all you can be sure of is that Dörrie has a penchant for whimsical cuteness. When Julius, spying on Paula, sees Stefan drop her off and drive away, the only vehicle on hand to follow him with is a child's red bicycle; he doubles over on it and pedals like mad. The gag has a considerable lineage, going back to Jacques Tati, and back, back to Mack Sennett. When Julius is living in Stefan's apartment and Paula comes to lunch, he puts on a King Kong mask and boxing gloves. This isn't an homage to David Warner in his gorilla suit twenty years ago in "Morgan!," any more than it's an homage to Mischa Auer's simian stunt fifty years ago in "My Man Godfrey." It's just a gag, but at least this one has a payoff: Julius can see that Paula is intrigued—and a little aroused—by this unknown fellow's frisking about as King Kong. Most of these derivative "carefree" moments, such as a scene of Stefan and Julius taking turns playing with a toy car, don't come to much. They're tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women, and when Julius and Stefan become buddies there are ambiguous, sometimes sexually tinged romps. In one weirdly extended scene, Julius talks to Stefan while concealing a knife that's piercing his thigh, and the audience is invited to laugh at his pain. During all this, Julius, who has figured out that Paula is drawn to Stefan's lack of discipline, his frayed clothes that look slept in, and his general messiness, takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job. Conveniently, Paula is just a sparkling creature whizzing by, so we don't ask what her motivation is. She might be trying out Stefan like a new flavor of ice cream.

In interviews, Dörrie has said that Julius and Stefan are meant to represent the divided sides of one personality. That may have been in her mind, but it's not what emerges onscreen. Dörrie's ideas are flotsam and jetsam; they bob up and then disappear. Does the trim, proper Julius find something to envy in Stefan—some freedom or originality? Does Julius become looser and more liberal because of his contact with Stefan? From what we're shown, the

9:35. OH, GOOD. MY LIFE IS RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
Leo Cullum

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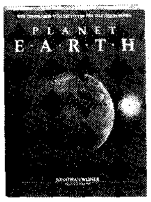
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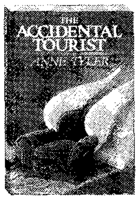
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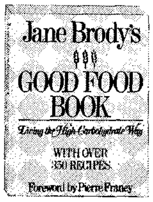
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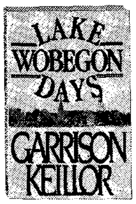
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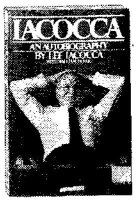
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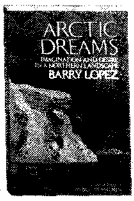
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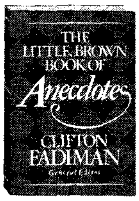
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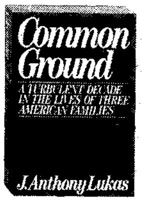
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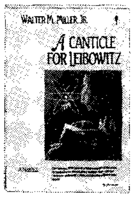
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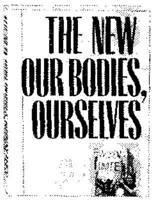
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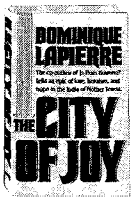
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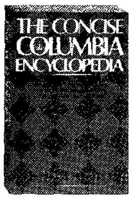
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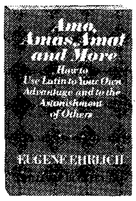
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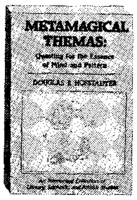
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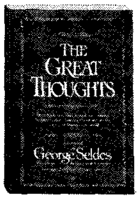
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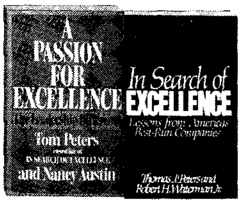
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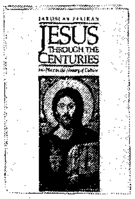
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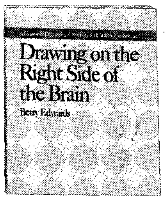
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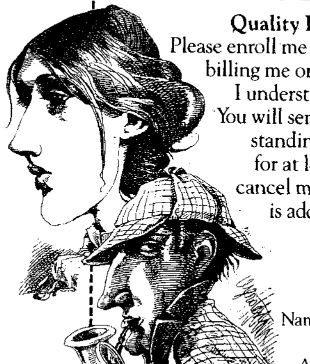

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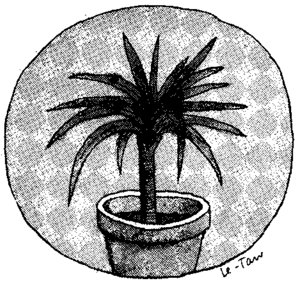
Prices generally higher in Canada. ©1986 Quality Paperback Book Club oafish, thick-skulled Stefan, who's eager for money, a good tailor, and a Maserati, is easily converted to a businessman's life, but Julius doesn't change. Part of the reason that the film wobbles about is that the two actors' physiques don't conform to what the dialogue says. Stefan tries to help Julius work off his white-collar softness and get in better condition, but in fact the actor playing Julius looks remarkably fit—so fit that when he puts on casual clothes he's sleek and stiff, like a mannequin showing them off. Having been cuckolded, he's supposed to be so full of self-doubt that he needs to ask a young woman, Angelika (Janna Marangosoff), who hangs around the apartment, whether he's attractive, but the question isn't convincing; this fellow is physically confident. And Stefan, with his messy receding hair and the petulant look of a babyish Siegfried, doesn't seem the sort of man who'd keep in shape, anyway. Something else is off: by the movie's logic, when Stefan's hair is cut and he's properly outfitted for success *he should seem silly and castrated*, but he doesn't. The vengeful Julius (who's by far the smarter of the two) may have got him to the point where he's repeating ancient sexist epigrams, like "A man is what he does; a woman is what she is," but he looks much better.



"Men . . ." isn't unpleasant. Dörrie's deadpan giddiness is likable enough. The picture is insignificant, though—a piece of fluff without the wit that you might hope for. And her little joke goes on too long; it sags in the middle, and then it collapses in an absurdist ending that suggests amateur theatricals. Possibly in Germany, where the picture has been hugely popular, audiences may see the two men (who were teen-agers during the late-sixties counterculture) as the two sides of what Dörrie, in interviews, calls the "serious Teutonic soul" and identify with one or the other. But the writer-director doesn't seem to *identify with either of* them, *or* with Paula. (Perhaps she has a little sympathy for the forlorn Angelika waiting day after day until her boyfriend feels like going to Italy with her.) It isn't necessary for Dörrie to identify with men: it might be a happy binge for a woman movie director to turn the tables and view men as the Other—if she had something to show us about this Otherness. But Dörrie is using the technology of movies to cut out paper dolls. That may sound sexist, but it would be disingenuous to argue that if a man had made this picture I'd say the same thing, because a man isn't as likely to have made it. Men . . . have their own follies.

CONSCIOUSLY sensitive moviemaking is a sickly thing. "Stand By Me," Rob Reiner's film taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," is steeped in tenderness and understanding and nostalgia. It's the sort of movie that you're likely to see described as "a quiet little gem." It's ersatz art. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons" or "Little House on the Prairie"—it makes you feel virtuous. (If there is any test that can be applied to movies, it's that the good ones never make you feel virtuous.)

On a summer weekend in 1959, *four twelve-* and-thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for a boy their age who has been missing for several days. They have reason to believe that the kid was killed by a train; so they stick close to the railroad tracks, searching for his body and hoping to become heroes by finding it. These four misfits could use a little glory. Gordie (Wil Wheaton), the quiet, sensitive one who will grow up to be a writer (presumably the not-so-sensitive Stephen King), is lonely at home; his father loved his older, star-athlete brother who was killed in a jeep accident, and Gordie has nightmares of his father saying that it should have been Gordie. The adult Gordie (Richard Dreyfuss), in 1985, narrates this account of the four boys' adventure. The leader of the group and Gordie's closest friend is Chris (River Phoenix), who comes from a family of lowlifes and is afraid that he won't have a chance to be anything else; the other two are Vern (Jerry O'Connell), who's short for his age, chubby, and fearful, and the reckless, unstable Teddy (Corey Feldman), whose father held his ear against a burner, mutilating him—his troubles are spelled out for us when a junkman they encounter along their way screams at him, "Your dad's a looney in the nuthouse."

The boys know that this is their last summer together—that in the fall when they go to junior high (Gordie for college-preparatory classes, the others for manual training) they will go separate ways. Their tree-house days will be over. These boys are very knowing; they keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. They're like a pastoral support group, quick to perceive *signs of trouble and to lay* gentle, firm hands on needy shoulders. That's what softens everything in the movie, purifies it, makes it lyrical and synthetic. The script, by Raynold Gideon and Bruce A. Evans, gives the boys some funny insults, and it doesn't push too hard on the theme (the boys' intimations of mortality). But the movie gives King's story a false refinement, a poetic glow. Every flicker of feeling is interpreted for you, and you feel as if you'd been here before. (At times, the boys' troubles suggest a genteel, painless version of "Winesburg, Ohio.") Audiences are supposed to laugh and cry at "Stand By Me"—and also *find it meaningful*. The narrator tells you what to think, and the film cries out, "Why can't grownups understand us the way other kids do?"

"Stand By Me" cooks up some crisis situations by having the little boys threatened by a gang of adolescent bullies. These scenes are hopelessly bad; if they're intended to indicate that the little boys may turn into hairy brutes in a few years, they fail, because these seventeen- and eighteen-year-old brutes aren't characterized. They're just a generic gang of ruffians who interrupt the story. It's the nostalgic fixation on the little boys at the time just before they (presumably) lose their innocence that gives "Stand By Me" its overdose of sincerity and finer feelings. At the end, the adult Gordie, with his word processor, types out "I never had any friends later on like the ones I had when I was twelve. Jesus, does anyone?" And you want to say, "Wait a minute, what's going on here? Are we supposed to believe that that was the last moment for true friendship?" This is like some crazy pedophilic idealization of life before puberty, or perhaps it's just male narcissism about what sensitive boys we were. (No women characters pollute this mythic vision; mothers are bit players. The only way we have of knowing that there's another sex is that when the nasty adolescents intimidate the little boys they call them "girls.")

The fifties and a man's vision of his childhood have been antiqued in this movie and held up as treasures. Five minutes after you've left the theatre, the picture evaporates, except for its one crude, repulsively funny sequence. At night in the woods, the boys sit around the campfire having a smoke as Gordie the storyteller spins a tall tale that's acted out for us. His story seems absolutely right for what a bright boy knows would delight other boys. It's about a blueberry-pie-eating contest in a town in an earlier America. A grossly fat boy known as Lardass (Andy Lindberg) enters the contest, downs an outsize bottle of castor oil, and, as the contestants aren't allowed to use their hands, proceeds to gobble and snuffle up the blueberry centers of dozens of pies, like a pig on a rampage. Then he avenges himself on the townspeople who have made fun of him, by barfing on them. Gordie doesn't have his facts right on what castor oil does. (It's a cathartic, not an emetic.) This is a delirious cartoonlike sequence, though; you gape at it as the action swells and involves the whole town. And maybe you wonder how moviemakers who had the spirit to stage this stupendous gross-out could have made such a vain, effete, self-coddling movie.

As David Basner, the hero of "Nothing in Common," Tom Hanks uses his Peter-Pan boyishness manipulatively. David, who has risen to be the creative director of a top advertising agency in Chicago, is a lovable smartie; his charm tempers his cockiness. He's a television baby—a quipper, fast on the uptake and fast to gauge how his wisecracks are going over. (He'll turn them against himself if he's in danger of giving offense.) David has found his niche in the lucrative, infantile world of devising concepts for commercials; he's cynical about what he does, but he loves it, too. He thrives on it—on the competitiveness, on his own ingenuity, on being an advertising ace. He grooves on his own shallowness.

The screenwriters Rick Podell and Michael Preminger, both former stand-up comedians, had a good idea for a character here. David Basner, who says, "It's economically unsound to grow up," is like an updated version of the brash reporter heroes of thirties

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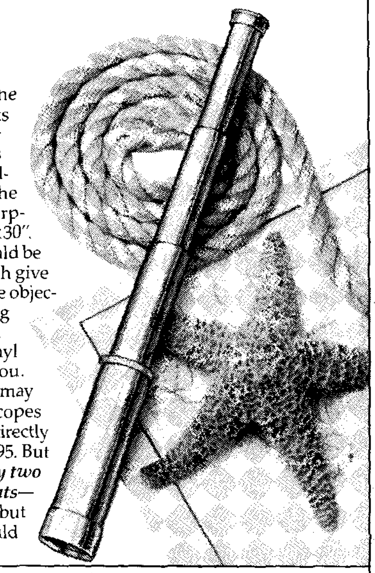

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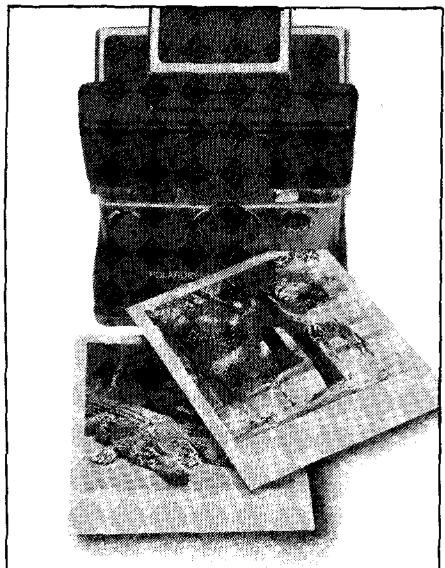

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movies. But the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworldly housewife mother Lorraine (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father Max (Jackie Gleason). In recent years, David has shut his parents out of his thoughts and kept his visits home to a bare minimum (even though they live right there in Chicago); now he's thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them, and though he has felt for a long time that he has "nothing in common" with his edgy, antagonistic father, he discovers that they have a strong bond. The writers seem to have worked up the mother's role strictly for schematic purposes; the movie is really about David's relationship with sour, self-centered old Max, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job, and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's loneliness and his need for David used as a lesson to the swinging yuppie son. Through helping his father—even when it means risking some of his standing in the advertising world—David grows up and develops a sense of values.

The theme would seem to require that the son begin to recognize himself in everything he can't stand about his father, and the tone of the advertising-agency scenes suggests that these recognitions would be ironic—that David would pick up on them ruefully, self-mockingly. But the writers don't follow through on their premises. David doesn't see himself in old Max (or Max in David). Instead, the movie turns into a generalized statement about the love-hate bonds between parents and children. And the director, Garry Marshall, goes at the subject in the blunt, unshaded manner of TV drama. (The father and son's coming together is much like the father-son reconciliation at the close of Marshall's 1984 film "The Flamingo Kid.") Max undergoes life-or-death surgery, and David sobs in misery. In these scenes, you see Tom Hanks hard at work acting. When Hanks does comedy, his slightly blank quality is like a form of stylization. But when he's sobbing he's blank like Rob Lowe sobbing. (He does, though, have the grace to turn his head away when his mother reacts to the puppy he has brought her by exclaiming how wonderful it is to have something to love.)

In its mixed comedy-weepie intentions, "Nothing in Common" is similar to "Terms of Endearment," which also featured sickness curing selfishness. But with all its emotional flip-flops "Terms" was at least skillfully acted. "Nothing" seems to be miscast in just about every major role, except for Hanks, and Barry Corbin, who plays the monstrous, egocentric head of Colonial Airlines, for whom David works up a presentation, and possibly Hector Elizondo, as the unimposing, considerate head of the ad agency. What looks like miscasting is probably a combination of the bone-thin banality of some of the roles—such as Eva Marie Saint's—and Marshall's misdirecting. The other women aren't much better off. The movie is an interlocking series of parallels, doubles, and contrasts. Lorraine is Catholic, Max is vaguely Jewish, and so on. And the young women are poles apart. As the new-style movie bitch, the aggressive M.B.A. who is the media director of Colonial Airlines, Sela Ward looks like a sneering, synthetic Ava Gardner; her makeup suggests a mask of heartlessness—she's meant to be the female equivalent of the pre-reformed David. As her opposite number—an idealistic professor whose field is experimental theatre—Bess Armstrong stands for warmth and loyalty and integrity. But as an actress Bess Armstrong is like a machine-made emblem of TV—she plays her role exactly as it's written, without a whisper of individuality or temperament.

When the down-at-the-mouth Jackie Gleason heaves in sight, all hope for the movie disappears, anyway. We hear him before we see him: his raspy, boozy voice on David's answering machine has a sarcastic punch that cuts right through David's flippant invitation to leave a message. He's as grating as a bill collector, and he can make you laugh—not for long, though. The Great One is some kind of master comedian, but all his acting instincts play him false when he attempts suffering characters. Gleason stands outside his role, so he brings no illumination to the unpleasantness of this seamy, irascible old guy who thinks he's clever. And though the film practically diagrams the character traits shared by father and son, we never see a hint of what Max was like when he was young—the connection isn't made in a rakish attitude, an impudent, predatory grin, or a dirty laugh. So there's never an instant when we actually feel the dramatic point: "like father, like son." It's a

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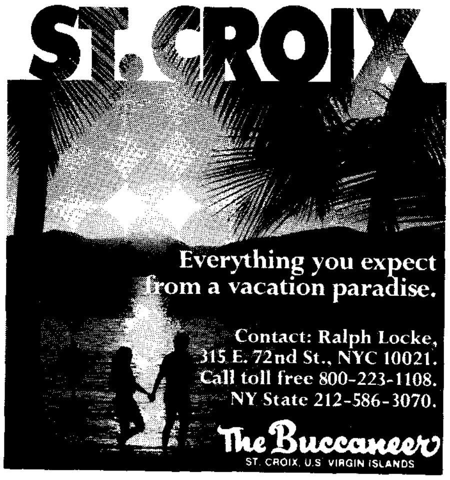

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dreary point, but it might seem less dreary if the movie made it via the acting, instead of stating it repeatedly through all these broad, obvious parallels. (Example: David drives a jeep; Max drives a gunboat-size old Cadillac.)

"Nothing in Common" has a good parody scene or two at the ad agency, and one hard-edged lampoon—the brainstorming sessions that lead to David's anti-high-tech concept for the Colonial Airlines account and the final presentation. (It features a loving family that's the reverse of what he grew up with.) But I hated the movie's mixture of glossiness and drabness—the clutter of David's over-decorated office, the gross swank of his bachelor lair, and the impersonal pastel dullness of the idealistic professor's apartment (which is meant to be tasteful). I hated the way Eva Marie Saint was photographed to look faded and wrinkled. (She's supposed to be about fifty-five, so Saint, who is actually sixty-two, is made up and lighted so that she looks seventy. She's turned into stale white bread.) I hated the insistent moralizing. David has to change because of his casual affairs with women, even though they're mutual conquests and nobody gets hurt. He has to learn to commit himself. (His father never did; when the young, inexperienced Lorraine didn't respond to his lovemaking, he decided she was frigid and took to philandering.) And most of all I hated it because just about everything in it is flagged for you. (Look, now David is going to feel bad about his father!) Is there anything safer than TV-style seriousness—i.e., delivering the conventional wisdom as if it were the deeply important truth?

As David's mild-mannered boss, Hector Elizondo keeps unveiling new hairpieces, hoping for David's approval. We see three of them, and David's mother, meeting the boss for the first time, stares at his rug, transfixed by it. She lived all those years with a portly man who stretches his few (probably dyed) hairs over his big bald head and tries to look dapper, and she can't take her eyes off this innocuous, fluffy little hairpiece? And, of course, Garry Marshall the TV-wisdom pusher has the decent-hearted boss discover the truth: that the deception of the rug doesn't work—that he feels better and looks better when he's honestly bald. This movie is a toupee made up to look like honest baldness.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

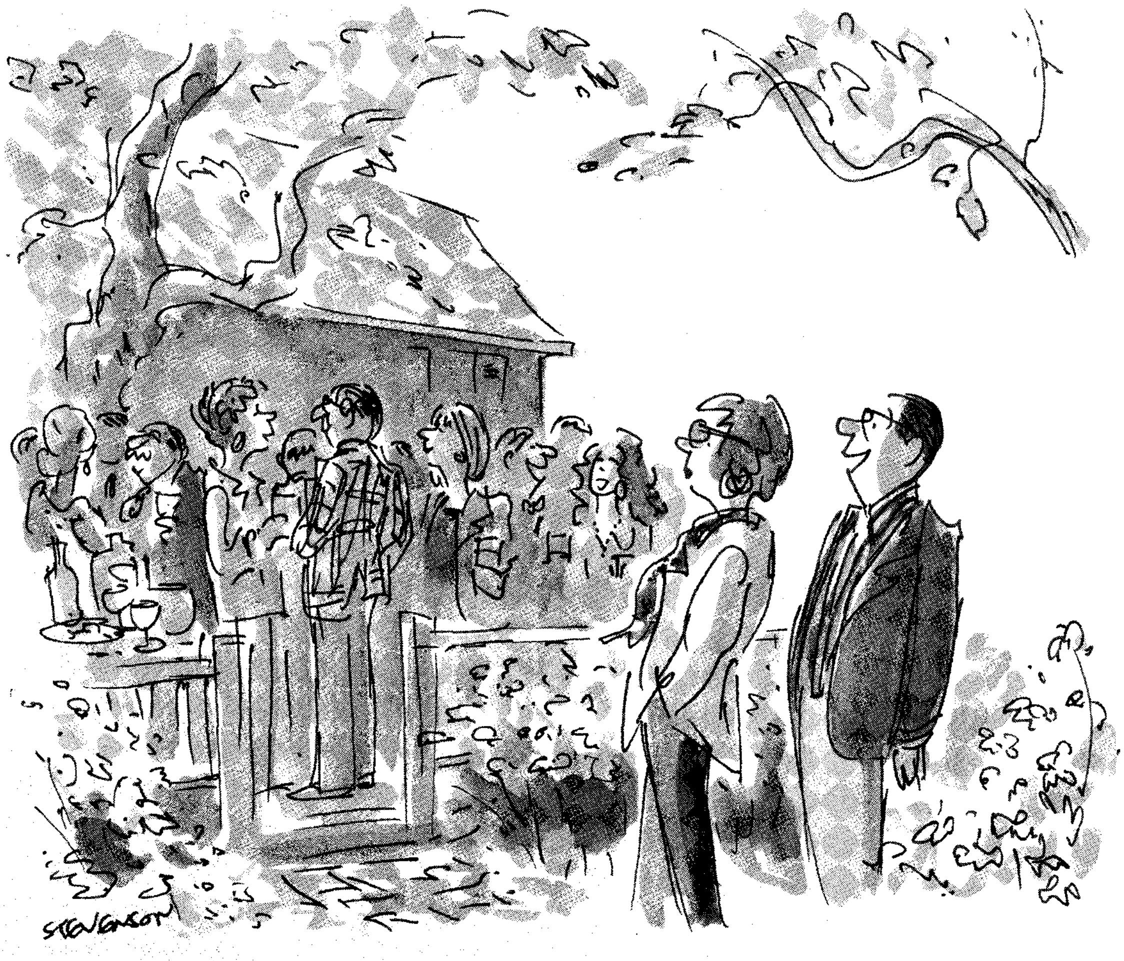
Approximations

SEVERAL operas have been made from Goethe's novel-in-letters "The Sufferings of Young Werther." The latest of them is Hans-Jürgen von Bose's, performed at the Schwetzingen Festival in April and due in Hamburg next year. The most famous of them, Massenet's "Werther," rejoined the City Opera repertory in July, in a new production, directed by Lotfi Mansouri and conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, the company's music director-elect. The opera was presented in "picture-book" fashion. Acts began with a frozen tableau, behind gauze, within a painted frame. Thierry Bosquet's décor was influenced—according to a company handout—by Impressionism and "the warm hues of Renoir's paintings," but the execution was in insipid pastel shades. (Werther lost his famous yellow waistcoat.) The effect was pallid, not passionate. Mr. Mansouri has the reputation of being a "traffic-cop" director, not one who reveals the poignancy or the power of a work, and he sustained it by parading the principals and the chorus in dullest textbook fashion. His chief innovation was a bad one: treating Act IV, Scene 1—Massenet's "Nuit de Noël," a bird's-eye view of the little town of Wetzlar in the moonlight, snow falling, lights twinkling in the windows—as a pantomime of Werther's suicide.

Jerry Hadley sang his first Werther. This rising young tenor has been accused recently of bawling: as Percy to Joan Sutherland's Anna Bolena, as Flamand in the Carnegie Hall "Capriccio." In an *Opera News* interview before "Werther," he suggested that tenors like Alfredo Kraus (not, say, Placido Domingo) would henceforth be his model. He should aim higher—should listen to the records of Werther's music made by Edmond Clément, Fernando de Lucia, Tito Schipa. His performance was careful but monochrome, uninflected, rhythmically plain, not caressing, and his climaxes tended to blare in a way that suggested attention to vocal "method" rather than an access of romantic ardor. He has still to take the step from placing notes conscientiously to being a dramatic character. Charlotte is a role compassable by both sopranos and mezzos: Emma Eames first sang it at the Met; Ninon Vallin and Lotte Lehmann left famous recordings. The City Opera Charlotte was Wendy White, a mezzo, making her company début. For two acts, she played Charlotte, unaccountably, as a flighty soubrette (more of one, indeed, than Charlotte's young sister Sophie, the soubrette role, to which Claudette Peterson lent a plumply mature aspect). In Act III, which contains the Air des Lettres and the Air des Larmes, Miss White came closer to the character—without, however, giving to the words their full expressive power. William Stone was a decent, sober Albert. Mr. Comissiona's conducting, warm but not graceful or aristocratic, emphasized Massenet's debt to Wagner and his influence on Puccini's "Tosca."

Two of the company's three new opera productions this season are of Massenet: "Werther" was followed, last month, by "Don Quichotte." (The third new production is of Anthony Davis's "X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X.") Along with revivals of Massenet's "Cendrillon," Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," and "Carmen" and "Faust," they make up what is billed as a Festival of French Opera. The works are sung, more or less, in French, while "supertitles"—phrases of an abridged English translation—are flashed onto a screen above the stage for the benefit of those who don't understand the language or can't catch what the American singers are saying.

"Don Quichotte," which appeared in 1910, first in Monte Carlo and then in Paris, is one of those late Massenet



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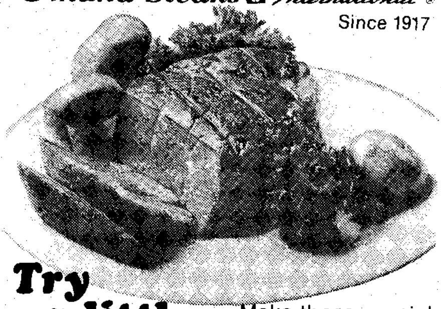

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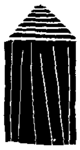
operas infused with a warmth, geniality, and humor seldom found in earlier pieces. It is dedicated to Lucien Fugère, the first Paris Sancho Panza, whose recordings tell of a generous and lovable personality. In five acts we see Don Quixote serenade Dulcinea (here no simple country girl but a glittering contralto courtesan); tilt at the windmills; retrieve—by simple sweetness of character—Dulcinea's necklace from a band of rough brigands; return it to her in a scene where her heart is touched for a moment, and his is broken; and die, with his faithful Sancho beside him. Don Quixote is absurd but pure and good: the brigands recognize it; Dulcinea does; and Sancho brings Act IV to a powerful close as he rounds on the company that has been mocking his beloved master. Massenet based his score on a few telling melodies, economically handled, but the most touching moments are phrases of recitative, which the singers must bring to life. In the final scene, Don Quixote, lucid at last, tells Sancho that although he had promised him castles, even a fertile island, he can now bequeath to him only the Island of Dreams. Sancho interjects into the speech "C'était un simple îlot que je voulais avoir!" Vanni Marcoux, the first Paris Don Quixote (who left a wonderful record of the scene), once told a friend of mine that Fugère's utterance of the simple phrase would sometimes move him so deeply that he found it difficult to continue the opera. That kind of detailed verbal inflection was missing in the City Opera performance. Samuel Ramey, the Don Quixote, lacked presence and personality, although his voice was admirable. To suggest the character, he adopted a backward-leaning pose, moved like a windup toy, and kept his features impassive except when baring his teeth in a careful smile. Joseph McKee's Sancho had more vitality. Victoria Vergara, tall and beautiful, played Dulcinea with cool composure but with strident coloratura. Mario Bernardi's conducting was straightforward, not especially elegant.



A company handout described the production, directed by John Copley, as "a sophisticated 'storybook' presentation." During the brief prelude, the troupe assembled and, taking costumes from hampers, prepared to play or to sit around watching a Don Quixote drama. Robin Don's set was a black box with giant enlargements of the famous Gustave Doré illustrations, in monochrome—one for each scene—hung slantwise at the back. From two of them a practicable staircase popped out. It was a conventionally arty approach, not helpful to the emotions of the piece. The windmills episode was feebly achieved. The moving final image—the Knight asleep and dreaming aloud, then dying, on his feet, standing propped against a tree trunk—was lost: the set had no tree.

These presentations of "Werther" and "Don Quichotte" were generalized, approximate. They made the operas seem hardly worth doing. There was superficial, cosmetic adornment, but the essentials—subtle, intense, engrossing individual performances—were missing. I prefer to hear Massenet in the original French, but—witness De Lucia's and Schipa's recordings in Italian, Lehmann's in German—the language chosen is less important than vivid projection of whatever words are sung. In both shows, the actors, women and men alike, were got up as painted dolls. Charlotte had heavy eye makeup and false eyelashes, and bright patches of rouge on her cheeks. (Whoever supervises the City Opera makeup seems to have forgotten that it should be unnoticed by the audience.) A small point, but indicative of a disregard for period and style, of a large carelessness about the way specific characters should look, move, and deliver their lines. Massenet's Werther is not Goethe's and his Don Quixote not Cervantes', but something of the original feeling survives in both operas. Little survived in the City Opera presentations; nor was there much feeling for Massenet's own precise, delicate charm. By contrast with, say, the "Makropulos Affair" that Sarah Caldwell directed in Boston or the "Così Fan Tutte" that Peter Sellars directed in Purchase, these were hardly serious performances. They offered entertainment, nothing more. —ANDREW PORTER

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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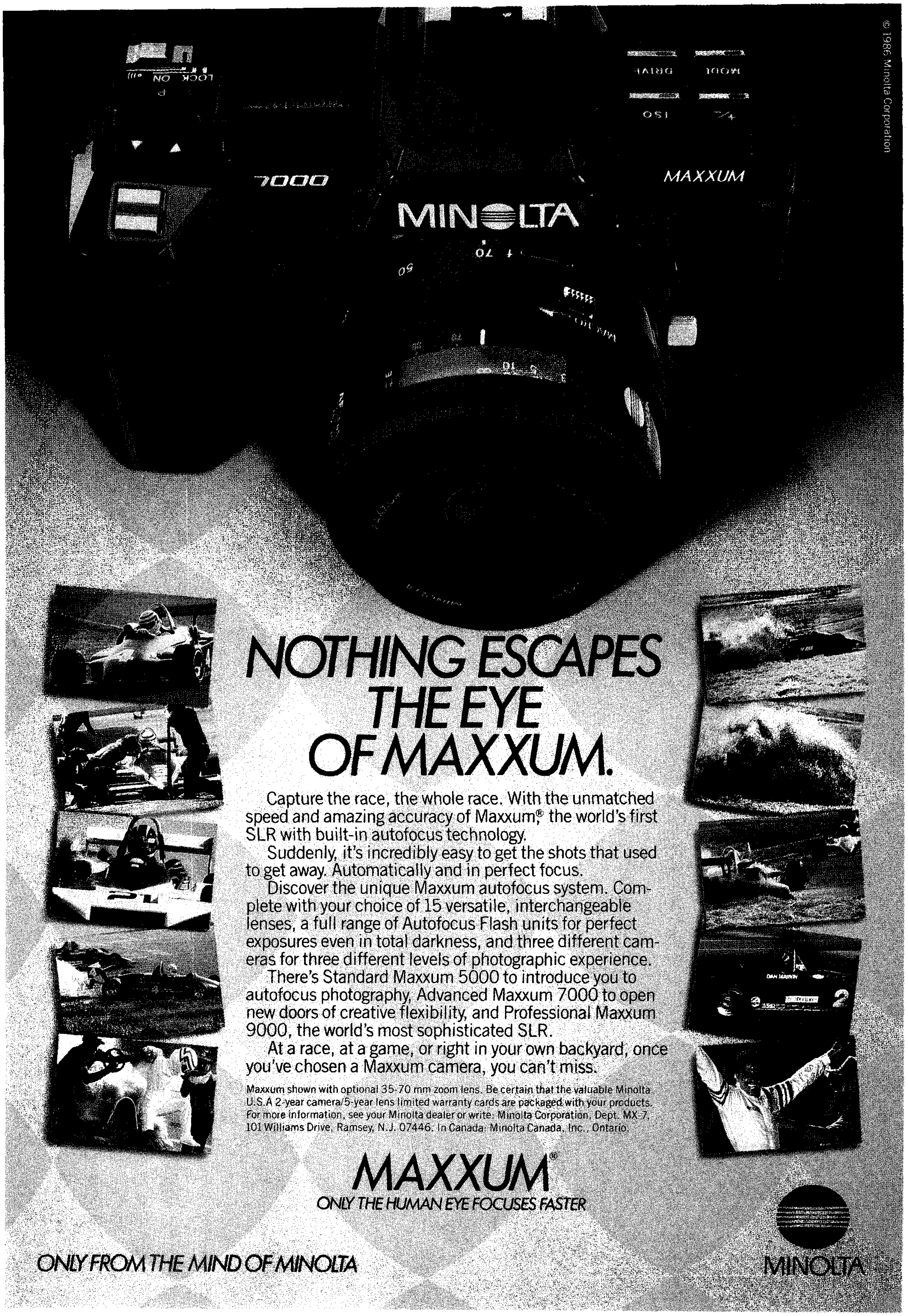

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AROUND CITY HALL

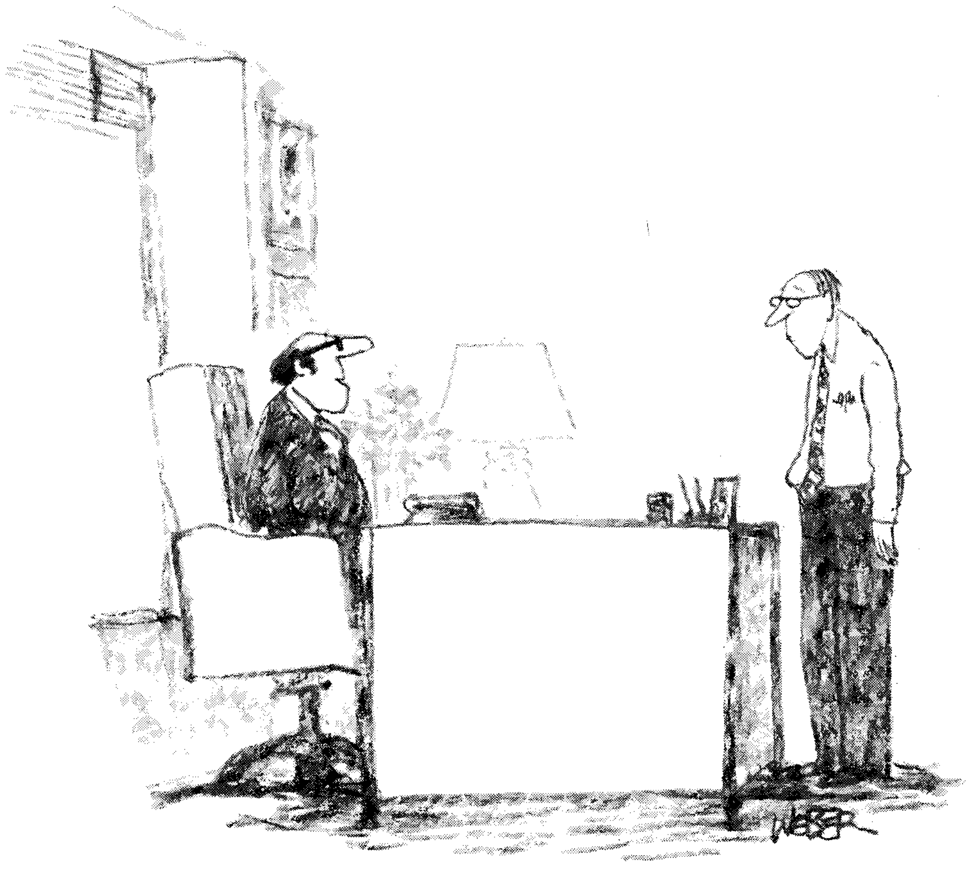
THE STRAW-DOG CIRCUIT

EVERYONE knows that politics is not a logical endeavor, but lately it has seemed that some of the players in this year's New York State elections are carrying the game of anomaly rather far. On August 11th, at Radio City Music Hall, Governor Mario Cuomo, who is running for reëlection to a second term, gave the keynote speech at the American Bar Association's annual convention. Referring to President Reagan's two most recent nominees to the United States Supreme Court, he dwelt on the importance of making appointments on the basis of competence rather than ideology. Afterward, Eugene Thomas, the new president of the bar association, who is a Republican, said he agreed with the Reagan Administration's position that it was already doing this, and said that Cuomo had raised "a straw man." In his own favor, Cuomo mentioned to the bar-association members that three of his six appointments to New York's highest court, the Court of Appeals, were Republicans. He spoke of his own love for the lawyering profession, and of his hope someday to return to it, but, he added, getting a nice laugh, "as Augustine said about his desire to achieve chastity . . . Not quite yet." He spoke of the "miracle" of the American system of law and the reverence of the American people for the rule of law. At the end of the speech, he received a standing ovation, which was especially gratifying, he said later, because it came from people "most of whom would not vote for me."

Within a few days, the Governor was under ferocious attack from many directions, because of his active role in helping Stanley Lundine, his chosen candidate for the lieutenant governorship, successfully challenge the nominating petitions that, under state election law, would validate the candidacy for lieutenant governor of Abraham Hirschfeld. Cuomo has not taken issue with any of Hirschfeld's ideological positions, which, in fact, are not very specific beyond such promises as "If I am elected lieutenant governor, in one year housing will not be a problem in New York City" and his statement about Cuomo that "he's a talker and I'm a doer." Cuomo's position is that Hirschfeld, a local builder, real-estate developer, and landlord, who has never held a government position, is "unqualified" to be a heartbeat away from the governorship. In recent years, the sixty-six-year-old Hirschfeld, who is, as he says, a doer, has paid out many thousands of dollars in court-ordered settlements for such actions as having illegally evicted or harassed tenants and, on one occasion, having physically held a city official prisoner in her office because he objected to her department's handling of a permit for one of his real-estate projects. Someone commented this summer that if Hirschfeld were the lieutenant governor, Cuomo would not feel that he could leave the state; New York's Mayor Edward Koch said, "We wouldn't want Mario to leave the room." On August 19th, Hirschfeld was removed from the ballot for the September 9th primary by a state Supreme Court judge, who ruled that the documents Hirschfeld submitted were "not in compliance with the most plain and simple requirements of election law." When reporters asked the Governor to justify his attack on the Hirschfeld petitions, he said there was a principle involved: "It's called the law."

In a television commentary, Gabe Pressman, the veteran reporter for the local NBC station, wondered how a man who had challenged Hirschfeld's petitions could have spoken about ethics to members of the bar association, and said that, as a onetime professional baseball player, Cuomo should know "it's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game." (Pressman may not be a close follower of professional sports.) He quoted from a *Times* editorial entitled "Nitpicking Democracy in New York," which accused Cuomo of looking like "a clubhouse pol." The judge's ruling, said the *Times*, was a defeat for democracy, and in the case of Cuomo, though a technical victory, it was "a moral defeat." The *Village Voice* later chimed in, conceding that a study by the city's bar association proposing changes in the election law had recommended retaining the particular regulations that Hirschfeld had been held to have violated. However, said the *Voice*, "there is no law requiring primary opponents to challenge each other's nominating papers."

The attack on Cuomo by the *Times* —which was possibly stunned to find



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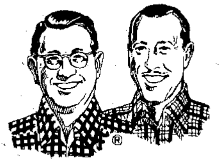

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itself on the same side of things as the *Voice*—did not surprise him: unlike Mayor Koch, he has never been a favorite at that paper. In 1982, when the two men ran against each other for the Democratic nomination for governor, the *Times* strongly supported Koch, and whoever wrote the paper's editorial after the Mayor was unexpectedly defeated gave the impression of being in a deeply depressed state. The *Voice*, on the other hand, could usually be relied on, week after week, to be on Cuomo's side—at least as against the Mayor. It was thus especially remarkable that the headline over a recent *Voice* editorial was "KOCH LEADS, CUOMO DRAGS FEET." In mid-August, the Mayor had urged Cuomo to call a special session of the State Legislature, to rewrite the election law; on August 21st, the *Times* said, "No Governor, or legislature, that cares about honorable government would allow such national embarrassment to continue, even for another week."

It was hard to imagine that the courts would allow any legislation passed at such a special session to affect the outcome of this year's elections. The New York election law is a two-hundred-and-eighty-seven-page document full of intricately arranged booby traps for the legally unwary. It has been essentially the same for decades: in 1976, Jimmy Carter, trying to get on the Presidential-primary ballot here, called it "a horrible example of gross political bossism." In August, 1985, many candidates in that year's municipal election were challenged and knocked off the ballot (in most cases temporarily), and there were daily statements by politicians and editorial writers deploring the law's tricky provisions and demanding that it be radically amended. As soon as the primary election was over, the issue faded from local attention. When the Mayor was asked last month whether he had urged the legislature to revise the law when it was in session earlier this year, he said, "My position on the subject was well known." In the mayoral election, he had denounced his opponent, City Council President Carol Bellamy, for having challenged the petitions—which, in fact, were rather ragtag—of another mayoral contender, Manhattan Assemblyman Herman Farrell; getting him off the ballot was the only way there could be an election in which the anti-Koch vote would not be split. Koch said that Bellamy's challenge of Farrell's petitions proved not only that she was anti-democratic but, since Farrell is black, that she was hostile to the local minority community. This year, he did not upbraid Cuomo and Lundine as undemocratic for having challenged Hirschfeld's petitions ("Last year I was running," he explained to reporters. "Now I'm taking a statesman's position"), and, of course, he did not accuse the Governor of being anti-Semitic.

Although both the *Times* and the *Voice*, in their strong editorials denouncing the Cuomo challenge of Hirschfeld's petitions, noted that many other candidates had been knocked off the primary ballot by similar challenges of the deplorable law, neither mentioned that among those challenged were allies of Lyndon LaRouche, Jr., who were running for statewide office. Neither paper had attacked New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in 1982, when he spent over half of his campaign funds challenging the petitions of the LaRouche candidate running against him. Adlai Stevenson III, who was forced by this year's primary results in Illinois to face the prospect of running for governor there on the same ticket as several of LaRouche's allies, would not judge the money to have been ill-spent or the action inappropriate because the law did not require it. Though they are off the ballot here, the LaRouche forces, who are apparently having an easier time evading the libel laws than the state election laws, are continuing to campaign against Cuomo, handing out authentic-looking newspapers with such banner headlines as "N.Y. GOVERNOR CUOMO'S TIES TO MOB POSE U.S. SECURITY THREAT" and stories referring to him as "Mafia Mario" and to Koch as "his sometime mob rival."

THE tradition in politics in New York State is that the Republican candidates for statewide office will have the big money—will even, very likely, be millionaires themselves—and that their heavy-on-television campaigns will be marvels of efficiency. Meanwhile, their Democratic opponents will lurch from crisis to crisis and mishap to mishap, quarrelling with each other and generally making political spectacles of themselves as they poor-mouth every step of the way. At intervals, citing their version of the fairness doctrine, they will call for campaign-spending limits—which gets them nowhere. Sometimes all this thrashing about will attract enough attention away from the more stately performance of the Republican opposition to push a Democrat over the top on Election Day. Youthful New Yorkers, accustomed, for example, to a Democratic governor in Albany—Hugh Carey, first elected in 1974, served two terms, and Mario Cuomo, who succeeded him, is now running for a second term—may forget that such happy political endings for Carey and Cuomo's party have been relatively rare. In the case of the governorship, except for the single, four-year term, ending in 1958, of Averell Harriman, who died this summer, Republicans occupied the Executive Mansion for thirty-two straight years before Carey moved in. Even though a poll at the beginning of the summer showed New York's present governor with an eighty-one-per-cent approval rating, the fact that the Republicans could once again sweep all before them was a note that Cuomo often hit early this year—doubtless to keep voters, and especially campaign contributors, from assuming that the election was all but over. "I come from a Depression background, and we don't take anything for granted," Cuomo, who was born in 1932, poor-mouthed at the Democratic state convention. He insisted that he should be considered the underdog since members of President Reagan's party, bent on recapturing the top position in the nation's second-largest state (and, at the same time, although Cuomo modestly did not mention it, knocking off a possible 1988 Democratic Presidential candidate), could easily raise twenty million dollars or so for his opponent, whoever that might be. Every week or so, he suggested, the President and members of his Cabinet would be here campaigning for the ticket.

In fact, to New York Republicans, who understandably like to dwell on the way things used to be, this year's state election campaign has been, in many respects, a world turned upside down. Cuomo has a campaign treasury of more than nine million dollars, available for this election or that other one, two years from now, in which he insists that he has no real interest. One of the two candidates for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate, John Dyson, the former head of the State Power Authority, is the son of Charles Dyson, a legendary Wall Street figure who is sometimes credited with having invented leveraged buyouts. John Dyson's *income*

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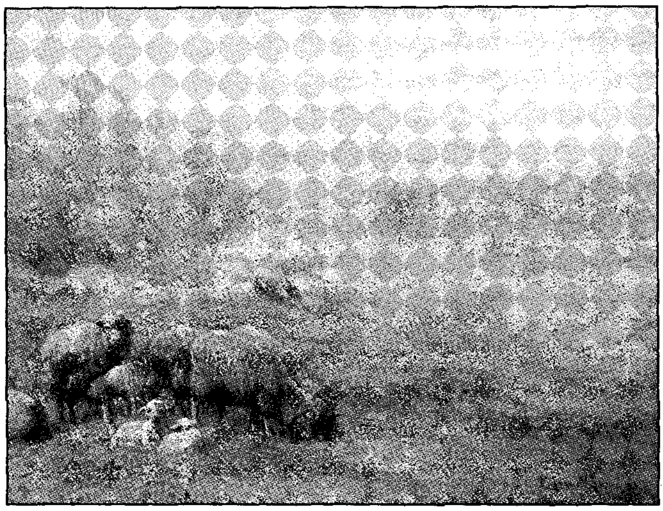

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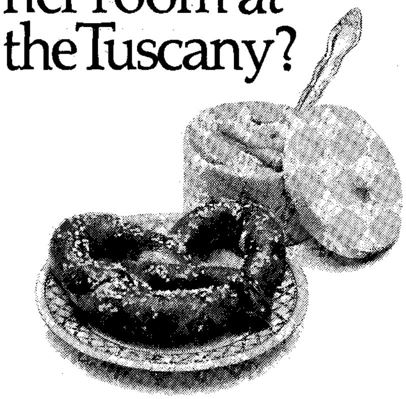

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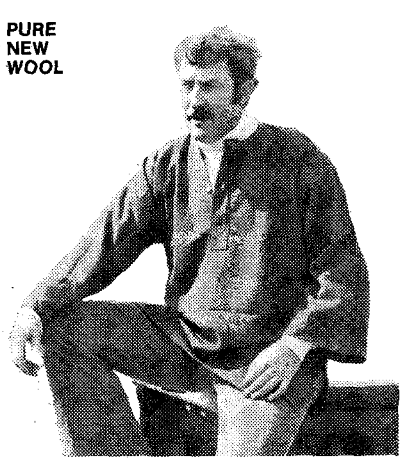

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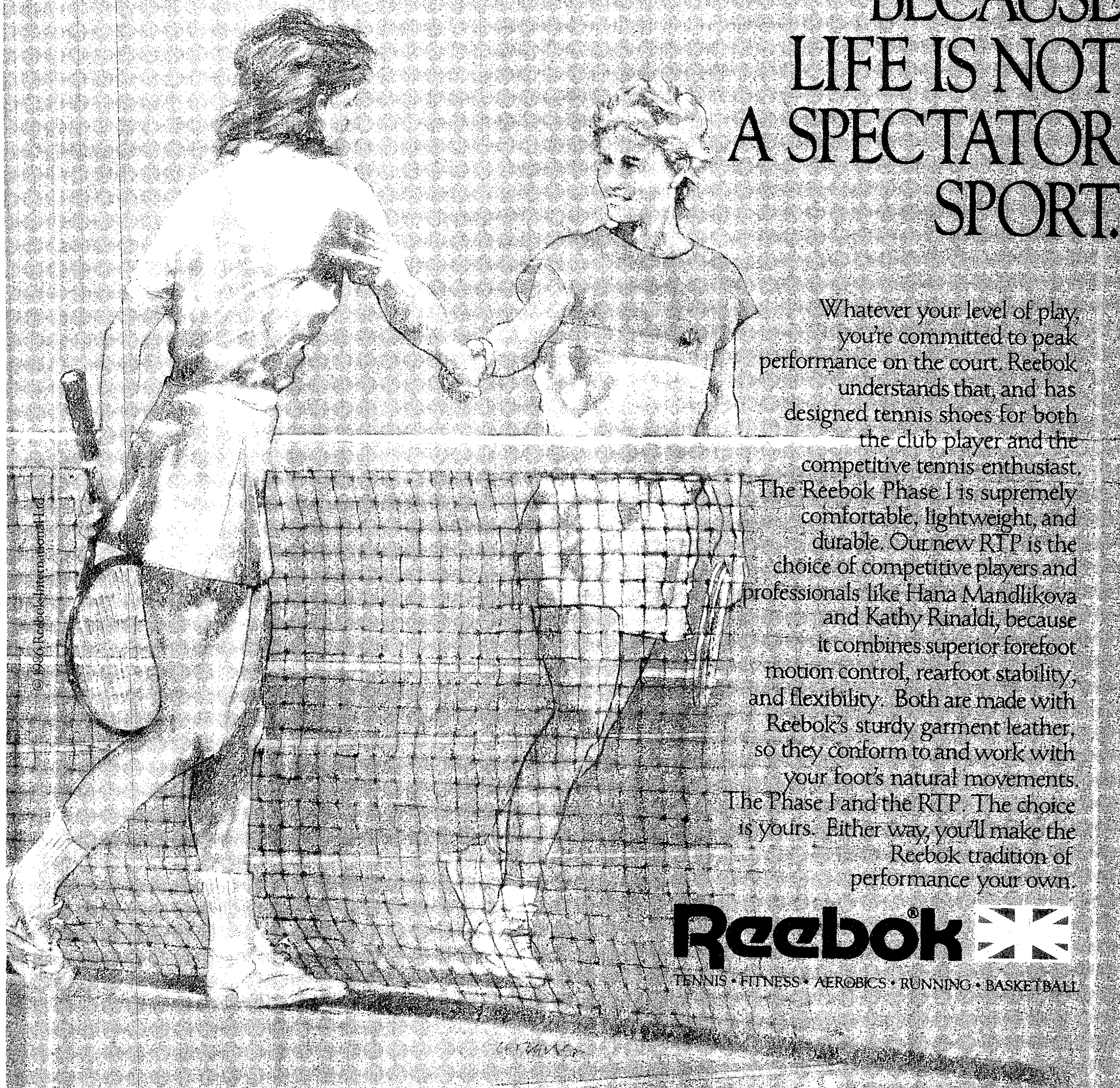
last year was over nine million dollars. The campaign theme song of his opponent in the September 9th Democratic primary, Mark Green, an author and a former colleague of Ralph Nader's, is "If I Were a Rich Man." Hirschfeld had spent over two million dollars, mostly for television ads, before the judge knocked him off the ballot. His was not a grass-roots effort: the total contributions he reported to the state Board of Elections for the three-week period ending August 8th came to fifty dollars in outside contributions and five hundred and fifty thousand dollars of his own fortune, which he sometimes puts at a hundred million, sometimes at four or five times that. "Any person who knows how much he is worth has nothing," he has said.

BY contrast, the Republican candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general—they are, respectively, Andrew O'Rourke, now the county executive of Westchester County; Michael Kavanagh, the district attorney of Ulster County, just north of and across the Hudson from Westchester; and Peter T. King, the comptroller for Nassau County, on Long Island—are all public officeholders of relatively modest means. Much the same could be said of Edward Regan, the Republican candidate for state comptroller, except that he is the incumbent (and the only elected Republican holding statewide office), which gives him a big advantage in fund-raising. Last month, the Republicans' unprecedented all-Irish-American lineup was hailed in a front-page *Times* story as a symbol of the resurgence of the Irish-pols tradition that had flourished in the state in the past. However, in their heyday such politicians were usually city Democrats, associated with Tammany Hall, whom the Republicans (mostly Wasps in those days) did everything in their power to unseat. A problem facing the current Irish-Americans (except for Regan) is that their effort is routinely associated, even among themselves, with a word not of Gaelic origin. James Emery, a former State Assembly minority leader, who took himself out of the race for governor last spring, said he had done it because "I'm not a kamikaze pilot." And O'Rourke, a reluctant candidate, explained that he didn't want to run for governor unless he was assured of sufficient funds, saying, "I don't want to be a kamikaze candidate."

Even before he was nominated at the Republican state convention in Syracuse, at the end of May, O'Rourke had called for a campaign-spending limit; he got nowhere. Cuomo did mention—as he often does—that he knew what it was like to run against big money. In 1982, his opponent was Lewis Lehrman, the multimillionaire major stockholder in the Rite Aid drugstore chain. At the 1984 Republican national convention, Lehrman was several times referred to by fellow-Republican speakers as the man who had "lost by a whisker" to Mario Cuomo. The margin—though too close for Cuomo's comfort—was nearly four per cent of the vote. On his losing race, Lehrman spent about fourteen million dollars, most of it his own money. This was more than twice as much as Cuomo had available for both the general election and the bitterly fought primary, in which he defeated Koch, who also spent about twice as much money as he did. The Governor's point seemed to be that in politics money isn't everything and you can win even though you are heavily outspent. Limiting spending was something he was clearly not willing to push now that he was the one with access to millions. During the 1982 campaign, when Lehrman was asked how much he was willing to spend on the campaign, he said, "What we have to to win." Showing a certain lack of fraternal party feeling for his predecessor as Republican gubernatorial candidate, O'Rourke said last spring, "Mario Cuomo is becoming the Lew Lehrman of this campaign. He's going to spend himself right into oblivion."

Poll-watchers who like the objects of their attention to be predictable and had seen Lehrman as a man for whom not money but politics was everything were startled to learn last year that Lehrman, who had made a strong pitch for the votes of his fellow-Jews in 1982, had been baptized as a Roman Catholic. After the 1984 election, Vice-Presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro claimed that when her mother asked her during the campaign whether the Mondale-Ferraro ticket would win, she would use the old line "Listen—is the Pope Italian?" Last spring, the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee held a fund-raising party in Washington featuring a roast of Mario Cuomo. In one speech, written by Paul Browne, press secretary for Senator Moynihan, Cuomo was quoted as having predicted certain



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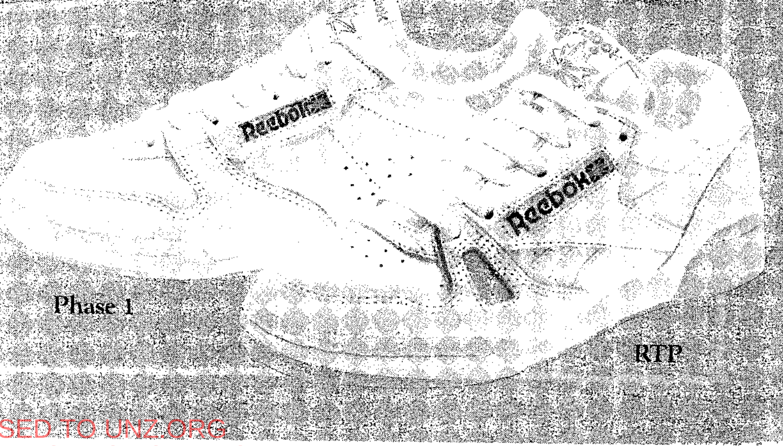

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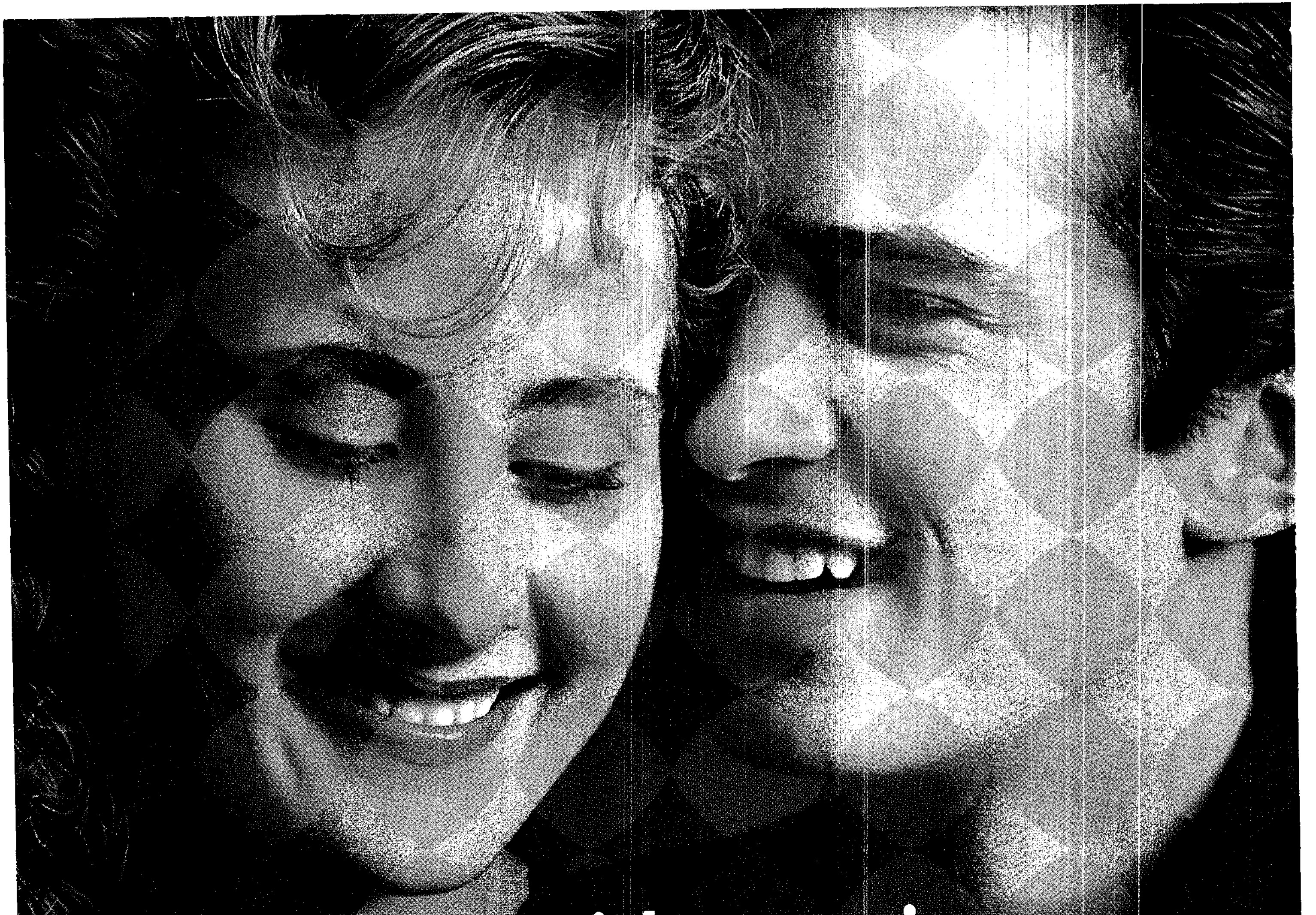
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Democratic victory in 1984. Asked how he could be sure, he answered, "Is Lew Lehrman Jewish?" An announcement last month suggested that Lehrman may not remain in political oblivion: he is considering taking on Moynihan in 1988, when Moynihan is up for reëlection. With luck, that could be a contest in which religious persuasions go unmentioned. As if to demonstrate that the Republican Party is not, after all, resistant to new ways of doing things, not only are its four candidates for state office all Irish-Americans but, counting its nominee for the United States Senate, Alfonse D'Amato, the incumbent, all five candidates scheduled to be at the top of their ballots are Catholics. Young voters contemplating this circumstance as well as the contest between Cuomo and O'Rourke for the governorship may find it hard to believe their elders' assurances that there was a time when a party naming a Catholic for state or federal office was considered to be doing a brave and perilous thing.

The Republican slate was precedent-setting in another respect. The Democratic margin in the state is about three to two, with the city heavily Democratic and upstate counties generally Republican. Inevitably, the interests of the voters in the two regions tend to differ, and political figures have been known to adjust their positions to accommodate this. In the epilogue to this year's annual lampoon of state politicians by the Legislative Correspondents Association in Albany, O'Rourke, playing himself, was questioned about his position on the distribution of cheap hydropower. "Are we upstate or downstate?" he asked. In the city's suburbs, whose population grew mightily in the years after the Second World War, political allegiances are more evenly divided, and these areas are often described as holding the balance of power in the state. If this proves out in 1986, the Republicans would be in good shape for the election: all five of their statewide candidates are suburbanites.

THE ticket chosen by the Democrats at their state convention, held in Albany in early June, was more various, geographically and otherwise. Of the two renominated incumbents, the Italian-American Cuomo is from Queens, and Attorney General Robert Abrams, who is Jewish, is from Manhattan. The nominee for comptroller is Herman Badillo, a Bronx resident, who was the first Puerto Rican member of Congress and is the only member of a minority group on either major-party ticket. These three candidates, like all the Republicans chosen at their convention, have no primary opposition. This is not true of the two other men designated by the Democrats at their convention. Dyson, who got the most votes for the senatorial nomination, is a Presbyterian from Dutchess County. His upstate connection, his reputation as a conservative (for ideological ticket balancing), and his willingness to spend pots of money on his own cause made him Cuomo's apparent favorite, and this fact is heavily featured in Dyson's steady drumbeat of television commercials, which constitute almost his entire campaign. This is a lot more expensive than handshake sessions at subway stops and rallies outside factory entrances, but, in Dyson's case, quite affordable. However, Green, his more liberal primary opponent, has substantial support; for example, he has the backing of eight of the state's nineteen Democratic members of the House of Representatives and of most of the state's active environmentalist groups. Of Dyson's barrage of television commercials, Green has said that if they were all that counted "we should elect Morris the Cat." He happily quotes at every opportunity a five-year-old statement by Dyson in which, playing the upstate-downstate game, Dyson told a gathering in Massena, New York, "I have the normal disregard for New York City that you do." In a Democratic primary, the majority of voters are from the territory of normal disregard.

Although Green, who has a sassy tongue (as opposed to Dyson, who seems to be virtually tongue-tied), once suggested that the Governor might "throw his halo into the ring" for the Presidency, at the convention the Cuomo forces made arrangements to give Green, who is Jewish and from Manhattan, more than twenty-five per cent of the weighted vote. This, according to state election law, would put his name automatically on the ballot, and save him from having to "go the petition route," as politicians usually describe it—a costly and time-consuming process that requires the gathering of twenty thousand signatures of registered voters from at least seventeen of the state's thirty-four congressional districts. A similar indulgence was not given to Hirschfeld. The convention's choice for lieutenant governor was Lundine, since 1976

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a member of the House of Representatives from Jamestown, New York, in the western part of the state, who is a Protestant of Swedish heritage. He and Cuomo had never met until a few weeks before the convention. After the convention vote, the upstater apparently thought it worth mentioning that he had now met some of the members of the staff of the governor from Queens: "To my surprise, they're all really nice people."

The lieutenant governorship of New York State can be as empty and hapless a post as the Vice-Presidency, but it is different in one important respect. Candidates campaign for the nomination independently in the primary. Then, in the general election, the primary winner runs on the same line with the nominee for governor, who may have supported someone else. No one at this year's state Democratic convention was as knowledgeable about the lieutenant governor's role as Mario Cuomo, who first ran for it, with the support of Carey, in 1974, and lost to Mary Anne Krupsak, an upstate legislator who became the state's first woman lieutenant governor. (New York has never had a woman governor.) Miss Krupsak's relationship with Carey was an uneasy one, and in the summer of 1978, in a fit of anger, she announced that she found him "unwilling to fulfill his obligations of office," and that she would not run on the same ticket with him again. Within hours, Carey had turned to Cuomo. In the next four years, the relationship between Carey and his new lieutenant governor was not always a comfortable one, either, but at least they had chosen each other. When Cuomo ran for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1982, his choice for lieutenant governor was former State Senator Carl McCall, who is black. The winner of the primary was Alfred DelBello, Andrew O'Rourke's predecessor as county executive of Westchester County, who was Koch's choice for lieutenant governor. The partnership was thus off to a bad start, from which it never recovered. In December, 1984, bored with his isolation from the center of power, DelBello resigned to enter private industry.

Cuomo's attack on Hirschfeld's petitions—on August 27th, an appellate-court ruling found that about a third of them involved legal inadequacies, and, in some cases, forgeries—was the act of a man who, having been a big-upset winner himself, has no respect

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for the experts' view that some unwelcome political outcome can never happen. His chosen candidate for the lieutenant governorship, Lundine, is someone for whose personal style the term "mild-mannered" almost seems to have been invented. Hirschfeld, his non-mild-mannered adversary, liked to quote political commentators who he claimed had described Lundine as "a wimp." However, contrary to the ineffectuality that term evokes, in 1976 Lundine pulled off the historic feat of becoming the first Democrat elected in his district in a century, and he has been reëlected four times since. Now that he has given up the seat to run for lieutenant governor, no one here is predicting that it might be lost to the Democrats for another hundred years, but if he were to have given it up only to be defeated in this month's primary it would be a sad development. Cuomo now says, several times a day, that Lundine is exactly the person whom he would like to have take over the governing of the state—not if someone were to run for the Presidency but "if I drop dead." He surely had in mind the fact that in the general election his nominee would give the ticket religious and geographic balance—at a recent fund-raiser he insisted, with a straight face, that Lundine's being an upstater was totally irrelevant: "I would have wanted him on the ticket if he were from Queens."

THIS year's state Democratic convention, in contrast to the chaos that often prevailed at such meetings in the past (in 1974, for example, Hirschfeld, making the first of several attempts to get on the ballot for the United States Senate, spat in the face of a Brooklyn political leader who opposed him), was conducted in businesslike fashion. At the end, the delegates joined hands as the band played the theme from "Rocky," which was the music played for Cuomo's appearance at the 1982 convention, in Syracuse, when linking him to the long-shot Italian-American fighter was more appropriate. Although some of the upstaters must have been tempted, this city's municipal scandals went virtually unmentioned in the speeches. One man's absence made it easier to pretend that new indictments weren't being handed down every week or so, as was then the case. The contrast between this year's Democratic meeting and that of the Republicans, a few days earlier, which had been something of a mess, was not on many

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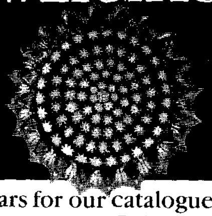
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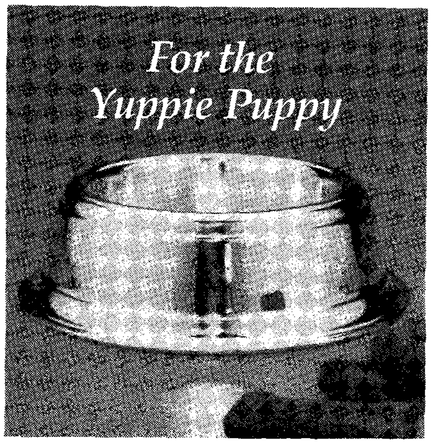

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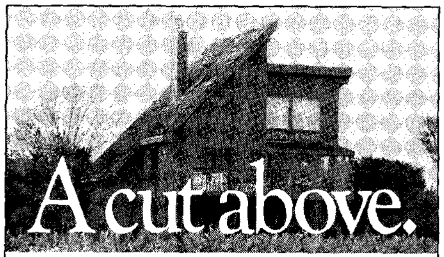

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minds. Rather, it was the difference between how things were in 1986 and how they had been four years ago, when Koch was expected to be the state's next governor, and his forces ran the convention as their private duchy. For a time then, it appeared that they would not even grant Cuomo the number of votes he needed to be on the ballot. This year, rather than play a less prominent role at Governor Cuomo's court, the Mayor, who is surely the second-most-powerful Democrat in the state, simply gave the convention a pass.

At the Republican convention, Anthony Colavita, the state chairman —like O'Rourke, he is from Westchester County—went as far as to try to attract attention to the affair by riding an elephant to the convention hall. The elephant behaved so rambunctiously that Colavita wondered if it might be a Democrat. Speaking of his effort to persuade someone to run for lieutenant governor, the leader of the once proud state G.O.P. said, "I've had so many say no to me it doesn't hurt anymore." Suddenly, with little notice, he announced that his candidate would be Jeanine Pirro, an assistant district attorney from his home county, and he used the occasion to chide the Democrats for not having a woman on their ticket. Moreover, Mrs. Pirro, a Lebanese-American married to an Italian, would add ethnic variety to the lineup. Within a day, however, she had to withdraw, questions having been raised about her husband's investments in the carting trade, which is often associated with organized crime. This mishap will make it hard for the Republicans to indulge in snide remarks this year about any problems of the husband of the 1984 Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. Sylvester Stallone was a presence at the Republican convention, too: Staten Island City Council member Susan Molinari made a speech seconding the nomination of D'Amato, in which she described him as "the Rocky Balboa of politics." However, D'Amato, who had pleaded a scheduling conflict when O'Rourke announced his candidacy, didn't stay long, and he has put considerable distance between himself and most of the rest of the ticket ever since.

Nothing that has happened since has disturbed the widespread impression that New York's Republican senator and its Democratic governor will find it mutually convenient to go easy on each other in this year's election. Another non-troublemaker for Cuomo will apparently be New Jersey's Republican governor, Thomas Kean. After making an appearance at the New York state Republican convention, he said, "I'm not here to criticize Mario Cuomo. Mario Cuomo's a friend of mine." Going his own way, O'Rourke at the beginning of his campaign had firmly tied Cuomo to the city's scandals, mentioning that Cuomo was "on duty during that watch"—that is, in Albany—and saying, "I believe, indirectly, it would be almost impossible that he wouldn't know something about it, coming out of Queens." However, he added, sounding like a celebrated Shakespearean orator on the subject of another politician of Italian heritage, "as far as I know, Mario Cuomo is a decent and honorable man." Cuomo, who has never been part of the Queens machine (in 1982, Donald Manes, the late Queens Democratic boss, supported not him but Koch), was so angry about O'Rourke's remarks that he has declined to schedule any debates with his Republican opponent, who could use the exposure. Some Republicans profess to be hopeful about the outcome of any future debates, however. Tim Carey, who was a member of Lehrman's staff, said, a few months ago, "I believe Andy will take Mario's pants off." Late in October, 1982, Vice-President George Bush, appearing at a local Republican fund-raiser, declared that Lehrman had "the pants scared off of Mario Cuomo," and he added, "I mean *literally*." It's clear that the Republicans' determination to associate Cuomo with the radical sans-culottes—who in fact prevailed in the revolution that gave them their name —has not abated.

SO far, the Republicans in Washington have not been putting themselves out to save New York State from a Democratic Cuomo. The President has not set a date for any appearance on behalf of O'Rourke, who has raised about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, compared with Cuomo's more than nine million. Possibly confused by Cuomo's talk of being the underdog, Barry Nelson, O'Rourke's campaign manager, said that the Governor, with his prediction of twenty million or so from Washington, had set up "a straw dog." (In ancient times, a straw dog was used in sacrifices and then discarded.) At a Republican fund-raiser in this city in May, only twenty-eight of the sixty

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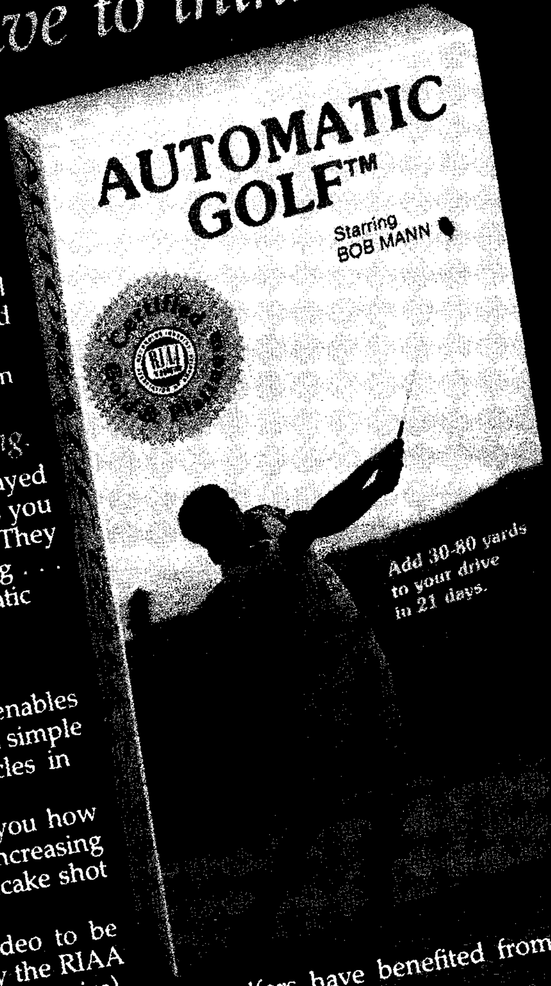

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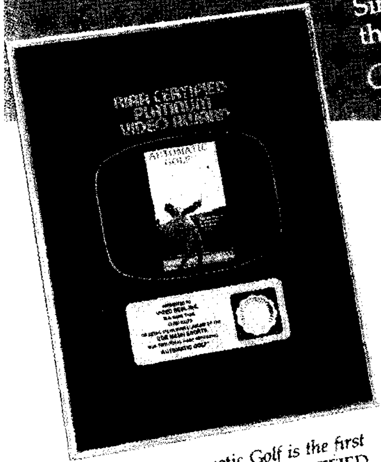

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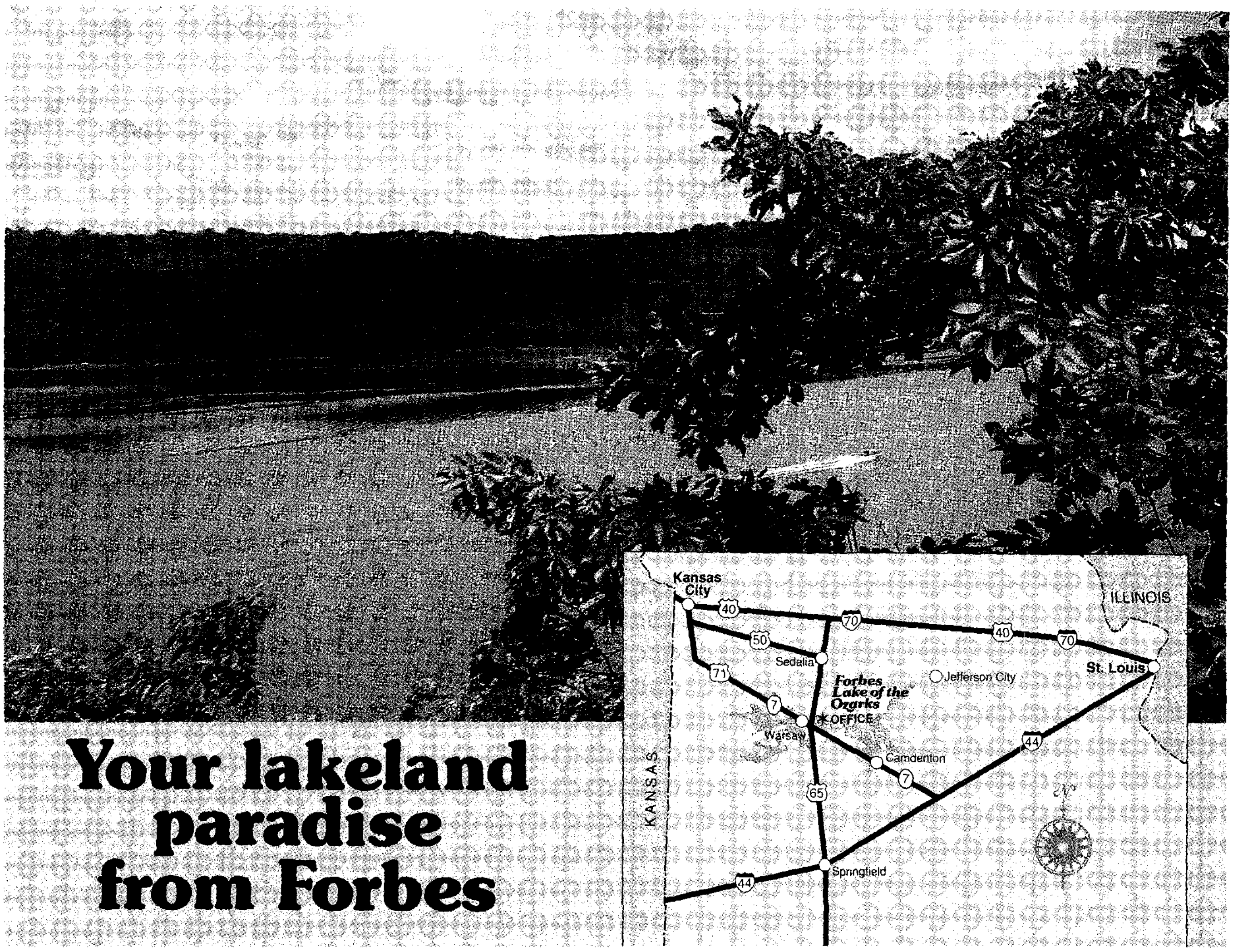

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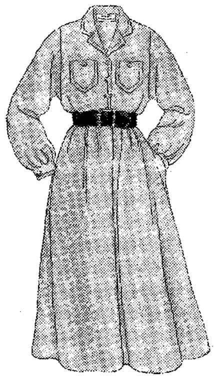
tables were filled. Bush has done his part for the 1986 ticket, but despite the Vice-President's appearance at an O'Rourke fund-raiser in June fewer than two hundred and fifty people turned up. Bush offered to come back this month for another such fund-raiser, but the state party leaders told him not to bother: the event had been called off for lack of interest. According to Adam Nagourney, writing in the *Daily News*, at a question-and-answer session with O'Rourke editors and reporters of a Buffalo newspaper chain ran out of questions. The executive editor of the Buffalo *News* ducked out of a similar meeting for an early lunch. When the Republican candidate appeared on a radio call-in show, only three people called in, and one of them had phoned to say that Mario Cuomo was the best governor the state had ever had. O'Rourke made a serious proposal in the field of prison reform: he suggested that, since a prison cell costs as much as a hundred thousand dollars, prisoners should be billed for part of the expense. The *Daily News* pointed out, in an editorial, that "most likely they would have to be billed *after* their stays in the slammer," and asked, "Will Andy invite them to *his* neighborhood?" When he heard about the plan, one of O'Rourke's running mates, State Comptroller Regan, burst out laughing.

The state's Republicans were doubtless heartened by the heavy criticism of Cuomo's moves against Hirschfeld, which were widely described as ruthless and in sharp contrast to his public association of himself with various saints from Augustine to Thomas More. However, in New York politics a degree of ruthlessness—as opposed to wimpiness—plays better than piety almost any day. By most judgments, the Republicans' best hope in New York this year was to see that Cuomo's victory was by a relatively small margin, which wouldn't play well in a Presidential race. On the night of the Albany reporters' show, last May, O'Rourke, to the tune of "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina," sang "Don't pick on me, Mario Cuomo/They say I may not get you/But in the process you'll lose the promise/Of Pennsylvania Avenue." In his part of the entertainment, Cuomo said he had tried to consult with his wife, Matilda, about his future plans, but she was too busy "working on her rose garden."

—ANDY LOGAN



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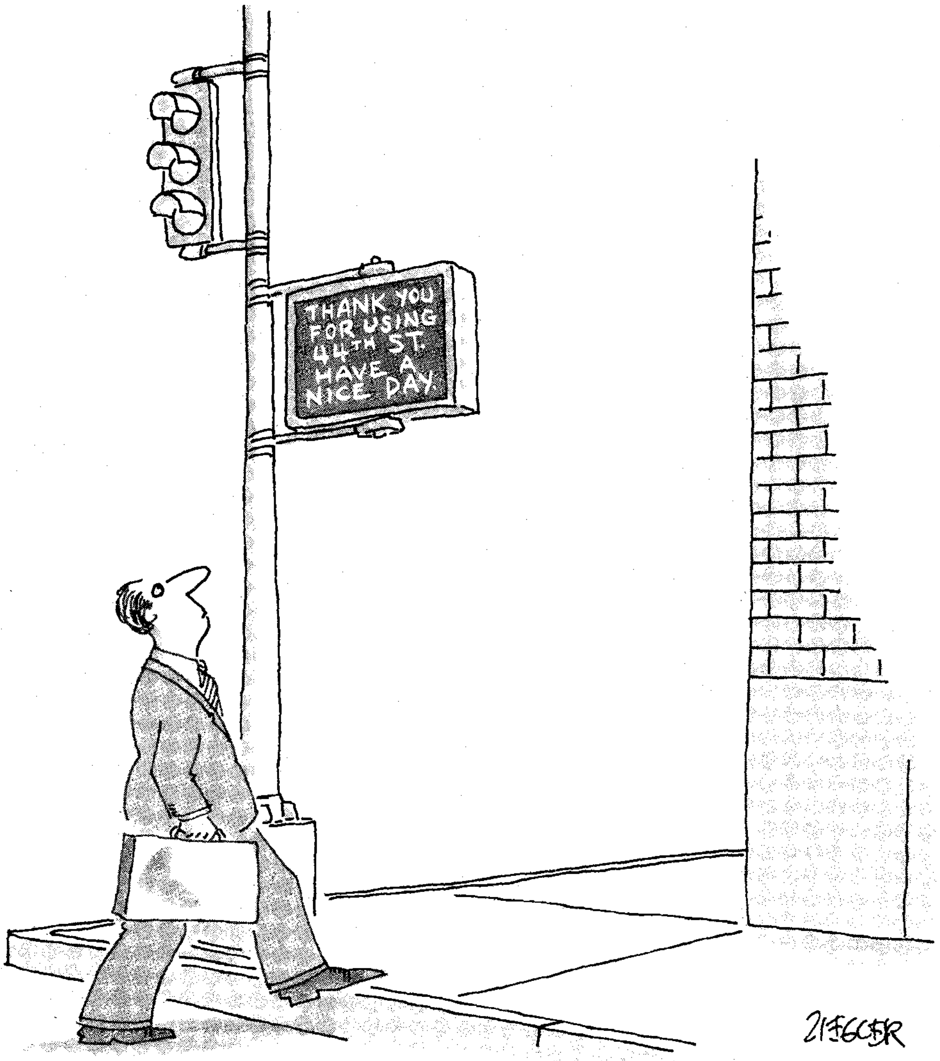
BOOKS

Pop

THE public's interest in science seems to go through phases, like the moon, and, to judge from the proliferation of popular-science books, magazines, newspaper reports, and TV specials, it is now in the full phase. There is so much popular science being written that even someone who, like me, follows it professionally as well as out of personal interest can hardly keep up. For a while, the main subject of interest seemed to be the new biology; then it was computers, and then the extinction of the dinosaurs, with a flurry of interest in Halley's comet. But now the most interest seems to be generated by the least practical and most unworldly areas of science imaginable: the philosophical debate on the meaning of quantum mechanics; the new discoveries in the physics of elementary particles; and cosmology—the study of the origin and destiny of the universe as a whole. That many readers are taking interest in these arcane matters is encouraging to those of us who have long argued that the only real ground for public support of such often very expensive disciplines is that they are dedicated to satisfying a curiosity common to both scientists and nonscientists. I am always wary when scientists accept money for work on an enterprise like Star Wars, with the attitude that even if the project makes no sense the money will be somehow well spent for research. ("Take the money and run" is how a senior colleague of mine described it. I would prefer to think of it as the Leonardo syndrome, referring to the famous letter written in 1481 by the twenty-nine-year-old Leonardo da Vinci to the ruler of Milan, Ludovico il Moro. Leonardo wanted patronage for his art. In painting, he wrote, he could do "as well as anyone else." But the "contract" he applied for was for building weapons: "I can make cannon, mortars . . . of very beautiful and useful shapes, quite different from those in common use.") If pure research is supported for any reason other than its intellectual merits, I believe, there will, sooner or later, be disillusionment.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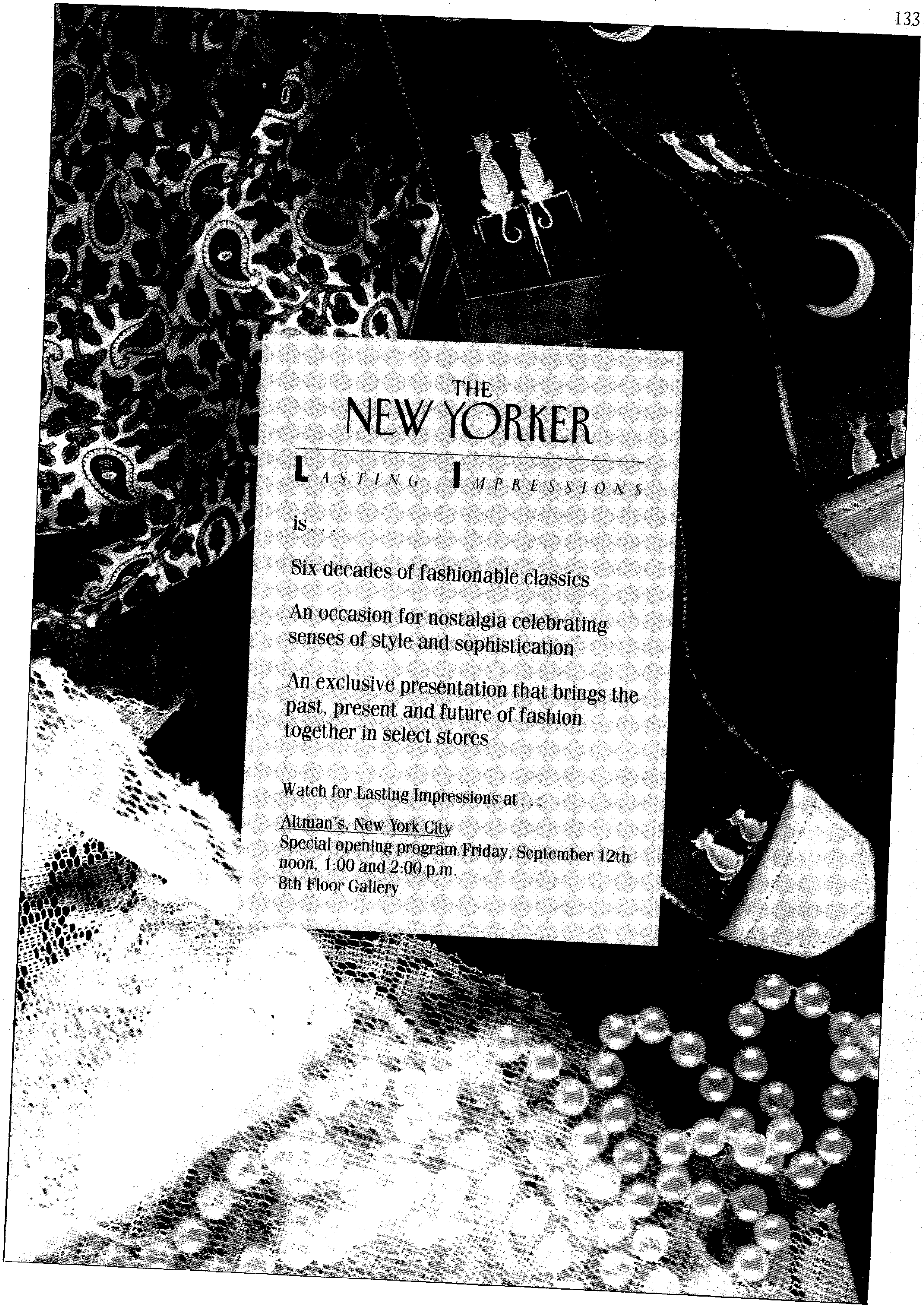
ZIEGLER

I was put in mind of all this by two recent and very interesting popular books on elementary-particle physics and cosmology—"The Second Creation," by Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann (Macmillan; $25), and "In Search of the Big Bang," by John Gribbin (Bantam; $9.95 paper). The subject matter of the two books is fairly similar, but the authors' styles represent opposites in popular-science writing. Crease and Mann are not scientists but science writers and commentators. Gribbin was trained as an astrophysicist at Cambridge University, where he took his Ph.D. in 1970. While there is plenty of science in the Crease and Mann book, the authors concentrate on the personalities of the men who made the revolution in elementary-particle physics and cosmology. The book is a kind of oral history, and the portraits are candid. For example, here is a description of the Nobel Prize-winning experimental physicist Sam Ting: "The Patton of experimental physics, Sam Ting is famous for driving himself and his collaborators to exhaustion. A tall, stooped man with large features, Ting has the trick of commanding a room by speaking so quietly that everyone in it has to shut up to hear him at all. His manner is mild, almost affectless; his pants are baggy, his feet slightly splayed; but the look is misleading, for Ting is one of the world's great control freaks—a man of fierce ambition and abiding determination who has ruthlessly pursued his vision of physics for a quarter century." The accuracy of the characterization apart, it is clear to me that a working scientist—someone in Ting's field—would not have written in this way about a colleague. Indeed, I think that the strength of the book is that it does give a real feeling of the intense work that goes into major scientific discoveries and of the people who can deal with this kind of intellectual and emotional pressure. In Gribbin's book, personalities are described briefly, and then in the decorous way in which scientists usually describe each other in print.

Of the two books, I found Gribbin's



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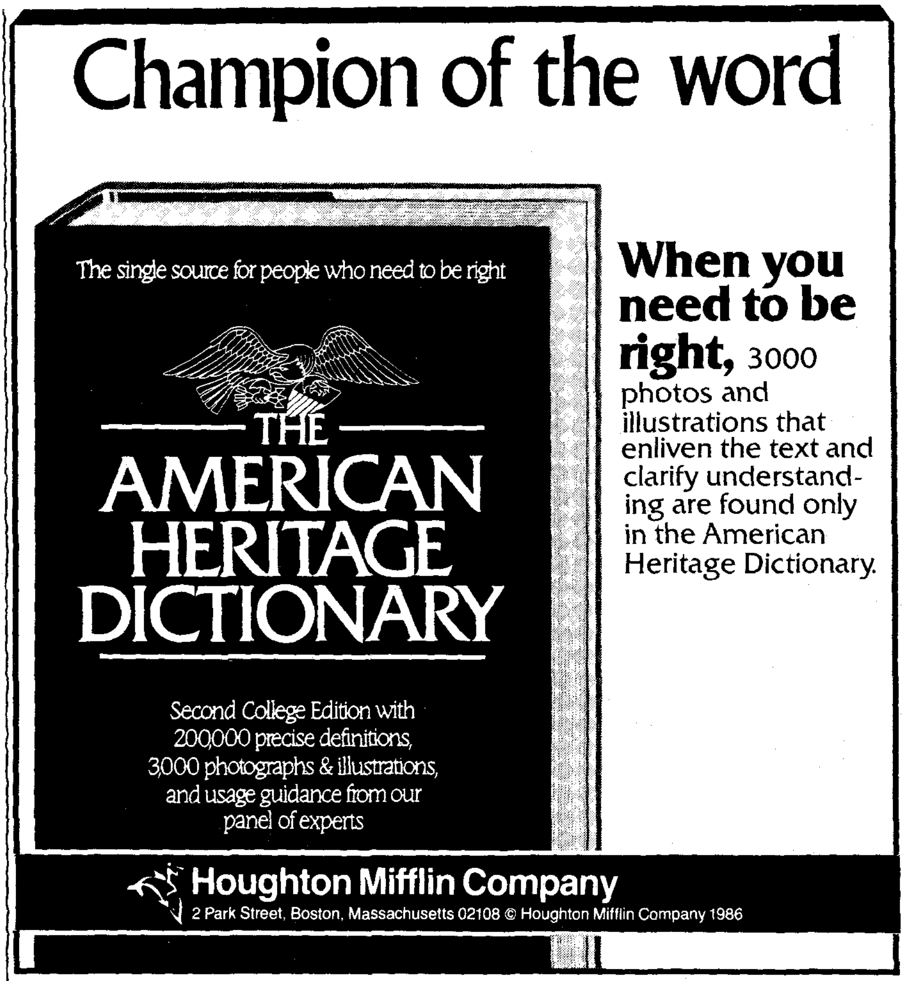
much the solider account, though much less colorful. Crease and Mann have attempted to interview many of the scientists who made some of the basic discoveries in elementary-particle physics and cosmology. But there is a disadvantage to their method, because the discoveries really involved a cast of hundreds, or even thousands. One gets an inkling of the problem when one looks at the footnotes in the book. There are numerous citations of important papers by people who do not appear in the text—people the authors did not interview. To have included all these scientists would have made the book unreadable, but to exclude them biases the history in the direction of the people who were interviewed. To the most articulate go the spoils. This is a problem inherent in oral history, and as long as the book is taken not as a definitive account but, rather, as a series of well-put-together vignettes no real harm is done by it. (A reader with some technical background who wants to read a history of the discovery of quarks would be well advised to look at "Constructing Quarks," by Andrew Pickering. Pickering is both a trained physicist and a social historian.) Nevertheless, an opportunity has been lost. It is not so much that the science is wrong—several experts checked the book—as that the book lacks the authority and economy of the best writing by scientists.

Let me give one example. In 1933, Enrico Fermi published his first paper on the theory of the interactions that cause what is called beta-decay—the spontaneous decay of atomic nuclei with the emission of electrons, which were then known as beta particles. Although these nuclei are unstable, they can in many cases survive for minutes, and sometimes they survive for hundreds of years. This is why physicists call the force that causes these decays "weak." In making his theory, Fermi exploited an idea of the Austrian physicist Wolfgang Pauli—that along with an electron an "invisible" particle, which Fermi called the "neutrino," was emitted. Pauli had the idea, but he must not have taken it very seriously, since he did not do any quantitative calculations. These were left for Fermi, and resulted in a study that, even if he had done nothing else in physics, would have established him as one of the major physicists of this century. Fermi modelled his theory as closely as possible on the way two currents of electrically charged particles interact. They exchange photons (quanta) of light, which have no mass. At the time, Fermi did not know that there were heavy photon-like particles, which do indeed mediate the weak interactions. The discovery of these particles, at the laboratory of the Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire (CERN), in Geneva, in the last few years, is one of the triumphs of postwar physics and is well described in both books. What Fermi did, in effect, was to assume that these mediating particles were *infinitely* heavy, and that meant, it turns out, that the currents involved could interact only if they were exactly on top of each other at a single point—something that can be traced back to Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. One consequence of this is that the number that measures the strength of the interaction has peculiar dimensions, of energy times volume. In these peculiar dimensions, the strength of the interaction can be expressed as a minuscule number—$1/10^{49}$. But these dimensions are in some sense arbitrary, so it is not clear how to compare this number with anything else. Crease and Mann are well aware of this, and, with inadequate explanation, they introduce the pure number $1/10^{13}$—also a very small number—to measure the weak interactions. They refer to it as "a number whose tininess is best appreciated when written out in full: 1/10,000,000,000,000." But they fail to point out that this number is just as arbitrary as Fermi's. It can be made as large or as small as one wants by changing the scale of the mass of the mediating particles; indeed, without a theory the scale cannot be fixed. Something else they do not point out clearly—although it is implicit in what they do say—is that one of the triumphs of the recent developments in physics is that the scale is now fixed, because we know the masses of the heavy mediating particles. With this scale, Fermi's number becomes essentially equal to the constant for electromagnetism, which, in turn, is correlated to the deep connection between the electrical and the weak interactions which has emerged in the last decade—

a true unification of forces. This is something that Einstein dreamed of but never realized, since he insisted on remaining within the confines of classical physics.

Both books contain slight errors of detail. Gribbin states, for instance, that the Nobelists in physics T. D. Lee and C. N. Yang began their acquaintance at Berkeley; it was in fact at the University of Chicago, where they were both students. There is also a mistake in Gribbin for which I may be responsible. This has to do with the work of P. G. Roll and D. T. Wilkinson, who, under the direction of Robert Dicke, at Princeton University, set up a radio antenna that they intended to use to measure the background radiation left over from the Big Bang. In my book "Three Degrees Above Zero," I said that this antenna was set up on the roof of the physics building, and Gribbin repeats that statement, but in actuality, as I learned after my book had gone to press, the antenna was set up on the roof of the geology building. On the other hand, the historical account by Crease and Mann of this same discovery, though brief, is muddled. They write that the first discoverers of the radiation, Arno Penzias and Robert W. Wilson, "were assigned the problem of ridding a big radio dish of a strange type of interference." This was not their assignment. They were given the instrument to do radio astronomy, and discovered that they couldn't carry out their program, because there was an unexpected noise in the antenna. It is also misleading to write, as Crease and Mann do, that "eventually they realized they were picking up the residual radiation from the Big Bang." This statement is true if by "eventually" one means several years after the experiment was done. At the time that they made their discovery, they were not at all persuaded that it was connected with cosmology.

Be that as it may, I learned new things from both books. I was greatly moved by an interview that Crease and Mann record with one of the unsung heroes of modern theoretical physics—Ernst Carl Gerlach Stueckelberg, Baron Souverain of the Holy Roman Empire of the Teutonic Nations of Breidenbach at Breidenstein and Melsbach. Baron Stueckelberg was born in 1905, and died on September 4, 1984, some months after the interview. He lived in Geneva and taught physics at the Universities of Geneva and Lausanne. He had an office at CERN, and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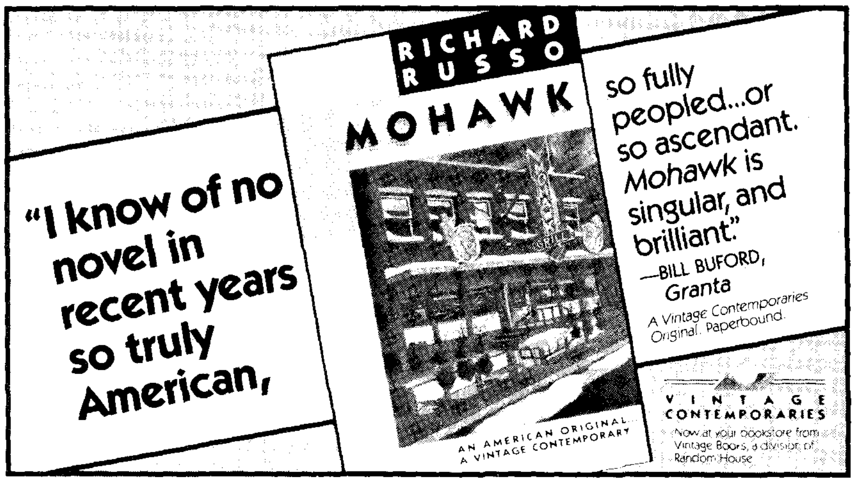
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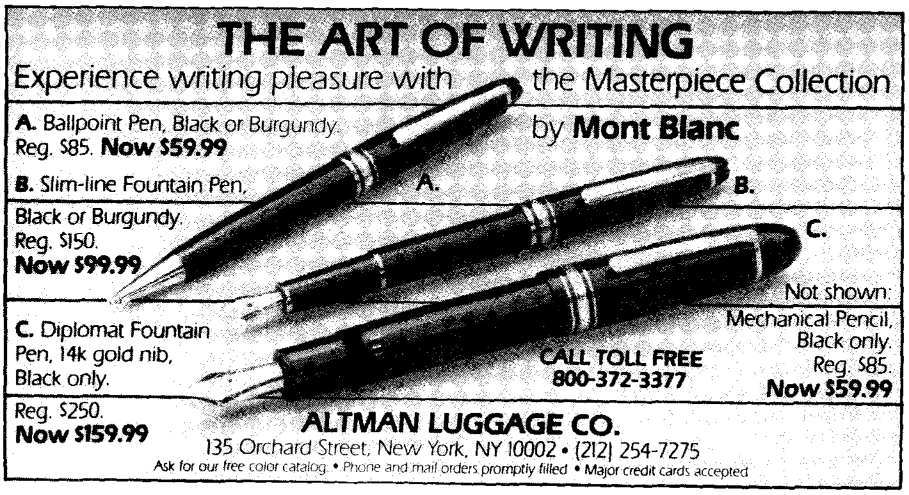
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since he went there only rarely, visitors sometimes used it. Once, as a visitor, I was assigned his office, and I recall his coming into the room politely, almost timidly. He had a slightly Nabokovian air, and one would *not* have guessed from his self-effacing manner that he was one of the geniuses of modern theoretical physics. Stueckelberg's work was so original and his publication style so obscure—he wrote mainly in French, and published in Swiss journals—that his work was often duplicated by other people, who only later realized that Stueckelberg had been there first. Crease and Mann visited him in his apartment in the old town in Geneva. They found him to be a wonderfully courageous man. At the end of the interview, Stueckelberg said to them, "I look forward every day to my eventual journey to Heaven. . . . We live too long." And soon after that he died.

To preserve such an interview is one of the advantages of doing the kind of oral history that Crease and Mann have undertaken. They evidently spent several years on this project, and at its best—the interview with Stueckelberg, for example—it is powerful. The pity is that the physics is not somewhat sharper. Gribbin's book, on the other hand, is very good on the physics but fairly sketchy on the people. The book where physics and personalities are put together in a definitive way has yet to be written.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DESSA ROSE, by Sherley Anne Williams (Morrow; $15.95). "The Darky," "The Wench," "The Negress": three chapter headings, which reflect three casual assortments of racism and sexism as much as they describe Dessa Rose, one of the two heroines of this demanding three-chapter novel set in the summer of 1847. Dessa Rose is a pregnant black slave condemned to die (once she bears her child, a valuable commodity) for her part in a slave uprising in Kentucky; the other heroine is a white woman harboring runaway slaves on a North Carolina farm, where she has been abandoned by her husband. An author's note explains that the two heroines are derived from historical records; a 1971 essay by Angela Davis prompted Sherley Anne Williams to speculate about what might have happened if the slave and the harborer had met. Her narrative, much of it rendered in dialect, takes several unexpected turns—west, for instance, not north—as the women change their minds about who has been a victim and who is a friend. Sherley Anne Williams, a published poet whose first novel this is, is a native of California.

FANTÔMAS, by Marcel Allain and Pierre Souvestre, with an introduction by John Ashbery (Morrow; $17.95). The thirty-one sequels to the 1911 début of the dapper Paris thug Fantômas "were awaited," John Ashbery reports, "with an impatience rivaling that with which upper-class Frenchmen of the time of Louis XV awaited the arrival of the first green peas in spring." This modernization of an unattributed 1915 translation of the first Fantômas book begins with a baffling, brutal murder in a provincial château. Then the cast of characters, mostly prospective victims and suspects, gravitates to Paris, where Fantômas gets away with murder on the morning of his rendezvous with Madame Guillotine. It is on that morning that Fantômas's nemesis (a cross between Descartes and Sherlock Holmes) declares that society will not be safe as long as Fantômas lives: a clue to why Apollinaire founded a Fantômas fan club, and to why Cocteau, Weill, Picasso, and Magritte were among Fantômas's avant-garde fans. Today's readers will find that Fantômas has not aged as well as "Fantômas": the character was constructed of cardboard, but his creators knew how to turn a machine-made object into a surreal work of art.

DOWN BY THE DOCKSIDE, by Criena Rohan, with a foreword by Barrett Reid (Penguin; $5.95 paper). First published in 1963, this autobiographical novel, set mostly in Melbourne, is narrated by Lisha (Eilishe Cahaleen Deirdre Flynn), the nimble, streetwise daughter of negligent parents. "Never marry a gambling man, and never marry young" was an adage that Lisha ignored in 1941, at the age of sixteen. Five years, one son, one black eye, and two broken ribs later, she is a widow. After the war, she plays "the complete gunman's moll," from a platinum fox fur on down, until she tires of one gunman's "Raffles the gentleman crook" routine. Then she calls herself Marie Babanine

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(born in Singapore to an exiled Cossack and a French governess) and performs equally ersatz flamenco routines for the latest tide of shady immigrants, until another sailor wins her heart, and her hand. "I'll never make old bones," she recalls her first husband saying. "I shall have lived a little while, Before I die for ever," she declaimed minutes before she met him. Criena Rohan completed "Down by the Dockside" in a hospital in 1963; she died that year, of cancer, at the age of thirty-six.

GENERAL

Ford: The Men and the Machine, by Robert Lacey (Little, Brown; $24.95). The author, a distinguished English biographer, spent two years living in Michigan to prepare this remarkable book. His portrait of the founder of the Ford Motor Company, while it is candid about Henry Ford's early dishonesties and his later viciousness, is equally clear about his passion to do good, his vision of bringing a better life to the masses of Americans, including (for a brief while, at any rate) the men who worked in his factories. With a fine sense of period, the biographer enables us to appreciate reasons that Henry Ford (1863-1947) was a hero to Americans of the past. In discussing the destructive streak that began to dominate Ford's personality after the First World War, Mr. Lacey includes a quotation from the historian Anne Jardim: "It is not enough to say . . . that power corrupts; power, rather, provides the setting for regression on a massive scale." Henry's only child, Edsel (1893-1943), is a likable figure in a book crowded with ruthless men. Edsel was usually able to see what was right, both morally and commercially, but was rarely able to persuade his father to do it. The old man's mismanagement of his own company became a national problem during the Second World War, when his failures threatened American arms production. His grandson Henry Ford II was extracted from the Navy in 1943 to run the company, and was chosen its president in 1945. The reign of the second Henry has been a triumph of survival. Mr. Lacey reminds us that in 1946 the company's future was no more assured than that of such now defunct contemporaries as Nash,

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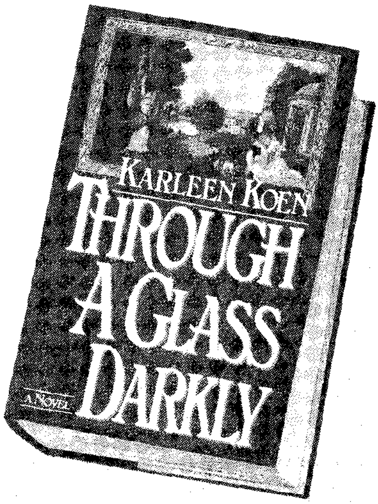

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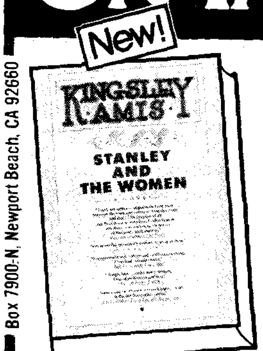

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Hudson, Kaiser-Fraser, Willys, Packard, and Studebaker. Henry Ford II had a gift for choosing talented executives and was able to fire them when their usefulness ended. (Lee Iacocca plays a big part in the last section.) Mr. Lacey is as good at explaining machinery as he is at portraying personality; even the least technically informed reader will be able to glimpse complexities of engineering that have been responsible for automotive successes, failures, and disasters. Illustrations.

THE BIG DANCE, by John Castellucci (Dodd, Mead; $17.95). The Brink's holdup in a Rockland County shopping mall on October 20, 1981, presented reporters with a story that involved two dead police officers and a murdered Brink's guard, a million-and-a-half-dollar theft, a terrorist group composed of black militants and white radicals, and the Weather Underground activist Kathy Boudin, who had last been seen in public eleven years earlier, immediately after the explosion of an underground bomb factory in a Manhattan town house. The case extended back into the political violence of the sixties and sideways into the impenetrable thickets of the Harlem drug world. Bits and pieces of information continued to surface until well into 1985, when the last of the known fugitives was arrested. This book, by a reporter who covered the robbery for the Rockland *Journal-News* and has followed the story ever since, is a meticulous wrap-up that describes the careers of all the main participants. Because the black and white members of the terrorist group, which called itself the Family, had markedly separate existences, Mr. Castellucci is occasionally forced to double back in time, to trace one character or another. The resulting narrative is not—probably cannot be—always easy to follow. It remains a fascinating and depressing story, told in a generally evenhanded manner.

NOTE: "Minor Monuments: Selected Essays," by Howard Moss, has been published by Ecco ($20). Some of the essays originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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[*Photo caption in the Washington Post*]

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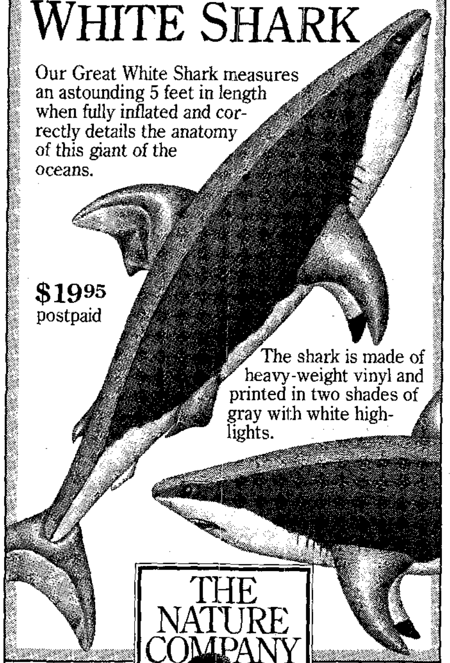

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HOBBY: Elephant polo at Tiger Tops in Nepal. "Once you know how, it doesn't get easier."

LAST BOOK READ: *Journey Without Maps*, Graham Greene.

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